00013808

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

THE RÁMÁYAN.

VOL. IV.

THE

RÁMÁYAN OF VÁLMÍKI

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH, M. A.,
PRINCIPAL OF THE BENARES COLLEGE.

VOL. IV.

LONDON: TRÜBNER AND CO.
BENARES: E. J. LAZARUS AND CO.

1873.

00013808

CONTENTS

OF

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

BOOK IV.

		Page.
CANTO I.	RÁMA'S LAMENT.	1
II.	SUGRÍVA'S ALARM.	18
III.	HANUMÁN'S SPEECH....	22
IV.	LAKSHMAṆ'S REPLY.	27
V.	THE LEAGUE.	32
VI.	THE TOKENS....	37
VII.	RÁMA CONSOLED.	41
VIII.	RÁMA'S PROMISE.	44
IX.	SUGRÍVA'S STORY.	50
X.	SUGRÍVA'S STORY.	54
XI.	DUNDUBHI.	59
XII.	THE PALM TREES.	70
XIII.	THE RETURN TO KISHKINDHÁ. ...	75
XIV.	THE CHALLENGE.	79
XV.	TÁRÁ....	82
XVI.	THE FALL OF BÁLI....	89
XVII.	BÁLI'S SPEECH.	90
XVIII.	RÁMA'S REPLY.	98
XIX.	TÁRÁ'S GRIEF.	106
XX.	TÁRÁ'S LAMENT....	110
XXI.	HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.	113
XXII.	BÁLI DEAD....	115
XXIII.	TÁRÁ'S LAMENT.	120
XXIV.	SUGRÍVA'S LAMENT.	124
XXV.	RÁMA'S SPEECH.	127
XXVI.	THE CORONATION....	133
XXVII.	RÁMA ON THE HILL.	138
XXVIII.	THE RAINS.	144
XXIX.	HANUMÁN'S COUNSEL.	148
XXX.	RÁMA'S LAMENT.	152
XXXI.	THE ENVOY.	157
XXXII.	HANUMÁN'S COUNSEL.	163

	Page.
XXXIII.—LAKSHMAṆ'S ENTRY.	166
XXXIV.—LAKSHMAṆ'S SPEECH.	173
XXXV.—TÁRÁ'S SPEECH.	176
XXXVI.—SUGRÍVA'S SPEECH.	179
XXXVII.—THE GATHERING.	181
XXXVIII.—SUGRÍVA'S DEPARTURE. ...	186
XXXIX.—THE VÁNAR HOST.	190
XL.—THE ARMY OF THE EAST.	194
XLI.—THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH.	202
XLII.—THE ARMY OF THE WEST.	208
XLIII.—THE ARMY OF THE NORTH. ...	213
XLIV.—THE RING.	217
XLV.—THE DEPARTURE.	219
XLVI.—SUGRÍVA'S TALE.	221
XLVII.—THE RETURN.	228
XLVIII.—THE ASUR'S DEATH.	225
XLIX.—ANGAD'S SPEECH.	228
L.—THE ENCHANTED CAVE.	230
LI.—SVAYAMPRABHÁ.	232
LII.—THE EXIT.	235
LIII.—ANGAD'S COUNSEL.	238
LIV.—HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.	241
LV.—ANGAD'S REPLY.	244
LVI.—SAMPÁTI.	247
LVII.—ANGAD'S SPEECH.	250
LVIII.—TIDINGS OF SÍTÁ.	252
LIX.—SAMPÁTI'S STORY.	256
LX.—SAMPÁTI'S STORY.	258
LXI.—SAMPÁTI'S STORY.	261
LXII.—SAMPÁTI'S STORY.	263
LXIII.—SAMPÁTI'S STORY.	265
LXIV.—THE SEA.	267
LXV.—THE COUNCIL.	269
LXVI.—HANUMÁN.	271
LXVII.—HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.	275

BOOK V.

CANTO I.—HANUMÁN'S LEAP.	279
II.—LANKÁ....	289
III.—THE GUARDIAN GODDESS.	292

Page.

IV.—WITHIN THE CITY. 294
VI.—THE COURT. 296
VII.—RÁVAṆ'S PALACE. 299
VIII.—THE ENCHANTED CAR. 301
IX.—THE LADIES' BOWER. 303
X.—RÁVAṆ ASLEEP. 307
XI.—THE BANQUET HALL. 309
XII.—THE SEARCH RENEWED. 311
XIII.—DESPAIR AND HOPE. 313
XIV.—THE AŚOKA GROVE. 316
XV.—SÍTÁ. 318
XVI.—HANUMÁN'S LAMENT. 320
XVII.—ŚÍTÁ'S GUARD. 322
XVIII.—RÁVAṆ. 324
XIX.—SÍTÁ'S FEAR. 327
XX.—RÁVAṆ'S WOOING. 329
XXI.—SÍTÁ'S SCORN. 332
XXII.—RÁVAṆ'S THREAT. 334
XXIII.—THE DEMONS' THREATS. 337
XXIV.—SÍTÁ'S REPLY. 339
XXV.—SÍTÁ'S LAMENT. 341
XXVI.—SÍTÁ'S LAMENT. 343
XXVII.—TRIJAṬÁ'S DREAM. 345
XXX.—HANUMÁN'S DELIBERATION. ... 348
XXXI.—HANUMÁN'S SPEECH. 351
XXXII.—SÍTÁ'S DOUBT. 353
XXXIII.—THE COLLOQUY. 355
XXXIV.—HANUMÁN'S SPEECH. 357
XXXV.—HANUMÁN'S SPEECH. 360
XXXVI.—RÁMA'S RING. 362
XXXVII.—SÍTÁ'S SPEECH. 365
XXXVIII.—SÍTÁ'S GEM. 368
XLI.—THE RUIN OF THE GROVE. 371
XLII.—THE GIANTS ROUSED. 373
XLIII.—THE RUIN OF THE TEMPLE. ... 376
XLIV.—JAMBUMÁLÍ'S DEATH. 378
XLV.—THE SEVEN DEFEATED. 380
XLVI.—THE CAPTAINS. 232
XLVII.—THE DEATH OF AKSHA. 384
XLVIII.—HANUMÁN CAPTURED. 386
XLIX.—RÁVAṆ. 388
L.—PRAHASTA'S QUESTIONS, ... 390

	Page.
LI.—HANUMÁN'S REPLY.	392
LII.—VIBHÍSHAṆ'S SPEECH.	394
LIII.—THE PUNISHMENT.	396
LIV.—THE BURNING OF LANKÁ.	399
LV.—FEAR FOR SÍTÁ.	401
LVI.—MOUNT ARISHṬA.	403
LVII.—HANUMÁN'S RETURN.	405
LXI.—THE FEAST OF HONEY.	408
LXV.—THE TIDINGS.	410
LXVI.—RÁMA'S SPEECH.	412
ADDITIONAL NOTES.	415
INDEX.—	426

SATARA HIGH SCHOOL

THE RÁMÁYAN.

BOOK IV.[1]

CANTO I.

RÂMA'S LAMENT.

The princes stood by Pampá's side[2]
Which blooming lilies glorified.
With troubled heart and sense o'erthrown
There Ráma made his piteous moan.
As the fair flood before him lay
The reason of the chief gave way;
And tender thoughts within him woke,
As to Sumitrá's son he spoke:

'How lovely Pampá's waters show,
Where streams of lucid crystal flow!
What glorious trees o'erhang the flood
Which blooms of opening lotus stud!
Look on the banks of Pampá where
Thick groves extend divinely fair;
And piles of trees, like hills in size,
Lift their proud summits to the skies.

[1] Or Kishkindhá-Káṇḍa. Kishkindhá, the city of Báli the elder brother and enemy of Sugríva, is supposed to have been situated north of Mysore.

[2] Pampá is said by the commentator to be the name both of a lake and a brook which flows into it. The brook is said to rise in the hill Rishyamúka.

But thought of Bharat's[1] pain and toil,
And my dear spouse the giant's spoil,
Afflict my tortured heart and press
My spirit down with heaviness.
Still fair to me though sunk in woe
Bright Pampá and her forest show,
Where cool fresh waters charm the sight,
And flowers of every hue are bright.
The lotuses in close array
Their passing loveliness display,
And pard and tiger, deer and snake
Haunt every glade and dell and brake.
Those grassy spots display the hue
Of topazes and sapphires' blue,
And, gay with flowers of every dye,
With richly broidered housings vie.
What loads of bloom the high trees crown,
Or weigh the bending branches down!
And creepers tipped with bud and flower
Each spray and loaded limb o'erpower.
Now cool delicious breezes blow,
And kindle love's voluptuous glow,
When balmy sweetness fills the air,
And fruit and flowers and trees are fair.
Those waving woods, that shine with bloom,
Each varied tint in turn assume.
Like labouring clouds they pour their showers
In rain of ever-changing flowers.
Behold, those forest trees, that stand
High upon rock and table-land,
As the cool gales their branches bend,
Their floating blossoms downward send.

[1] Who was acting as Regent for Ráma and leading an ascetic life while he mourned for his absent brother.

See, Lakshman, how the breezes play
With every floweret on the spray,
And sport in merry guise with all
The fallen blooms and those that fall.
See, brother, where the merry breeze
Shakes the gay boughs of flowery trees,
Disturbed amid their toil a throng
Of bees pursue him, loud in song.
The Koïls,[1] mad with sweet delight,
The bending trees to dance invite;
And in its joy the wild wind sings
As from the mountain cave he springs.
On speed the gales in rapid course,
And bend the woods beneath their force,
Till every branch and spray they bind
In many a tangled knot entwined.
What balmy sweets those gales dispense
With cool and sacred influence!
Fatigue and trouble vanish: such
The magic of their gentle touch.
Hark, when the gale the boughs has bent
In woods of honey redolent,
Through all their quivering sprays the trees
Are vocal with the murmuring bees.
The hills with towering summits rise,
And with their beauty charm the eyes,
Gay with the giant trees which bright
With blossom spring from every height;
And as the soft wind gently sways
The clustering blooms that load the sprays,
The very trees break forth and sing
With startled wild bees' murmuring.

[1] The Indian Cuckoo.

Thine eyes to yonder Cassias[1] turn
Whose glorious clusters glow and burn.
Those trees in yellow robes behold,
Like giants decked with burnished gold.
Ah me, Sumitrá's son, the spring,
Dear to sweet birds who love and sing,
Wakes in my lonely breast the flame
Of sorrow as I mourn my dame.
Love strikes me through with darts of fire,
And wakes in vain the sweet desire.
Hark, the loud Koïl swells his throat,
And mocks me with his joyful note.
I hear the happy wild-cock call
Beside the shady waterfall.
His cry of joy afflicts my breast
By love's absorbing might possessed.
My darling from our cottage heard
One morn in spring this shrill-toned bird,
And called me in her joy to hear
The happy cry that charmed her ear.
See, birds of every varied voice
Around us in the woods rejoice,
On creeper, shrub, and plant alight,
Or wing from tree to tree their flight.
Each bird his kindly mate has found,
And loud their notes of triumph sound,
Blending in sweetest music like
The distant warblings of the shrike.

[1] The Cassia Fistula or Amaltás is a splendid tree like a giant laburnum covered with a profusion of chains and tassels of gold. Dr. Roxburgh well describes it as "uncommonly beautiful when in flower, few trees surpassing it in the elegance of its numerous long pendulous racemes of large bright-yellow flowers intermixed with the young lively green foliage." It is remarkable also for its curious cylindrical black seed-pods about two feet long, which are called monkeys' walking-sticks.

See how the river banks are lined
With birds of every hue and kind.
Here in his joy the Koïl sings,
There the glad wild-cock flaps his wings.
The blooms of bright Aśokas[1] where
The song of wild bees fills the air,
And the soft whisper of the boughs
Increase my longing for my spouse.
The vernal flush of flower and spray
Will burn my very soul away.
What use, what care have I for life
If I no more may see my wife,
Soft speaker with the glorious hair,
And eyes with silken lashes fair?
Now is the time when all day long
The Koïls fill the woods with song,
And gardens bloom at spring's sweet touch
Which my beloved loved so much.
Ah me, Sumitrâ's son, the fire
Of sorrow, sprung from soft desire,
Fanned by the charms the spring-time shows,
Will burn my heart and end my woes,
Whose sad eyes look on each fair tree,

[1] "The Jonesia Asoca is a tree of considerable size, native of southern India. It blossoms in February and March with large erect compact clusters of flowers, varying in colour from pale-orange to scarlet, almost to be mistaken, on a hasty glance, for immense trusses of bloom of an Ixora. Mr. Fortune considered this tree, when in full bloom, superior in beauty even to the Amherstia.

The first time I saw the Asoc in flower was on the hill where the famous rock-cut temple of Kârlî is situated, and a large concourse of natives had assembled for the celebration of some Hindoo festival. Before proceeding to the temple the Mahratta women gathered from two trees, which were flowering somewhat below, each a fine truss of blossom, and inserted it in the hair at the back of her head..... As they moved about in groups it is impossible to imagine a more delightful effect than the rich scarlet bunches of flowers presented on their fine glossy jet-black hair." FIRMINGER, *Gardening for India.*

But my sweet love no more may see.
Ah me, Ah me, from hour to hour
Love in my soul will wax in power,
And spring, upon whose charms I gaze,
Whose breath the heat of toil allays,
With thoughts of her for whom I strain
My hopeless eyes, increase my pain.
As fire in summer rages through
The forests thick with dry bamboo,
So will my fawn-eyed love consume
My soul o'erwhelmed with thoughts of gloom,
Behold, beneath each spreading tree
The peacocks dance[1] in frantic glee,
And, stirred by all the gales that blow,
Their tails with jewelled windows glow,
Each bird, in happy love elate,
Rejoices with his darling mate.
But sights like these of joy and peace
My pangs of hopeless love increase.
See on the mountain slope above
The peahen languishing with love.
Behold her now in amorous dance
Close to her consort's side advance.
He with a laugh of joy and pride
Displays his glittering pinions wide;
And follows through the tangled dell
The partner whom he loves so well.
Ah happy bird! no giant's hate
Has robbed him of his tender mate;
And still beside his loved one he
Dances beneath the shade in glee.

[1] No other word can express the movements of peafowl under the influence of pleasing excitement, especially when after the long drought they hear the welcome roar of the thunder and feel that the rain is near.

Ah, in this month when flowers are fair
My widowed woe is hard to bear.
See, gentle love a home may find
In creatures of inferior kind.
See how the peahen turns to meet
Her consort now with love-drawn feet.
So, Lakshmaṇ, if my large-eyed dear,
The child of Janak, still were here,
She, by love's thrilling influence led,
Upon my breast would lay her head.
These blooms I gathered from the bough
Without my love are useless now.
A thousand blossoms fair to see
With passing glory clothe each tree
That hangs its cluster-burthened head
Now that the dewy months[1] are fled,
But, followed by the bees that ply
Their fragrant task, they fall and die.
A thousand birds in wild delight
Their rapture-breathing notes unite;
Bird calls to bird in joyous strain,
And turns my love to frenzied pain.
O, if beneath those alien skies
There be a spring where Sítá lies,
I know my prisoned love must be
Touched with like grief, and mourn with me.
But ah, methinks that dreary clime
Knows not the touch of spring's sweet time.
How could my black-eyed love sustain,
Without her lord, so dire a pain?
Or if the sweet spring come to her
In distant lands a prisoner,
How may his advent aid her, met

[1] The Dewy Season is one of the six ancient seasons of the Indian year, lasting from the middle of January to the middle of March.

On every side with taunt and threat?
Ah, if the springtide's languor came
With soft enchantment o'er my dame,
My darling of the lotus eye,
My gently speaking love, would die;
For well my spirit knows that she
Can never live bereft of me.
With love that never wavered yet
My Sítá's heart on me is set,
Who, with a soul that ne'er can stray,
With equal love her love repay.
In vain, in vain the soft wind brings
Sweet blossoms on his balmy wings;
Delicious from his native snow,
To me like fire he seems to glow.
O, how I loved a breeze like this
When darling Sítá shared the bliss!
But now in vain for me it blows
To fan the fury of my woes.
That dark-winged bird that sought the skies
Foretelling grief with warning cries,
Sits on the tree where buds are gay,
And pours glad music from the spray.
That rover of the fields of air
Will aid my love with friendly care,
And me with gracious pity guide
To my large-eyed Videhan's side.[1]
Hark, Lakshman, how the woods around
With love-inspiring chants resound,
Where birds in every bloom-crowned tree

[1] Ráma appears to mean that on a former occasion a crow flying high over-head was an omen that indicated his approaching separation from Sítá; and that now the same bird's perching on a tree near him may be regarded as a happy augury that she will soon be restored to her husband.

Pour forth their amorous minstrelsy.
As though an eager gallant wooed
A gentle maid by love subdued,
Enamoured of her flowers the bee
Darts at the wind-rocked Tila tree.[1]
Aśoka, brightest tree that grows,
That lends a pang to lovers' woes,
Hangs out his gorgeous bloom in scorn
And mocks me as I weep forlorn.
O Lakshman, turn thine eye and see
Each blossom-laden Mango tree,
Like a young lover gaily dressed
Whom fond desire forbids to rest.
Look, son of Queen Sumitrá, through
The forest glades of varied hue,
Where blooms are bright and grass is green
The Kinnars[2] with their loves are seen.
See, brother, see where sweet and bright
Those crimson lilies charm the sight,
And o'er the flood a radiance throw
Fair as the morning's roseate glow.
See, Pampá, most divinely sweet,
The swan's and mallard's loved retreat,
Shows her glad waters bright and clear,
Where lotuses their heads uprear
From the pure wave, and charm the view
With mingled tints of red and blue.
Each like the morning's early beams
Reflected in the crystal, gleams;
And bees on their sweet toil intent
Weigh down each tender filament.
There with gay lawns the wood recedes;

[1] A tree with beautiful and fragrant blossoms.

[2] A race of semi-divine musicians attached to the service of Kuve represented as centaurs reversed with human figures and horses' hea

There wildfowl sport amid the reeds.
There roedeer stand upon the brink,
And elephants descend to drink.
The rippling waves which winds make fleet
Against the bending lilies beat,
And opening bud and flower and stem
Gleam with the drops that hang on them.
Life has no pleasure left for me
While my dear queen I may not see,
Who loved so well those blooms that vie
With the full splendour of her eye.
O tyrant Love, who will not let
My bosom for one hour forget
The lost one whom I yearn to meet,
Whose words were ever kind and sweet.
Ah, haply might my heart endure
This hopeless love that knows not cure,
If spring with all his trees in flower
Assailed me not with ruthless power.
Each lovely scene, each sound and sight
Wherein, with her, I found delight,
Has lost the charm so sweet of yore,
And glads my widowed heart no more.
On lotus buds I seem to gaze,
Or blooms that deck Palâśa[1] sprays;
But to my tortured memory rise
The glories of my darling's eyes.
Cool breezes through the forest stray
Gathering odours on their way,
Enriched with all the rifled scent
Of lotus flower and filament.
Their touch upon my temples falls
And Sítá's fragrant breath recalls.

[1] Butea Frondosa. A tree that bears a profusion of brilliant red flowers which appear before the leaves.

Now look, dear brother, on the right
Of Pampá towers a mountain height
Where fairest Cassia trees unfold
The treasures of their burnished gold.
Proud mountain king! his woody side
With myriad ores is decked and dyed,
And as the wind-swept blossoms fall
Their fragrant dust is stained with all.
To yon high lands thy glances turn:
With pendent fire they flash and burn,
Where in their vernal glory blaze
Paláśa flowers on leafless sprays.
O Lakshman, look! on Pampá's side
What fair trees rise in blooming pride!
What climbing plants above them show
Or hang their flowery garlands low!
See how the amorous creeper rings
The wind-rocked trees to which she clings,
As though a dame by love impelled
With clasping arms her lover held.
Drunk with the varied scents that fill
The balmy air, from hill to hill,
From grove to grove, from tree to tree,
The joyous wind is wandering free.
These gay trees wave their branches bent
By blooms, of honey redolent.

[1] I omit five *ślokas* which contain nothing but a list of trees for which, with one or two exceptions, there are no equivalent names in English. The following is Gorresio's translation of the corresponding passage in the Bengal recension:—

"Oh come risplendono in questa stagione di primavera i vitici, le galedupe, le bassie, le dalbergie, i diospyri ..... le tile, le michelie, le rottlerie, le pentaptere ed i pterospermi, i bombaci, le grislee, gli abri, gli amaranti e le dalbergie; i sirii, le galedupe, le barringtonie ed i palmizi, i xanthocymi, il pepebetel, le verbosine e le ficaie, le nauclee le erythrine, gli asochi, e le tapie fanno d'ogni intorno pompa de' lor fiori."

There, slowly opening to the day,
Buds with dark lustre deck the spray.
The wild bee rests a moment where
Each tempting flower is sweet and fair,
Then, coloured by the pollen dyes,
Deep in some odorous blossom lies.
Soon from his couch away he springs:
To other trees his course he wings,
And tastes the honeyed blooms that grow
Where Pampá's lucid waters flow.
See, Lakshman, see, how thickly spread
With blossoms from the trees o'erhead,
That grass the weary traveller woos
With couches of a thousand hues,
And beds on every height arrayed
With red and yellow tints are laid.
No longer winter chills the earth:
A thousand flowerets spring to birth,
And trees in rivalry assume
Their vernal garb of bud and bloom.
How fair they look, how bright and gay
With tasselled flowers on every spray!
While each to each proud challenge flings
Borne in the song the wild bee sings.
That mallard by the river edge
Has bathed amid the reeds and sedge:
Now with his mate he fondly plays
And fires my bosom as I gaze.

Mandákiní[1] is far renowned:
No lovelier flood on earth is found;
But all her fairest charms combined
In this sweet stream enchant the mind.

[1] A sacred stream often mentioned in the course of the poem. See Book II. Canto XCV.

O, if my love were here to look
With me upon this lovely brook,
Ne'er for Ayodhyá would I pine,
Or wish that Indra's lot were mine.
If by my darling's side I strayed
O'er the soft turf which decks the glade,
Each craving thought were sweetly stilled,
Each longing of my soul fulfilled.
But, now my love is far away,
Those trees which make the woods so gay,
In all their varied beauty dressed,
Wake thoughts of anguish in my breast.
That lotus-covered stream behold
Whose waters run so fresh and cold,
Sweet rill, the wildfowl's loved resort,
Where curlew, swan, and diver sport;
Where with his consort plays the drake,
And tall deer love their thirst to slake,
While from each woody bank is heard
The wild note of each happy bird.
The music of that joyous quire
Fills all my soul with soft desire;
And, as I hear, my sad thoughts fly
To Sítá of the lotus eye,
Whom, lovely with her moonbright cheek,
In vain mine eager glances seek.
Now turn, those chequered lawns survey
Where hart and hind together stray.
Ah, as they wander at their will
My troubled breast with grief they fill,
While torn by hopeless love I sigh
For Sítá of the fawn-like eye.
If in those glades where, touched by spring,
Gay birds their amorous ditties sing,

Mine own beloved I might see,
Then, brother, it were well with me:
If by my side she wandered still,
And this cool breeze that stirs the rill
Touched with its gentle breath the brows
Of mine own dear Videhan spouse.
For, Lakshman, O how blest are those
On whom the breath of Pampá blows,
Dispelling all their care and gloom
With sweets from where the lilies bloom!
How can my gentle love remain
Alive amid the woe and pain,
Where prisoned far away she lies,—
My darling of the lotus eyes?
How shall I dare her sire to greet
Whose lips have never known deceit?
How stand before the childless king
And meet his eager questioning?
When banished by my sire's decree,
In low estate, she followed me.
So pure, so true to every vow,
Where is my gentle darling now?
How can I bear my widowed lot,
And linger on where she is not,
Who followed when from home I fled
Distracted, disinherited?
My spirit sinks in hopeless pain
When my fond glances yearn in vain
For that dear face with whose bright eye
The worshipped lotus scarce can vie.
Ah when, my brother, shall I hear
That voice that rang so soft and clear,
When, sweetly smiling as she spoke,
From her dear lips gay laughter broke?

When worn with toil and love I strayed
With Sítá through the forest shade,
No trace of grief was seen in her,
My kind and thoughtful comforter.
How shall my faltering tongue relate
To Queen Kausalyá Sítá's fate?
How answer when in wild despair
She questions, Where is Sítá, where?
Haste, brother, haste: to Bharat hie,
On whose fond love I still rely.
My life can be no longer borne,
Since Sítá from my side is torn.'

Thus like a helpless mourner, bent
By sorrow, Ráma made lament;
And with wise counsel Lakshmaṇ tried
To soothe his care, and thus replied:
'O best of men, thy grief oppose,
Nor sink beneath thy weight of woes.
Not thus despond the great and pure
And brave like thee, but still endure.
Reflect what anguish wrings the heart
When loving souls are forced to part;
And, mindful of the coming pain,
Thy love within thy breast restrain,
For earth, though cooled by wandering streams,
Lies scorched beneath the midday beams.
Rávaṇ his steps to hell may bend,
Or lower yet in flight descend;
But be thou sure, O Raghu's son,
Avenging death he shall not shun.
Rise, Ráma, rise: the search begin,
And track the giant foul with sin.
Then shall the fiend, though far he fly,
Resign his prey or surely die.

Yea, though the trembling monster hide
With Sítá close to Diti's[1] side,
E'en there, unless he yield the prize,
Slain by this wrathful hand he dies.
Thy heart with strength and courage stay,
And cast this weakling mood away.
Our fainting hopes in vain revive
Unless with firm resolve we strive.
The zeal that fires the toiler's breast
Mid earthly powers is first and best.
Zeal every check and bar defies,
And wins at length the loftiest prize.
In woe and danger, toil and care,
Zeal never yields to weak despair.
With zealous heart thy task begin,
And thou once more thy spouse shalt win.
Cast fruitless sorrow from thy soul,
Nor let this love thy heart control.
Forget not all thy sacred lore,
But be thy noble self once more.'

He heard, his bosom rent by grief,
The counsel of his brother chief;
Crushed in his heart the maddening pain,
And rose resolved and strong again.
Then forth upon his journey went
The hero on his task intent,
Nor thought of Pampá's lovely brook,
Or trees which murmuring breezes shook,
Though on dark woods his glances fell,
On waterfall and cave and dell;
And still by many a care distressed
The son of Raghu onward pressed.

[1] A daughter of Daksha who became one of the wives of Kaśyapa and mother of the Daityas. She is termed the general mother of Titans and malignant beings. See Book I. Cantos XLV, XLVI.

As some wild elephant elate
Moves through the woods in pride,
So Lakshman with majestic gait
Strode by his brother's side.
He, for his lofty spirit famed,
Admonished and consoled;
Showed Raghu's son what duty claimed,
And bade his heart be bold.
Then as the brothers strode apace
To Ṛishyamúka's height,
The sovereign of the Vánar race[1]
Was troubled at the sight.
As on the lofty hill he strayed
He saw the chiefs draw near;
A while their glorious forms surveyed,
And mused in restless fear.
His slow majestic step he stayed
And gazed upon the pair,
And all his spirit sank dismayed
By fear too great to bear.
When in their glorious might the best
Of royal chiefs came nigh,
The Vánars in their wild unrest
Prepared to turn and fly.
They sought the hermit's sacred home[2]
For peace and bliss ordained,
And there, where Vánars loved to roam,
A sure asylum gained.

---

[1] Sugríva, the ex-king of the Vánars, foresters, or monkeys, an exile from his home, wandering about the mountain Rishyamúka with his four faithful ex-ministers.

[2] The hermitage of the Saint Matanga which his curse prevented Báli, the present king of the Vánars, from entering. The story is told at length in Canto XI. of this Book.

CANTO II.

SUGRÍVA'S ALARM.

Sugríva moved by wondering awe
The high-souled sons of Raghu saw,
In all their glorious arms arrayèd;
And grief upon his spirit weighed.
To every quarter of the sky
He turned in fear his anxious eye,
And roving still from spot to spot
With troubled steps he rested not.
He durst not, as he viewed the pair,
Resolve to stand and meet them there;
And drooping cheer and quailing breast
The terror of the chief confessed.
While the great fear his bosom shook,
Brief counsel with his lords he took;
Each gain and danger closely scanned,
What hope in flight, what power to stand.
While doubt and fear his bosom rent,
On Raghu's sons his eyes he bent,
And with a spirit ill at ease
Addressed his lords in words like these:
'Those chiefs with wandering steps invade
The shelter of our pathless shade,
And hither come in fair disguise
Of hermit garb as Báli's spies.'
Each lord beheld with troubled heart
Those masters of the bowman's art,
And left the mountain side to seek

Sure refuge on a loftier peak.
The Vánar chief in rapid flight
Found shelter on a towering height,
And all the band with one accord
Were closely gathered round their lord.
Their course the same, with desperate leap
Each made his way from steep to steep,
And speeding on in wild career
Filled every height with sudden fear.
Each heart was struck with mortal dread,
As on their course the Vánars sped,
While trees that crowned the steep were bent
And crushed beneath them as they went.
As in their eager flight they pressed
For safety to each mountain crest,
The wild confusion struck with fear
Tiger and cat and wandering deer.
The lords who watched Sugríva's will
Were gathered on the royal hill,
And all with reverent hands upraised
Upon their king and leader gazed.
Sugríva feared some evil planned,
Some train prepared by Báli's hand.
But, skilled in words that charm and teach,
Thus Hanumán [1] began his speech:
'Dismiss, dismiss thine idle fear,
Nor dread the power of Báli here.
For this is Malaya's glorious hill [2]
Where Báli's might can work no ill.
I look around but nowhere see
The hated foe who made thee flee,
Fell Báli, fierce in form and face:

[1] Hanumán, Sugríva's chief general, was the son of the God of Wind. See Book I. Canto XVI.

[2] A range of hills in Malabar; the western Ghâts in the Deccan.

Then fear not, lord of Vánar race.
Alas, in thee I clearly find
The weakness of the Vánar kind,
That loves from thought to thought to range,
Fix no belief, and welcome change.
Mark well each hint and sign, and scan,
Discreet and wise, thine every plan.'
How may a king, with sense denied,
The subjects of his sceptre guide?'
Hanúmán,[1] wise in hour of need,
Urged on the chief his prudent rede.
His listening ear Sugríva bent,
And spake in words more excellent:
'Where is the dauntless heart that free
From terror's chilling touch can see
Two stranger warriors, strong as those,
Equipped with swords and shafts and bows,
With mighty arms and large full eyes,
Like glorious children of the skies?
Báli my foe, I ween, has sent
These chiefs to aid his dark intent.
Hence doubt and fear disturb me still,
For thousands serve a monarch's will.
In borrowed garb they come, and those
Who walk disguised are counted foes.
With secret thoughts they watch their time,
And wound fond hearts that fear no crime.
My foe in state affairs is wise,
And prudent kings have searching eyes.
By other hands they strike the foe:
By meaner tools the truth they know.
Now to those stranger warriors turn,

[1] Válmíki makes the second vowel in this name long or short to suit the exigencies of the verse. Other Indian poets have followed his example, and the same licence will be used in this translation.

And, less than king, their purpose learn.
Mark well the trick and look of each;
Observe his form and note his speech.
With care their mood and temper sound,
And, if their minds be friendly found,
With courteous looks and words begin
Their confidence and love to win.
Then as my friend and envoy speak,
And question what the strangers seek.
Ask why equipped with shaft and bow
Through this wild maze of wood they go.
If they, O chief, at first appear
Pure of all guile, in heart sincere,
Detect in speech and look the sin
And treachery that lurk within.'

He spoke: the Wind-God's son obeyed.
With ready zeal he sought the shade,
And reached with hasty steps the wood
Where Raghu's son and Lakshman stood.[1]

[1] I omit a recapitulatory and interpolated verse in a different metre, which is as follows:—Reverencing with the words, So be it, the speech of the greatly terrified and unequalled monkey king, the magnanimous Hanumán then went where (stood) the very mighty Ráma with Lakshman.

CANTO III.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

The envoy in his faithful breast
Pondered Sugríva's high behest.
From Rishyamúka's peak he hied
And placed him by the princes' side.
The Wind-God's son with cautious art
Had laid his Vánar form apart,
And wore, to cheat the strangers' eyes,
A wandering mendicant's disguise,[1]
Before the heroes' feet he bent
And did obeisance reverent,
And spoke, the glorious pair to praise,
His words of truth in courteous phrase,
High honour duly paid, the best
Of all the Vánar kind addressed,
With free accord and gentle grace,
Those glories of their warrior race:
'O hermits, blest in vows, who shine
Like royal saints or Gods divine,
O best of young ascetics, say
How to this spot you found your way,
Scaring the troops of wandering deer
And silvan things that harbour here;

[1] The semi-divine Hanumán possesses, like the Gods and demons, the power of wearing all shapes at will. He is one of the *Kámarúpis*. Like Milton's good and bad angels

"as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume as likes them best, condense or rare."

Searching amid the trees that grow
Where Pampá's gentle waters flow,
And lending from your brows a gleam
Of glory to the lovely stream.
Who are you, say, so brave and fair,
Clad in the bark which hermits wear?
I see you heave the frequent sigh,
I see the deer before you fly,
While you, for strength and valour dread,
The earth, like lordly lions, tread,
Each bearing in his hand a bow,
Like Indra's own, to slay the foe,
With the grand paces of a bull,
So bright and young and beautiful.
The mighty arms you raise appear
Like trunks which elephants uprear,
And as you move this mountain-king[1]
Is glorious with the light you bring.
How have you reached, like Gods in face,
Best lords of earth, this lonely place,
With tresses coiled in hermit guise,[2]
And splendours of those lotus eyes?
As Gods' who leave their heavenly sphere,
Alike your beauteous forms appear.
The Lords of Day and Night[3] might thus
Stray from the skies to visit us.
Heroic youths, so broad of chest,
Fair with the beauty of the Blest,
With lion shoulders, tall and strong,
Like bulls who lead the lowing throng,

[1] Himálaya is of course *par excellence* the Monarch of mountains, but the complimentary title is frequently given to other hills as here to Malaya.

[2] Twisted up in a matted coil as was the custom of ascetics.

[3] The sun and moon.

Your arms, unmatched for grace and length,
With massive clubs may vie in strength.
Why do no gauds those limbs adorn
Where priceless gems were meetly worn?
Each noble youth is fit, I deem,
To guard this earth, as lord supreme,
With all her woods and seas, to reign
From Meru's peak to Vindhya's chain.
Your smooth bows decked with dyes and gold
Are glorious in their masters' hold,
And with the arms of Indra[1] vie
Which diamond splendours beautify.
Your quivers glow with golden sheen,
Well stored with arrows fleet and keen,
Each gleaming like a fiery snake
That joys the foeman's life to take.
As serpents cast their sloughs away
And all their new-born sheen display,
So flash your mighty swords inlaid
With burning gold on hilt and blade.
Why are you silent, heroes? Why
My questions hear nor deign reply?
Sugríva, lord of virtuous mind,
The foremost of the Vánar kind,
An exile from his royal state,
Roams through the land disconsolate.
I, Hanumán, of Vánar race,
Sent by the king have sought this place,
For he, the pious, just, and true,
In friendly league would join with you.
Know, godlike youths, that I am one
Of his chief lords, the Wind-God's son.
With course unchecked I roam at will,

[1] The rainbow.

And now from Rishyamúka's hill,
To please his heart, his hope to speed,
I came disguised in beggar's weed.'

Thus Hanúmán, well trained in lore
Of language, spoke, and said no more.
The son of Raghu joyed to hear
The envoy's speech, and bright of cheer
He turned to Lakshman by his side,
And thus in words of transport cried:

'The counsellor we now behold
Of King Sugríva righteous-souled.
His face I long have yearned to see,
And now his envoy comes to me.'
With sweetest words in courteous phrase
Answer this mighty lord who slays
His foemen, by Sugríva sent,
This Vánar chief most eloquent.
For one whose words so sweetly flow
The whole Rig-veda[1] needs must know,
And in his well-trained memory store
The Yajush and the Sáman's lore.
He must have bent his faithful ear
All grammar's varied rules to hear.
For his long speech how well he spoke!
In all its length no rule he broke.
In eye, on brow, in all his face
The keenest look no guile could trace.
No change of hue, no pose of limb
Gave sign that aught was false in him.
Concise, unfaltering, sweet and clear,
Without a word to pain the ear,
From chest to throat, nor high nor low,

[1] The Vedas are four in number, the Rich or Rig-veda, the Yajush or Yajur-veda; the Sáman or Sáma-veda, and the Atharvan or Atharva-veda. See Vol. I. p. 6. Note.

His accents came in measured flow.
'How well he spoke with perfect art
That wondrous speech that charmed the heart,
With finest skill and order graced
In words that knew nor pause nor haste!
That speech, with consonants that spring
From the three seats of uttering,[1]
Would charm the spirit of a foe
Whose sword is raised for mortal blow.
How may a ruler's plan succeed
Who lacks such envoy good at need?
How fail, if one whose mind is stored
With gifts so rare assist his lord?
What plans can fail, with wisest speech
Of envoy's lips to further each?'

Thus Ráma spoke; and Lakshman, taught
In all the art that utters thought,
To King Sugríva's learned spy
Thus made his eloquent reply:
'Full well we know the gifts that grace
Sugríva, lord of Vánar race,
And hither turn our wandering feet
That we that high-souled king may meet.
So now our pleasant task shall be
To do the words he speaks by thee.'

His prudent speech the Vánar heard,
And all his heart with joy was stirred,
And hope that league with them would bring
Redress and triumph to his king.

[1] The chest, the throat, and the head.

CANTO IV.

LAKSHMAṆ'S REPLY.

Cheered by the words that Rámа spoke,
Joy in the Vánar's breast awoke,
And, as his friendly mood he knew,
His thoughts to King Sugríva flew:
'Again,' he mused, 'my high-souled lord
Shall rule, to kingly state restored;
Since one so mighty comes to save,
And freely gives the help we crave.'
Then joyous Hanumán, the best
Of all the Vánar kind, addressed
These words to Rámа, trained of yore
In all the arts of speakers' lore:[1]
'Why do your feet this forest tread
By silvan life inhabited,
This awful maze of tree and thorn
Which Pampá's flowering groves adorn?'

[1] "In our own metrical romances, or wherever a poem is meant not for readers but for chanters and oral reciters, these *formulæ*, to meet the same recurring case, exist by scores. Thus every woman in these metrical romances who happens to be young, is described as "so bright of ble," or complexion; always a man goes "the mountenance of a mile" before he overtakes or is overtaken. And so on through a vast bead-roll of cases. In the same spirit Homer has his eternal τον δ' αρ' ὑποδρα ἰδων, or τον δ' απαμειβομενος προσεφη, &c.
To a reader of sensibility, such recurrences wear an air of child-like simplicity, beautifully recalling the features of Homer's primitive age. But they would have appeared faults to all commonplace critics in literary ages."

DE QUINCEY. *Homer and the Homeridæ.*

He spoke: obedient to the eye
Of Ráma Lakshman made reply,
The name and fortune to unfold
Of Raghu's son the lofty-souled:
'True to the law, of fame unstained,
The glorious Daśaratha reigned,
And, steadfast in his duty, long
Kept the four castes[1] from scathe and wrong.
Through his wide realm his will was done,
And, loved by all, he hated none.
Just to each creature great and small,
Like the Good Sire he cared for all.
The Agnishṭom,[2] as priests advised,
And various rites he solemnized,
Where ample largess ever paid
The Bráhmans for their holy aid.
Here Ráma stands, his heir by birth,
Whose name is glorious in the earth:
Sure refuge he of all oppressed,
Most faithful to his sire's behest.
He, Daśaratha's eldest born
Whom gifts above the rest adorn,
Lord of each high imperial sign,[3]
The glory of his kingly line,
Reft of his right, expelled from home,
Came forth with me the woods to roam.
And Sítá too, his faithful dame,
Forth with her virtuous husband came,
Like the sweet light when day is done
Still cleaving to her lord the sun.

[1] Bráhmans the sacerdotal caste, Kshatriyas the royal and military, Vaiśyas the mercantile, and Śúdras the servile.

[2] A protracted sacrifice extending over several days. See Vol. I. p. 79. Note.

[3] Possessed of all the auspicious personal marks that indicate capacity of universal sovereignty. See Vol. I. p. 5, and note 7.

And me his sweet perfections drew
To follow as his servant true,
Named Lakshman, brother of my lord
Of grateful heart with knowledge stored.
Most meet is he all bliss to share,
Who makes the good of all his care.
While, power and lordship cast away,
In the wild wood he chose to stay,
A giant came,—his name unknown,—
And stole the princess left alone.
Then Diti's son [1] who, cursed of yore,
The semblance of a Rákshas wore,
To King Sugríva bade us turn
The robber's name and home to learn,
For he, the Vánar chief, would know
The dwelling of our secret foe.
Such words of hope spake Diti's son,
And sought the heaven his deeds had won.
Thou hast my tale. From first to last
Thine ears have heard whate'er has past.
Ráma the mighty lord and I
For refuge to Sugríva fly.
The prince whose arm bright glory gained,
O'er the whole earth as monarch reigned,
And richest gifts to others gave,
Is come Sugríva's help to crave;
Son of a king the surest friend
Of virtue, him who loved to lend
His succour to the suffering weak,
Is come Sugríva's aid to seek.
Yes, Raghu's son, whose matchless hand
Protected all this sea-girt land,
The virtuous prince, my holy guide,

[1] Kabandha. See Book III. Canto LXXIII.

For refuge seeks Sugríva's side.
His favour sent on great and small
Should ever save and prosper all.
He now to win Sugríva's grace
Has sought his woodland dwelling-place.
Son of a king of glorious fame;—
Who knows not Daśaratha's name?—
From whom all princes of the earth
Received each honour due to worth;—
Heir of that best of earthly kings,
Ráma the prince whose glory rings
Through realms below and earth and skies,
For refuge to Sugríva flies.
Nor should the Vánar king refuse
The boon for which the suppliant sues,
But with his forest legions speed
To save him in his utmost need.'

Sumitrá's son, his eyes bedewed
With piteous tears, thus sighed and sued.
Then, trained in all the arts that guide
The speaker, Hanumán replied:

'Yea, lords like you of wisest thought,
Whom happy fate has hither brought,
Who vanquish ire and rule each sense,
Must of our lord have audience.
Reft of his kingdom, sad, forlorn,
Once Báli's hate now Báli's scorn,
Defeated, severed from his spouse,
Wandering under forest boughs,
Child of the Sun, our lord and king
Sugríva will his succours bring,
And all our Vánar hosts combined
Will trace the dame you long to find.'

With gentle tone and winning grace

Thus spake the chief of Vánar race,
And then to Raghu's son he cried:
'Come, haste we to Sugríva's side.'
He spoke, and for his words so sweet
Good Lakshman paid all honour meet;
Then turned and cried to Raghu's son:
'Now deem thy task already done,
Because this chief of Vánar kind,
Son of the God who rules the wind,
Declares Sugríva's self would be
Assisted in his need by thee.
Bright gleams of joy his cheek o'erspread
As each glad word of hope he said;
And ne'er will one so valiant deign
To cheer our hearts with hope in vain.'
He spoke, and Hanumán the wise
Cast off his mendicant disguise,
And took again his Vánar form,
Son of the God of wind and storm.
High on his ample back in haste
Raghu's heroic sons he placed;
And turned with rapid steps to find
The sovereign of the Vánar kind.

CANTO V.

THE LEAGUE.

From Rishyamúka's rugged side
To Malaya's hill the Vánar hied,
And to his royal chieftain there
Announced the coming of the pair:
'See, here with Lakshman Ráma stands,
Illustrious in a hundred lands,
Whose valiant heart will never quail
Although a thousand foes assail;
King Daśaratha's son, the grace
And glory of Ikshváku's race.
Obedient to his father's will
He cleaves to sacred duty still.
With rites of royal pomp and pride
His sire the Fire-God gratified;
Ten hundred thousand kine he freed,
And priests enriched with ample meed;
And the broad land protected, famed
For truthful lips and passions tamed.
Through woman's guile his son has made
His dwelling in the forest shade,
Where, as he lived with every sense
Subdued in hermit abstinence,
Fierce Rávan stole his wife, and he
Is come a suppliant, lord, to thee.
Now let all honour due be paid
To these great chiefs who seek thine aid.'
Thus spake the Vánar prince, and, stirred

With friendly thoughts, Sugríva heard.
The light of joy his face o'erspread,
And thus to Raghu's son he said:
'O Prince, in rules of duty trained,
Caring for all with love unfeigned,
Hanúmán's tongue has truly shown
The virtues that are thine alone.
My chiefest glory, gain, and bliss,
O stranger Prince, I reckon this,
That Raghu's son will condescend
To seek the Vánar for his friend.
If thou my true ally wouldst be
Accept the pledge I offer thee.
This hand in sign of friendship take,
And bind the bond we ne'er will break.'
He spoke, and joy thrilled Ráma's breast;
Sugríva's hand he seized and pressed;
And, transport beaming from his eye,
Held to his heart his new ally.
In wanderer's weed disguised no more,
His proper form Hanúmán wore.
Then, wood with wood engendering,[1] came
Neath his deft hands the kindled flame.
Between the chiefs that fire he placed.
With wreaths of flowers and worship graced,
And round its blazing glory went
The friends with slow steps reverent.

[1] Fire for sacred purposes is produced by the attrition of two pieces of wood. In marriage and other solemn covenants fire is regarded as the holy witness in whose presence the agreement is made. Spenser, in a description of a marriage, has borrowed from the Roman rite what he calls the housling, or sacramental fire:

"His owne two hands the holy knots did knit
That none but death for ever can divide.
His owne two hands, for such a turn most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide."

Faery Queen, Book I. xii. 37.

Thus each to other pledged and bound
In solemn league new transport found,
And bent upon his dear ally
The gaze he ne'er could satisfy.
'Friend of my soul art thou: we share
Each other's joy, each other's care;'
Thus in the bliss that thrilled his breast
Sugríva Raghu's son addressed.
From a high Sál a branch he tore
Which many a leaf and blossom bore,
And the fine twigs beneath them laid
A seat for him and Ráma made.
Then Hanumán with joyous mind,
Son of the God who rules the wind,
To Lakshman gave, his seat to be,
The gay branch of a Sandal tree.
Then King Sugríva with his eyes
Still trembling with the sweet surprise
Of the great joy he could not hide,
To Raghu's noblest scion cried:
'O Ráma, racked with woe and fear,
Spurned by my foes, I wander here.
Reft of my spouse, forlorn I dwell
Here in my forest citadel,
Or wild with terror and distress
Roam through the distant wilderness.
Vext by my brother Báli long
My soul has borne the scathe and wrong.
Do thou, whose virtues all revere,
Release me from my woe and fear.
From dire distress thy friend to free
Is a high task and worthy thee.'
He spoke, and Raghu's son who knew
All sacred duties men should do,

The friend of justice, void of guilè,
Thus answered with a gentle smile:
'Great Vánar, friends who seek my aid
Still find their trust with fruit repaid.
Báli, thy foe, who stole away
Thy wife, this vengeful hand shall slay.
These shafts which sunlike flash and burn,
Winged with the feathers of the hern,
Each swift of flight and sure and dread,
With even knot and pointed head,
Fierce as the crashing fire-bolt sent
By him who rules the firmament,[1]
Shall reach thy wicked foe and like
Infuriate serpents hiss and strike.
Thou, Vánar King, this day shalt see
The foe who long has injured thee
Lie, like a shattered mountain, low,
Slain by the tempest of my bow.'
Thus Ráma spake: Sugríva heard,
And mighty joy his bosom stirred
As thus his champion he addressed:
'Now by thy favour, first and best
Of heroes, shall thy friend obtain
His realm and darling wife again
Recovered from the foe.
Check thou mine elder brother's might,
That ne'er again his deadly spite
May rob me of mine ancient right,
Or vex my soul with woe.'
The league was struck, a league to bring
To Sítá, fiends, and Vánar king[2]
Apportioned bliss and bale.

---

[1] Indra.
[2] Báli the king *de facto*.

Through her left eye quick throbbings shot,[1]
Glad signs the lady doubted not,
That told their hopeful tale.
The bright left eye of Báli felt
An inauspicious throb that dealt
A deadly blow that day.
The fiery left eyes of the crew
Of demons felt the throb, and knew
The herald of dismay.

[1] With the Indians, as with the ancient Greeks, the throbbing of the right eye in a man is an auspicious sign, the throbbing of the left eye is the opposite. In a woman the significations of signs are reversed.

On the alliance between Ráma and the monkeys, see ADDITIONAL NOTES.

CANTO VI.

THE TOKENS.

With joy that sprang from hope restored
To Ráma spake the Vánar lord:
'I know, by wise Hanúmán taught,
Why thou the lonely wood hast sought,
Where with thy brother Lakshman thou
Hast sojourned, bound by hermit vow;
Have heard how Sítá, Janak's child,
Was stolen in the pathless wild,
How by a roving Rákshas she
Weeping was reft from him and thee;
How, bent on death, the giant slew
The vulture king, her guardian true,
And gave thy widowed breast to know
A solitary mourner's woe.
But soon, dear Prince, thy heart shall be
From every trace of sorrow free;
For I thy darling will restore,
Lost like the prize of holy lore.[1]
Yea, though in heaven the lady dwell,
Or prisoned in the depths of hell,
My friendly care her way shall track

[1] The Vedas stolen by the demons Madhu and Kaiṭabha.

"The text has नष्टां वेदश्रुतिम् which signifies literally "the lost vedic tradition." It seems that allusion is here made to the Vedas submerged in the depth of the sea, but promptly recoverd by Vishnu in one of his incarnations, as the brahmanic legend relates, with which the orthodoxy of the Bráhmans intended perhaps to allude to the prompt restoration and uninterrupted continuity of the ancient vedic tradition." GORRESIO.

And bring thy ransomed darling back.
Let this my promise soothe thy care,
Nor doubt the words I truly swear.
Saints, fiends, and dwellers of the skies
Shall find thy wife a bitter prize,
Like the rash child who rues too late
The treacherous lure of poisoned cate.
No longer, Prince, thy loss deplore:
Thy darling wife will I restore.
'Twas she I saw: my heart infers
That shrinking form was doubtless hers,
Which giant Rávaṇ, fierce and dread,
Bore swiftly through the clouds o'erhead,
Still writhing in his strict embrace
Like helpless queen of serpent race,[1]
And from her lips that sad voice came
Shrieking thine own and Lakshmaṇ's name.
High on a hill she saw me stand
With comrades twain on either hand.
Her outer robe to earth she threw,
And with it sent her anklets too.
We saw the glittering tokens fall,
We found them there and kept them all.
These will I bring: perchance thine eyes
The treasured spoils will recognize.'
He ceased; then Raghu's son replied
To the glad tale, and eager cried:
'Bring them with all thy speed: delay
No more, dear friend, but haste away.'
Thus Ráma spoke. Sugríva hied

[1] Like the wife of a Nága or Serpent-God carried off by an eagle. The enmity between the King of birds and the serpent is of very frequent occurrence. It seems to be a modification of the strife between the Vedic Indra and the Ahi, the serpent or drought-fiend; between Apollôn and the Pythôn, Adam and the Serpent.

Within the mountain's caverned side,
Impelled by love that stirred each thought,
The precious tokens quickly brought,
And said to Raghu's son, Behold
This garment and these rings of gold.
In Ráma's hand with friendly haste
The jewels and the robe he placed.
Then, like the moon by mist assailed,
The tear-dimmed eyes of Ráma failed;
That burst of woe unmanned his frame,
Woe sprung from passion for his dame,
And with his manly strength o'erthrown,
He fell and cried, Ah me! mine own!
Again, again close to his breast
The ornaments and robe he pressed,
While the quick pants that shook his frame
As from a furious serpent came.
On his dear brother standing nigh
He turned at length his piteous eye;
And, while his tears increasing ran,
In bitter wail he thus began:
'Look, brother, and behold once more
The ornaments and robe she wore,
Dropped while the giant bore away
In cruel arms his struggling prey,
Dropped in some quiet spot, I ween,
Where the young grass was soft and green;
For still untouched by spot or stain
Their former beauty all retain.'
He spoke with many a tear and sigh,
And thus his brother made reply:
'The bracelets thou hast fondly shown,
And earrings, are to me unknown,
But by long service taught I greet

The anklets of her honoured feet.'[1]
Then to Sugríva Ráma, best
Of Raghu's sons, these words addressed:
'Say to what quarter of the sky
The cruel fiend was seen to fly,
Bearing afar my captured wife,
My darling dearer than my life.
Speak, Vánar King, that I may know
Where dwells the cause of all my woe;
The fiend for whose transgression all
The giants by this hand shall fall.
He who the Maithil lady stole
And kindled fury in my soul,
Has sought his fate in senseless pride
And opened Death's dark portal wide.
Then tell me, Vánar lord, I pray,
The dwelling of my foe,
And he, beneath this hand, to-day
To Yama's halls shall go.'

[1] He means that he has never ventured to raise his eyes to her arms and face, though he has ever been her devoted servant.

CANTO VII.

RÁMA CONSOLED.

With longing love and woe oppressed
The Vánar chief he thus addressed;
And he, while sobs his utterance broke,
Raised up his reverent hands and spoke:
'O Raghu's son, I cannot tell
Where now that cruel fiend may dwell,
Declare his power and might, or trace
The author of his cursed race.
Still trust the promise that I make
And let thy breast no longer ache.
So will I toil, nor toil in vain,
That thou thy consort mayst regain.
So will I work with might and skill
That joy anew thy heart shall fill;
The valour of my soul display,
And Rávaṇ and his legions slay.
Awake, awake! unmanned no more
Recall the strength was thine of yore.
Beseems not men like thee to wear
A weak heart yielding to despair.
Like troubles, too, mine eyes have seen,
Lamenting for a long-lost queen;
But, by despair unconquered yet,
My strength of mind I ne'er forget.
Far more shouldst thou of lofty soul
Thy passion and thy tears control,
When I, of Vánar's humbler strain,

Weep not for her in ceaseless pain.
Be firm, be patient, nor forget
The bounds the brave of heart have set
In loss, in woe, in strife, in fear,
When the dark hour of death is near.
Up! with thine own brave heart advise:
Not thus despond the firm and wise.
But he who gives his childish heart
To choose the coward's weakling part,
Sinks, like a foundered vessel, deep
In waves of woe that o'er him sweep.
See, suppliant hand to hand I lay,
And, moved by faithful love, I pray.
Give way no more to grief and gloom,
But all thy native strength resume.
No joy on earth, I ween, have they
Who yield their souls to sorrow's sway.
Their glory fades in slow decline:
'Tis not for thee to grieve and pine.
I do but hint with friendly speech
The wiser part I dare not teach.
This better path, dear friend, pursue,
And let not grief thy soul subdue.'

Sugríva thus with gentle art
And sweet words soothed the mourner's heart,
Who brushed off with his mantle's hem
Tears from the eyes bedewed with them.
Sugríva's words were not in vain,
And Ráma was himself again;
Around the king his arms he threw,
And thus began his speech anew:

'Whate'er a friend most wise and true,
Who counsels for the best, should do,
Whate'er his gentle part should be,

Has been performed, dear friend, by thee.
Taught by thy counsel, O my lord,
I feel my native strength restored.
A friend like thee is hard to gain,
Most rare in time of grief and pain.
Now strain thine utmost power to trace
The Maithil lady's dwelling place,
And aid me in my search to find
Fierce Rávaṇ of the impious mind.
Trust thou, in turn, thy loyal friend,
And say what aid this arm can lend
To speed thy hopes, as fostering rain
Quickens in earth the scattered grain.
Deem not those words, that seemed to spring
From pride, are false, O Vánar King.
None from these lips has ever heard,
None e'er shall hear, one lying word.
Again I promise and declare,
Yea, by my truth, dear friend, I swear.'
Then glad was King Sugríva's breast,
And all his lords their joy confessed,
Stirred by sure hope of Ráma's aid,
And promise which the prince had made.

CANTO VIII.

RÁMA'S PROMISE.

Doubt from Sugríva's heart had fled,
And thus to Raghu's son he said:
'No bliss the Gods of heaven deny,
Each views me with a favouring eye,
When thou, whom all good gifts attend,
Hast sought me and become my friend.
Leagued, friend, with thee in bold emprise
My arm might win the conquered skies;
And shall our banded strength be weak
To gain the realm which now I seek?
A happy fate was mine above
My kith and kin and all I love,
When, near the witness fire, I won
Thy friendship, Raghu's glorious son.
Thou too in ripening time shalt see
Thy friend not all unworthy thee.
What gifts I have shall thus be shown:
Not mine the tongue to make them known.
Strong is the changeless bond that binds
The friendly faith of noble minds.
In woe, in danger, firm and sure
Their constancy and love endure.
Gold, silver, jewels rich and rare
They count as wealth for friends to share.
Yea, be they rich or poor and low,
Blest with all joys or sunk in woe,
Stained with each fault or pure of blame,

Their friends the nearest place may claim;
For whom they leave, at friendship's call,
Their gold, their bliss, their homes and all.'
He spoke by generous impulse moved,
And Raghu's son his speech approved,
Glancing at Lakshman by his side,
Like Indra in his beauty's pride.
The Vánar monarch saw the pair
Of mighty brothers standing there,
And turned his rapid eye to view
The forest trees that near him grew:
He saw, not far from where he stood,
A Sál tree towering o'er the wood.
Amid the thick leaves many a bee
Graced the scant blossoms of the tree,
From whose dark shade a bough, that bore
A load of leafy twigs, he tore,
Which on the grassy ground he laid
And seats for him and Ráma made.
Hanúmán saw them sit, he sought
A Sál tree's leafy bough and brought
The burthen, and with meek request
Entreated Lakshman, too, to rest.
There on the noble mountain's brow,
Strewn with the young leaves of the bough,
Sat Raghu's son in placid ease
Calm as the sea when sleeps the breeze.
Sugríva's heart with rapture swelled,
And thus, by eager love impelled,
He spoke in gracious tone, that, oft
Checked by his joy, was low and soft:
'I, by my brother's might oppressed,
By ceaseless woe and fear distressed,
Mourning my consort far away,

On Rishyamúka's mountain stray.
Expelled by Báli's cruel hate
I wander here disconsolate.
Do thou, to whom all sufferers flee,
From his dread hand deliver me.'
He spoke, and Ráma, just and brave,
Whose pious soul to virtue clave,
Smiled as in conscious might he eyed
The king of Vánars, and replied:
'Best fruit of friendship is the deed
That helps the friend in hour of need;
And this mine arm in death shall lay
Thy robber ere the close of day.
For see, these feathered darts of mine
Whose points so fiercely flash and shine,
And shafts with golden emblem, came
From dark woods known by Skanda's name,[1]
Winged from the pinion of the hern
Like Indra's bolts they strike and burn.
With even knots and piercing head
Each like a furious snake is sped;
With these, to-day, before thine eye
Shall, like a shattered mountain, lie
Báli, thy dread and wicked foe,
O'erwhelmed in hideous overthrow.'
He spoke: Sugríva's bosom swelled
With hope and joy unparalleled.
Then his glad voice the Vánar raised,
And thus the son of Raghu praised:

[1] The wood in which Skanda or Kártikeya was brought up:
'The Warrior-God
Whose infant steps amid the thickets strayed
Where the reeds wave over the holy sod.'
See also Book I. Canto XXIX. *Meghadúta.*

'Long have I pined in depth of grief;
Thou art the hope of all, O chief.
Now, Raghu's son, I hail thee friend,
And bid thee to my woes attend;
For, by my truth I swear it, now
Not life itself is dear as thou,
Since by the witness fire we met
And friendly hand in hand was set.
Friend communes now with friend, and hence
I tell with surest confidence,
How woes that on my spirit weigh
Consume me through the night and day.'
For sobs and sighs he scarce could speak,
And his sad voice came low and weak,
As, while his eyes with tears o'erflowed,
The burden of his soul he showed.
Then by strong effort, bravely made,
The torrent of his tears he stayed,
Wiped his bright eyes, his grief subdued,
And thus, more calm, his speech renewed:
'By Báli's conquering might oppressed,
Of power and kingship dispossessed,
Loaded with taunts of scorn and hate
I left my realm and royal state.
He tore away my consort: she
Was dearer than my life to me,
And many a friend to me and mine
In hopeless chains was doomed to pine.
With wicked thoughts, unsated still,
Me whom he wrongs he yearns to kill;
And spies of Vánar race, who tried
To slay me, by this hand have died.
Moved by this constant doubt and fear
I saw thee, Prince, and came not near.

When woe and peril gather round
A foe in every form is found.
Save Hanumán, O Raghu's son,
And these, no friend is left me, none.
Through their kind aid, a faithful band
Who guard their lord from hostile hand,
Rest when their chieftain rests and bend
Their steps where'er he lists to wend,—
Through them alone, in toil and pain,
My wretched life I still sustain.
Enough, for thou hast heard in brief
The story of my pain and grief.
His mighty strength all regions know,
My brother, but my deadly foe.
Ah, if the proud oppressor fell,
His death would all my woe dispel.
Yea, on my cruel conqueror's fall
My joy depends, my life, my all.
This were the end and sure relief,
O Ráma, of my tale of grief.
Fair be his lot or dark with woe,
No comfort like a friend I know.'

Then Ráma spoke; 'O friend, relate
Whence sprang fraternal strife and hate,
That duly taught by thee, I may
Each foeman's strength and weakness weigh;
And skilled in every chance restore
The blissful state thou hadst before.
For, when I think of all the scorn
And bitter woe thou long hast borne,
My soul indignant swells with pain
Like waters flushed with furious rain.
Then, ere I string this bended bow,
Tell me the tale I long to know,

Ere from the cord my arrow fly,
And low in death thy foeman lie.'
He spoke: Sugríva joyed to hear,
Nor less his lords were glad of cheer;
And thus to Ráma mighty-souled
The cause that moved their strife he told:

CANTO IX.

SUGRÍVA'S STORY.[1]

'My brother, known by Báli's name,
Had won by might a conqueror's fame,
My father's eldest-born was he,
Well honoured by his sire and me.
My father died, and each sage lord
Named Báli king with one accord;
And he, by right of birth ordained,
The sovereign of the Vánars reigned.
He in his royal place controlled
The kingdom of our sires of old,
And I all faithful service lent
To aid my brother's government.
The fiend Máyáví,—him of yore
To Dundubhi[2] his mother bore,—
For woman's love in strife engaged,
A deadly war with Báli waged.
When sleep had chained each weary frame
To vast Kishkindhá's[3] gates he came,
And, shouting through the shades of night,
Challenged his foeman to the fight.
My brother heard the furious shout,
And wild with rage rushed madly out,

[1] "Sugríva's story paints in vivid colours the manners, customs and ideas of the wild mountain tribes which inhabited Kishkindhya or the southern hills of the Deccan, of the people whom the poem calls monkeys, tribes altogether different in orgin and civilization from the Indo-Sanskrit race." GORRESIO.

[2] A fiend slain by Báli.

[3] Báli's mountain city.

Though fain would I and each sad wife
Detain him from the deadly strife.
He burned his demon foe to slay,
And rushed impetuous to the fray.
His weeping wives he thrust aside,
And forth, impelled by fury, hied;
While, by my love and duty led,
I followed where my brother sped.
Máyáví looked, and at the sight
Fled from his foes in wild affright.
The flying fiend we quickly viewed,
And with swift feet his steps pursued.
Then rose the moon, whose friendly ray
Cast light upon our headlong way.
By the soft beams was dimly shown
A mighty cave with grass o'ergrown.
Within its depths he sprang, and we
The demon's form no more might see.
My brother's breast was all aglow
With fury when he missed the foe,
And, turning, thus to me he said
With senses all disquieted:
'Here by the cavern's mouth remain;
Keep ear and eye upon the strain,
While I the dark recess explore
And dip my brand in foeman's gore.'
I heard his angry speech, and tried
To turn him from his plan aside.
He made me swear by both his feet,
And sped within the dark retreat.
While in the cave he stayed, and I
Watched at the mouth, a year went by.
For his return I looked in vain,
And, moved by love, believed him slain.

I mourned, by doubt and fear distressed,
And greater horror seized my breast
When from the cavern rolled a flood,
A carnage stream of froth and blood;
And from the depths a sound of fear,
The roar of demons, smote mine ear;
But never rang my brother's shout
Triumphant in the battle rout.
I closed the cavern with a block,
Huge as a hill, of shattered rock,
Gave offerings due to Báli's shade,
And sought Kishkindhá, sore dismayed.
Long time with anxious care I tried
From Báli's lords his fate to hide,
But they, when once the tale was known,
Placed me as king on Báli's throne.
There for a while I justly reigned
And all with equal care ordained,
When joyous from the demon slain
My brother Báli came again.
He found me ruling in his stead,
And, fired with rage, his eyes grew red.
He slew the lords who made me king,
And spoke keen words to taunt and sting.
The kingly rank and power I held
My brother's rage with ease had quelled,
But still, restrained by old respect
For claims of birth, the thought I checked.
Thus having struck the demon down
Came Báli to his royal town.
With meek respect, with humble speech,
His haughty heart I strove to reach.
But all my arts were tried in vain,
No gentle word his lips would deign.

Though to the ground I bent and set
His feet upon my coronet;
Still Báli in his rage and pride
All signs of grace and love denied.'

CANTO X.

SUGRÍVA'S STORY.

'I strove to soothe and lull to rest
The fury of his troubled breast:
'Well art thou come, dear lord,' I cried,
'By whose strong arm thy foe has died.
Forlorn I languished here, but now
My saviour and defence art thou.
Once more receive this regal shade[1]
Like the full moon in heaven displayed;
And let the chouries,[2] thus restored,
Wave glorious o'er the rightful lord.
I kept my watch, thy word obeyed,
And by the cave a year I stayed.
But when I saw that stream of blood
Rush from the cavern in a flood,
My sad heart broken with dismay,
And every wandering sense astray,
I barred the entrance with a stone,—
A crag from some high mountain thrown,
Turned from the spot I watched in vain,
And to Kishkindhá came again.
My deep distress and downcast mien
By citizen and lord were seen.
They made me king against my will:
Forgive me if the deed was ill.
True as I ever was I see

[1] The canopy or royal umbrella, one of the usual Indian regalia.

[2] Whisks made of the hair of the Yak or Bos grunniens, also regal insignia.

My honoured king once more in thee;
I only ruled a while the state
When thou hadst left us desolate.
This town with people, lords, and lands,
Lay as a trust in guardian hands;
And now, my gracious lord, accept
The kingdom which thy servant kept.
Forgive me, victor of the foe,
Nor let thy wrath against me glow.
See, joining suppliant hands I pray,
And at thy feet my head I lay.
Believe my words: against my will
The royal seat they made me fill.
Unkinged they saw the city, hence
They made me lord for her defence.'

But Báli, though I humbly sued,
Reviled me in his furious mood:
'Out on thee, wretch!' in wrath he cried,
With many a bitter taunt beside.
He summoned every lord, and all
His subjects gathered at his call.
Then forth his burning anger broke,
And thus amid his friends he spoke:
'I need not tell, for well ye know,
How fierce Máyávi, fiend and foe,
Came to Kishkindhá's gate by night,
And dared me in his wrath to fight.
I heard each word the demon said:
Forth from my royal hall I sped;
And, foe in brother's guise concealed,
Sugríva followed to the field.
The mighty demon through the shade
Beheld me come with one to aid;
Then shrinking from unequal fight

He turned his back in swiftest flight.
From vengeful foes his life to save
He sought the refuge of a cave.
Then when I saw the fiend had fled
Within that cavern dark and dread,
Thus to my brother cruel-eyed,
Impatient in my wrath, I cried:
'I seek no more my royal town
Till I have struck the demon down.
Here by the cavern's mouth remain
Until my hand the foe have slain.'
Upon his faith my heart relied,
And swift within the depths I hied.
A year went by: in every spot
I sought the fiend, but found him not.
At length my foe I saw and slew,
Whom long I feared when lost to view;
And all his kinsmen by his side
Beneath my vengeful fury died.
The monster, as he reeled and fell,
Poured forth his blood with roar and yell;
And, filling all the cavern, dyed
The portal with the crimson tide.
Upon my foeman slain at last
One look, one pitying look, I cast.
I sought again the light of day:
The cave was closed and left no way.
To the barred mouth I sadly came,
And called aloud Sugríva's name.
But all was still: no voice replied,
And hope within my bosom died.
With furious efforts, vain at first,
Through bars of rock my way I burst.
Then, free once more, the path that brought

My feet in safety home I sought.
'Twas thus Sugríva dared despise
The claim of brothers' friendly ties.
With crags of rock he barred me in,
And for himself the realm would win.'
Thus Báli spoke in words severe;
And then, unmoved by ruth or fear,
Left me a single robe and sent
His brother forth in banishment.
He cast me out with scathe and scorn,
And from my side my wife was torn.
Now in great fear and ill at ease
I roam this land with woods and seas,
Or dwell on Rishyamúka's hill,
And sorrow for my consort still.
Thou hast the tale how first arose
This bitter hate of brother foes.
Such are the griefs neath which I pine,
And all without a fault of mine.
O swift to save in hour of fear,
My prayer who dread this Báli, hear.
With gracious love assistance deign,
And mine oppressor's arm restrain.'
Then Raghu's son, the good and brave,
With a gay laugh his answer gave:
'These shafts of mine which ne'er can fail,
Before whose sheen the sun grows pale,
Winged by my fury, fleet and fierce,
The wicked Báli's heart shall pierce.
Yea, mark the words I speak, so long
Shall live that wretch who joys in wrong,
Until these angered eyes have seen
The robber of thy darling queen.
I, taught by equal suffering, know

What waves of grief above thee flow.
This hand thy captive wife shall free,
And give thy kingdom back to thee.'
Sugríva joyed as Ráma spoke,
And valour in his breast awoke.
His eye grew bright, his heart grew bold,
And thus his wondrous tale he told :

CANTO XI.

DUNDUBHI.

'I doubt not, Prince, thy peerless might,
Armed with these shafts so keen and bright,
Like all-destroying fires of fate,
The worlds could burn and devastate.
But lend thou first thy mind and ear
Of Bāli's power and might to hear.
How bold, how firm, in battle tried,
Is Bāli's heart; and then decide.
From east to west, from south to north
On restless errand hurrying forth,
From farthest sea to sea he flies
Before the sun has lit the skies.
A mountain top he oft will seek,
Tear from its root a towering peak,
Hurl it aloft, as 'twere a ball,
And catch it ere to earth it fall;
And many a tree that long has stood
In health and vigour in the wood,
His single arm to earth will throw,
The marvels of his might to show.
Shaped like a bull, a monster bore
The name of Dundubhi of yore:
He matched in size a mountain height,
A thousand elephants in might.
By pride of wondrous gifts impelled,
And strength he deemed unparalleled,
To Ocean, lord of stream and brook,

Athirst for war, his way he took.
He reached the king of rolling waves
Whose gems are piled in sunless caves,
And threw his challenge to the sea:
'Come forth, O King, and fight with me.'
He spoke, and from his ocean bed
The righteous[1] monarch heaved his head,
And gave, sedate, his calm reply
To him whom fate impelled to die:
'Not mine, not mine the power,' he cried,
'To cope with thee in battle tried;
But listen to my voice, and seek
The worthier foe of whom I speak.
The Lord of Hills, where hermits live
And love the home his forests give,
Whose child is Śankar's darling queen,[2]
The King of Snows is he I mean.
Deep caves has he, and dark boughs shade
The torrent and the wild cascade.
From him expect the fierce delight
Which heroes feel in equal fight.'
He deemed that fear checked ocean's king,
And, like an arrow from the string,
To the wild woods that clothe the side
Of Lord Himálaya's hills he hied.
Then Dundubhi, with hideous roar,
Huge fragments from the summit tore
Vast as Airávat,[3] white with snow,
And hurled them to the plains below.
Then like a white cloud soft, serene,

[1] Righteous because he never transgresses his bounds, and
" over his great tides
Fidelity presides."

[2] Himálaya, the Lord of Snow, is the father of Umá the wife of Śíva or Śankar.

[3] Indra's celestial elephant.

The Lord of Mountains' form was seen.
It sat upon a lofty crest,
And thus the furious fiend addressed:
'Beseems thee not, O virtue's friend,
My mountain tops to rive and rend;
For I, the hermit's calm retreat,
For deeds of war am all unmeet.'
The demon's eye with rage grew red,
And thus in furious tone he said:
'If thou from fear or sloth decline
To match thy strength in war with mine,
Where shall I find a champion, say,
To meet me burning for the fray?'
He spoke; Himálaya, skilled in lore
Of eloquence, replied once more,
And, angered in his righteous mind,
Addressed the chief of demon kind:
'The Vánar Báli, brave and wise,
Son of the God who rules the skies,[1]
Sways, glorious in his high renown,
Kishkindhá his imperial town.
Well may that valiant lord who knows
Each art of war his might oppose
To thine, in equal battle set,
As Namuchi[2] and Indra met.
Go, if thy soul desire the fray;
To Báli's city speed away,
And that unconquered hero meet
Whose fame is high for warlike feat.'
He listened to the Lord of Snow,
And, his proud heart with rage aglow,

[1] Báli was the son of Indra. See Vol. I. pp. 95, 96.

[2] An Asur slain by Indra. See Vol. III. p. 125 Note. He is, like Vritra, a form of the demon of drought destroyed by the beneficent God of the firmament.

Sped swift away and lighted down
By vast Kishkindhá, Báli's town.
With pointed horns to strike and gore
The semblance of a bull he bore,
Huge as a cloud that downward bends
Ere the full flood of rain descends.
Impelled by pride and rage and hate,
He thundered at Kishkindhá's gate;
And with his bellowing, like the sound
Of pealing drums, he shook the ground.
He rent the earth and prostrate threw
The trees that near the portal grew.
King Báli from the bowers within
Indignant heard the roar and din.
Then, moonlike mid the stars, with all
His dames he hurried to the wall;
And to the fiend this speech, expressed
In clear and measured words, addressed:
'Know me for monarch, Báli styled,
Of Vánar tribes that roam the wild.
Say why dost thou this gate molest,
And bellowing thus disturb our rest?
I know thee, mighty fiend: beware
And guard thy life with wiser care.'
He spoke: and thus the fiend returned,
While red with rage his eyeballs burned:
'What! speak when all thy dames are nigh,
And hero-like thy foe defy?
Come, meet me in the fight this day,
And learn my strength by bold assay.
Or shall I spare thee, and relent
Until the coming night be spent?
Take then the respite of a night
And yield thee to each soft delight.

Then, monarch of the Vánar race,
With loving arms thy friends embrace.
Gifts on thy faithful lords bestow,
Bid each and all farewell, and go.
Show in the streets once more thy face,
Instal thy son to fill thy place.
Dally a while with each dear dame;
And then my strength thy pride shall tame.
For, should I smite thee drunk with wine,
Enamoured of those dames of thine,
Beneath diseases bowed and bent,
Or weak, unarmed, or negligent,
My deed would merit hate and scorn
As his who slays the child unborn.'
Then Báli's soul with rage was fired,
Queen Tárá and the dames retired;
And slowly, with a laugh of pride,
The king of Vánars thus replied:
'Me, fiend, thou deemest drunk with wine:
Unless thy fear the fight decline,
Come, meet me in the fray, and test
The spirit of my valiant breast.'
He spoke in wrath and high disdain;
And, laying down his golden chain,
Gift of his sire Mahendra, dared
The demon, for the fray prepared;
Seized by the horns the monster, vast
As a huge hill, and held him fast,
Then fiercely dragged him round and round,
And, shouting, hurled him to the ground.
Blood streaming from his ears, he rose,
And wild with fury strove the foes.
Then Báli, match for Indra's might,
With every arm renewed the fight,

He fought with fists, and feet, and knees,
With fragments of the rock, and trees.
At last the monster's strength, assailed
By Śakra's[1] conquering offspring, failed.
Him Báli raised with mighty strain,
And dashed upon the ground again;
Where, bruised and shattered, in a tide
Of rushing blood, the demon died.
King Báli saw the lifeless corse,
And, bending, with tremendous force
Raised the huge bulk from where it lay,
And hurled it full a league away.
As through the air the body flew,
Some blood-drops, caught by gales that blew,
Welled from his shattered jaw and fell
By Saint Matanga's hermit cell:
Matanga saw, illustrious sage,
Those drops defile his hermitage,
And, as he marvelled whence they came,
Fierce anger filled his soul with flame:
'Who is the villain, evil-souled,
With childish thoughts unwise and bold,
Who is the impious wretch,' he cried,
'By whom my grove with blood is dyed?'
Thus spoke Matanga in his rage,
And hastened from the hermitage,
When lo, before his wondering eyes
Lay the dead bull of mountain size.
His hermit soul was nothing slow
The doer of the deed to know,
And thus the Vánar in a burst
Of wild tempestuous wrath he cursed:
'Ne'er let that Vánar wander here,

[1] Another name of Indra or Mahendra.

For, if he come, his death is near,
Whose impious hand with blood has dyed
The holy place where I abide,
Who threw this demon corse and made
A ruin of the pleasant shade.
If e'er he plant his wicked feet
Within one league of my retreat;
Yea, if the villain come so nigh
That very hour he needs must die.
And let the Vánar lords who dwell
In the dark woods that skirt my cell
Obey my words, and speeding hence
Find them some meeter residence.
Here if they dare to stay, on all
The terrors of my curse shall fall.
They spoil the tender saplings, dear
As children which I cherish here,
Már root and branch and leaf and spray,
And steal the ripening fruit away.
One day I grant, no further hour,
To-morrow shall my curse have power,
And then each Vánar I may see
A stone through countless years shall be.'
The Vánars heard the curse and hied
From sheltering wood and mountain side.
King Báli marked their haste and dread,
And to the flying leaders said:
'Speak, Vánar chiefs, and tell me why
From Saint Matanga's grove ye fly
To gather round me: is it well
With all who in those woodlands dwell?'
He spoke: the Vánar leaders told
King Báli with his chain of gold
What curse the saint had on them laid,

Which drove them from their ancient shade.
Then royal Báli sought the sage,
With reverent hands to soothe his rage.
The holy man his suppliant spurned,
And to his cell in anger turned.
That curse on Báli sorely pressed,
And long his conscious soul distressed.
Him still the curse and terror keep
Afar from Rishyamúka's steep.
He dares not to the grove draw nigh,
Nay scarce will hither turn his eye.
We know what terrors warn him hence,
And roam these woods in confidence.
Look, Prince, before thee white and dry
The demon's bones uncovered lie,
Who, like a hill in bulk and length,
Fell ruined for his pride of strength.
See those high Sál trees seven in row
That droop their mighty branches low,
These at one grasp would Báli seize,
And leafless shake the trembling trees.
These tales I tell, O Prince, to show
The matchless power that arms the foe.
How canst thou hope to slay him? how
Meet Báli in the battle now?'

Sugríva spoke and sadly sighed:
And Lakshman with a laugh replied:
'What show of power, what proof and test
May still the doubts that fill thy breast?'

He spoke. Sugríva thus replied:
'See yonder Sál trees side by side.
King Báli here would take his stand
Grasping his bow with vigorous hand,
And every arrow, keen and true,

Would strike its tree and pierce it through.
If Ráma now his bow will bend,
And through one trunk an arrow send;
Or if his arm can raise and throw
Two hundred measures of his bow,
Grasped by a foot and hurled through air,
The demon bull that moulders there,
My heart will own his might and fain
Believe my foe already slain.'

Sugríva spoke inflamed with ire,
Scanned Ráma with a glance of fire,
Pondered a while in silent mood,
And thus again his speech renewed:
'All lands with Báli's glories ring,
A valiant, strong, and mighty king;
In conscious power unused to yield,
A hero first in every field.
His wondrous deeds his might declare,
Deeds Gods might scarcely do or dare;
And on this power reflecting still
I roam on Rishyamúka's hill.
Awed by my brother's might I rove,
In doubt and fear, from grove to grove,
While Hanumán, my chosen friend,
And faithful lords my steps attend;
And now, O true to friendship's tie,
I hail in thee my best ally,
My surest refuge from my foes,
And steadfast as the Lord of Snows.
Still, when I muse how strong and bold
Is cruel Báli, evil-souled,
But ne'er, O chief of Raghu's line,
Have seen what strength in war is thine,
Though in my heart I may not dare

Doubt thy great might, despise, compare,
Thoughts of his fearful deeds will rise
And fill my soul with sad surmise.
Speech, form, and trust which naught may move
Thy secret strength and glory prove,
As smouldering ashes dimly show
The dormant fires that live below.'
He ceased: and Ráma answered, while
Played o'er his lips a gracious smile:
'Not yet convinced? This clear assay
Shall drive each lingering doubt away.'
Thus Ráma spoke his heart to cheer,
To Dundubhi's vast frame drew near;
He touched it with his foot in play
And sent it twenty leagues away.
Sugríva marked what easy force
Hurled through the air that demon's corse
Whose mighty bones were white and dried,
And to the son of Raghu cried:
'My brother Báli, when his might
Was drunk and weary from the fight,
Hurled forth the monster body, fresh
With skin and sinews, blood and flesh.
Now flesh and blood are dried away,
The crumbling bones are light as hay,
Which thou, O Raghu's son, hast sent
Flying through air in merriment.
This test alone is weak to show
If thou be stronger or the foe.
By thee a heap of mouldering bone,
By him the recent corse was thrown.
Thy strength, O Prince, is yet untried:
Come, pierce one tree: let this decide.
Prepare thy ponderous bow and bring

Close to thine ear the straining string.
On yonder Sál tree fix thine eye;
And let the mighty arrow fly.
I doubt not, chief, that I shall see
Thy pointed shaft transfix the tree.
Then come, assay the easy task,
And do for love the thing I ask.
Best of all lights, the Day-God fills
With glory earth and sky:
Himálaya is the lord of hills
That heave their heads on high.
The royal lion is the best
Of beasts that tread the earth;
And thou, O hero, art confessed
First in heroic worth.'

CANTO XII.

THE PALM TREES.

Then Ráma, that his friend might know
His strength unrivalled, grasped his bow,—
That mighty bow the foe's dismay,—
And on the string an arrow lay.
Next on the tree his eye he bent,
And forth the hurtling weapon went.
Loosed from the matchless hero's hold,
That arrow, decked with burning gold,
Cleft the seven palms in line, and through
The hill that rose behind them flew:
Six subterranean realms it passed,
And reached the lowest depth at last,
Whence speeding back through earth and air
It sought the quiver, and rested there.[1]
Upon the cloven trees, amazed,
The sovereign of the Vánars gazed.
With all his chains and gold outspread
Prostrate on earth he laid his head.
Then, rising, palm to palm he laid
In reverent act, obeisance made,
And joyously to Ráma, best
Of war-trained chiefs, these words addressed:
'What champion, Raghu's son, may hope
With thee in deadly fight to cope,
Whose arrow, leaping from the bow,
Cleaves tree and hill and earth below?

[1] The Bengal recension makes it return in the form of a swan.

Scarce might the Gods, arrayed for strife
By Indra's self, escape with life
Assailed by thy victorious hand:
And how may Báli hope to stand?
All grief and care are past away,
And joyous thoughts my bosom sway,
Who have in thee a friend, renowned
As Varuṇ[1] or as Indra, found.
Then on! subdue,—'tis friendship's claim,—
My foe who bears a brother's name.
Strike Báli down beneath thy feet:
With suppliant hands I thus entreat.'

Sugríva ceased, and Ráma pressed
The grateful Vánar to his breast;
And thoughts of kindred feeling woke
In Lakshmaṇ's bosom, as he spoke:
'On to Kishkindhá, on with speed!
Thou, Vánar King, our way shalt lead.
Then challenge Báli forth to fight,
Thy foe who scorns a brother's right.'

They sought Kishkindhá's gate and stood
Concealed by trees in densest wood.
Sugríva, to the fight addressed,
More closely drew his cinctured vest,
And raised a wild sky-piercing shout
To call the foeman Báli out.

Forth came impetuous Báli, stirred
To fury by the shout he heard.

---

[1] Varuṇa is one of the oldest of the Vedic Gods, corresponding in name and partly in character to the Οὐρανός of the Greeks and is often regarded as the supreme deity. He upholds heaven and earth, possesses extraordinary power and wisdom, sends his messengers through both worlds, numbers the very winkings of mens' eyes, punishes transgressors whom he seizes with his deadly noose, and pardons the sins of those who are penitent. In later mythology he has become the God of the sea.

So the great sun, ere night has ceased,
Springs up impatient to the east.
Then fierce and wild the conflict raged
As hand to hand the foes engaged,
As though in battle mid the stars
Fought Mercury and fiery Mars.[1]
To highest pitch of frenzy wrought
With fists like thunderbolts they fought,
While near them Ráma took his stand,
And viewed the battle, bow in hand.
Alike they stood in form and might,
Like heavenly Aśvins[2] paired in fight,
Nor might the son of Raghu know
Where fought the friend and where the foe;
So, while his bow was ready bent,
No life-destroying shaft he sent.
Crushed down by Báli's mightier stroke
Sugríva's force now sank and broke,
Who, hoping naught from Ráma's aid,
To Rishyamúka fled dismayed.
Weary, and faint, and wounded sore,
His body bruised and dyed with gore,
From Báli's blows, in rage and dread,
Afar to sheltering woods he fled.
Nor Báli farther dared pursue,
The curbing curse too well he knew.
'Fled from thy death!' the victor cried,

[1] Budha, not to be confounded with the great reformer Buddha, is the son of Soma or the Moon, and regent of the planet Mercury. Angára is the regent of Mars who is called the red or the fiery planet. The encounter between Michael and Satan is similarly said to have been as if

"Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in midsky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."
Paradise Lost. Book VI.

[2] The Aśvins or Heavenly Twins, the Dioskuri or Castor and Pollux of the Hindus, have frequently been mentioned. See Vol. I. p. 124, Note.

And home the mighty warrior hied.
Hanúmán, Lakshmaṇ, Raghu's son
Beheld the conquered Vánar run,
And followed to the sheltering shade
Where yet Sugríva stood dismayed.
Near and more near the chieftains came,
Then, for intolerable shame,
Not daring yet to lift his eyes,
Sugríva spoke with burning sighs:
'Thy matchless strength I first beheld,
And dared my foe, by thee impelled.
Why hast thou tried me with deceit
And urged me to a sure defeat?
Thou shouldst have said,' I will not slay
Thy foeman in the coming fray.'
For had I then thy purpose known
I had not waged the fight alone.'
The Vánar sovereign, lofty-souled,
In plaintive voice his sorrows told.
Then Ráma spake: 'Sugríva, list,
All anger from thy heart dismissed,
And I will tell the cause that stayed
Mine arrow, and withheld the aid.
In dress, adornment, port, and height,
In splendour, battle-shout, and might,
No shade of difference could I see
Between thy foe, O King, and thee.
So like was each, I stood at gaze,
My senses lost in wildering maze,
Nor loosened from my straining bow
A deadly arrow at the foe,
Lest in my doubt the shaft should send
To sudden death our surest friend.
O, if this hand in heedless guilt

And rash resolve thy blood had spilt,
Through every land, O Vánar King,
My wild and foolish act would ring.
Sore weight of sin on him must lie
By whom a friend is made to die;
And Lakshman, I, and Sítá, best
Of dames, on thy protection rest.
On, warrior! for the fight prepare;
Nor fear again thy foe to dare.
Within one hour thine eye shall view
My arrow strike thy foeman through;
Shall see the stricken Báli lie
Low on the earth, and gasp and die.
But come, a badge about thee bind,
O monarch of the Vánar kind,
That in the battle shock mine eyes
The friend and foe may recognize.
Come, Lakshman, let that creeper deck
With brightest bloom Sugríva's neck,
And be a happy token, twined
Around the chief of lofty mind.'

Upon the mountain slope there grew
A spreading creeper fair to view,
And Lakshman plucked the bloom and round
Sugríva's neck a garland wound.
Graced with the flowery wreath he wore,
The Vánar chief the semblance bore
Of a dark cloud at close of day
Engarlanded with cranes at play.
In glorious light the Vánar glowed
As by his comrade's side he strode,
And, still on Ráma's words intent,
His steps to great Kishkindhá bent.

CANTO XIII.

THE RETURN TO KISHKINDHÁ.

Thus with Sugríva, from the side
Of Rishyamúka, Ráma hied,
And stood before Kishkindhá's gate
Where Báli kept his regal state.
The hero in his warrior hold
Raised his great bow adorned with gold,
And drew his pointed arrow bright
As sunbeams, finisher of fight.
Strong-necked Sugríva led the way
With Lakshman mighty in the fray.
Nala and Níla came behind
With Hanumán of lofty mind,
And valiant Tára, last in place,
A leader of the Vánar race.
They gazed on many a tree that showed
The glory of its pendent load,
And brook and limpid rill that made
Sweet murmurs as they seaward strayed.
They looked on caverns dark and deep,
On bower and glen and mountain steep,
And saw the opening lotus stud
With roseate cup the crystal flood,
While crane and swan and coot and drake
Made pleasant music on the lake,
And from the reedy bank was heard
The note of many a happy bird.
In open lawns, in tangled ways,

They saw the tall deer stand at gaze,
Or marked them free and fearless roam,
Fed with sweet grass, their woodland home.
At times two flashing tusks between
The wavings of the wood were seen,
And some mad elephant, alone,
Like a huge moving hill, was shown.
And scarcely less in size appeared
Great monkeys all with dust besmeared.
And various birds that roam the skies,
And silvan creatures, met their eyes,
As through the wood the chieftains sped,
And followed where Sugríva led.

Then Ráma, as their way they made,
Saw near at hand a lovely shade,
And, as he gazed upon the trees,
Spake to Sugríva words like these:
'Those stately trees in beauty rise
Fair as a cloud in autumn skies.
I fain, my friend, would learn from thee
What pleasant grove is that I see.'

Thus Ráma spake, the mighty souled;
And thus his tale Sugríva told:

'That, Ráma, is a wide retreat
That brings repose to weary feet.
Bright streams and fruit and roots are there,
And shady gardens, passing fair.
There, neath the roof of hanging boughs,
The sacred Seven maintained their vows.
Their heads in dust were lowly laid,
In streams their nightly beds were made.
Each seventh night they broke their fast,
But air was still their sole repast,
And when seven hundred years were spent

To homes in heaven the hermits went.
Their glory keeps the garden yet,
With walls of stately trees beset.
Scarce would the Gods and demons dare,
By Indra led, to enter there.
No beast that roams the wood is found,
No bird of air, within the bound;
Or, thither if they idly stray,
They find no more their homeward way.
You hear at times mid dulcet tones
The chime of anklets, rings, and zones.
You hear the song and music sound,
And heavenly fragrance breathes around.
There duly burn the triple fires[1]
Where mounts the smoke in curling spires,
And, in a dun wreath, hangs above
The tall trees, like a brooding dove.
Round branch and crest the vapours close
Till every tree enveloped shows
A hill of lazulite when clouds
Hang round it with their misty shrouds.
With Lakshmaṇ, lord of Raghu's line,
In reverent guise thine head incline,
And with fixt heart and suppliant hand
Give honour to the sainted band.
They who with faithful hearts revere
The holy Seven who harboured here,
Shall never, son of Raghu, know
In all their lives an hour of woe.'

Then Ráma and his brother bent,
And did obeisance reverent
With suppliant hand and lowly head,
Then with Sugríva onward sped.

[1] Called respectively Gárhapatya, Áhavaníya, and Dakshiṇa, household, sacrificial, and southern.

Beyond the sainted Seven's abode
Far on their way the chieftains strode,
And great Kishkindhá's portal gained,
The royal town where Báli reigned.
Then by the gate they took their stand
All ready armed, a noble band,
And burning every one
To slay in battle, hand to hand,
Their foeman, Indra's son.

CANTO XIV.

THE CHALLENGE.

They stood where trees of densest green
Wove round their forms a veiling screen.
O'er all the garden's pleasant shade
The eyes of King Sugríva strayed,
And, as on grass and tree he gazed,
The fires of wrath within him blazed.
Then like a mighty cloud on high,
When roars the tempest through the sky,
Girt by his friends he thundered out
His dread sky-rending battle-shout.
Like some proud lion in his gait,
Or as the sun begins his state,
Sugríva let his quick glance rest
On Ráma whom he thus addressed:
'There is the seat of Báli's sway,
Where flags on wall and turret play,
Which mighty bands of Vánars hold,
Rich in all arms and store of gold.
Thy promise to thy mind recall
That Báli by thy hand shall fall.
As kindly fruits adorn the bough,
So give my hopes their harvest now.'
In suppliant tone the Vánar prayed,
And Raghu's son his answer made:
'By Lakshman's hand this flowery twine
Was wound about thee for a sign.
The wreath of giant creeper throws

About thy form its brilliant glows,
As though about the sun were set
The bright stars for a coronet.
One shaft of mine this day, dear friend,
Thy sorrow and thy fear shall end,
And, from the bowstring freed, shall be
Giver of freedom, King, to thee.
Then come, Sugríva, quickly show,
Where'er he lie, thy bitter foe;
And let my glance the wretch descry
Whose deeds a brother's name belie.
Yea, soon in dust and blood o'erthrown
Shall Báli fall and gasp and groan.
Once let this eye the foeman see,
Then, if he live to turn and flee,
Despise my puny strength, and shame
With foul opprobrium Ráma's name.
Hast thou not seen this hand, O King,
Through seven tall trees one arrow wing?
Still in that strength securely trust,
And deem thy foeman in the dust.
In all my days, though sorely tried
By grief and woe, I ne'er have lied;
And still by duty's law restrained
Will ne'er with falsehood's charge be stained.
Cast doubt away: the oath I sware
Its kindly fruit shall quickly bear,
As smiles the land with golden grain
By mercy of the Lord of rain.
On, warrior, to the gate! defy
Thy foe with shout and battle-cry,
Till Báli with his chain of gold
Come speeding from his royal hold.
Proud hearts, with warlike fire aglow,

Brook not the challenge of a foe:
Each on his power and might relies,
And most before his ladies' eyes.
King Báli loves the fray too well
To linger in his citadel,
And, when he hears thy battle-shout,
All wild for war will hasten out.'

He spoke. Sugríva raised a cry
That shook and rent the echoing sky,
A shout so fierce and loud and dread
That stately bulls in terror fled,
Like dames who fly from threatened stain
In some ignoble monarch's reign.
The deer in wild confusion ran
Like horses turned in battle's van.
Down fell the birds, like Gods who fall
When merits fail,[1] at that dread call.
So fiercely, boldened for the fray,
The offspring of the Lord of Day
Sent forth his furious shout as loud
As thunder from a labouring cloud,
Or, where the gale blows fresh and free,
The roaring of the troubled sea.

[1] The store of merit accumulated by a holy or austere life secures only a temporary seat in the mansions of bliss. When by the lapse of time this store is exhausted, return to earth is unavoidable.

CANTO XV.

TÁRÁ.

That shout, which shook the land with fear,
In thunder smote on Báli's ear,
Where in the chamber barred and closed
The sovereign with his dame reposed.
Each amorous thought was rudely stilled,
And pride and rage his bosom filled.
His angry eyes flashed darkly red,
And all his native brightness fled,
As when, by swift eclipse assailed,
The glory of the sun has failed.
While in his fury uncontrolled
He ground his teeth, his eyeballs rolled,
He seemed a lake wherein no gem
Of blossom decks the lotus stem.
He heard, and with indignant pride
Forth from the bower the Vánar hied,
And the earth trembled at the beat
And fury of his hastening feet.
But Tárá to her consort flew,
Her loving arms around him threw,
And, trembling and bewildered, gave
Wise counsel that might heal and save:
O dear my lord, this rage control
That like a torrent floods thy soul,
And cast these idle thoughts away
Like faded wreaths of yesterday.
O tarry till the morning light,

Then, if thou wilt, go forth and fight.
Think not I doubt thy valour, no;
Or deem thee weaker than thy foe,
Yet for a while would have thee stay
Nor see thee tempt the fight to-day.
Now list, my loving lord, and learn
The reason why I bid thee turn.
Thy foeman came in wrath and pride,
And thee to deadly fight defied.
Thou wentest out: he fought, and fled
Sore wounded and discomfited.
But yet, untaught by late defeat,
He comes his conquering foe to meet,
And calls thee forth with cry and shout:
Hence spring, my lord, this fear and doubt.
A heart so bold that will not yield,
But yearns to tempt the desperate field,
Such loud defiance, fiercely pressed,
On no uncertain hope can rest.
So lately by thine arm o'erthrown,
He comes not back, I ween, alone.
Some mightier comrade guards his side,
And spurs him to this burst of pride.
For nature made the Vánar wise:
On arms of might his hope relies;
And never will Sugríva seek
A friend whose power to save is weak.
Now listen while my lips unfold
The wondrous tale my Angad told.
Our child the distant forest sought,
And, learnt from spies, the tidings brought.
Two sons of Daśaratha, sprung
From old Ikshváku, brave and young,
Renowned in arms, in war untamed—
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ are they named—

Have with thy foe Sugríva made
A league of love and friendly aid.
Now Ráma, famed for exploit high,
Is bound thy brother's firm ally.
Like fires of doom[1] that ruin all
He makes each foe before him fall.
He is the suppliant's sure defence,
The tree that shelters innocence.
The poor and wretched seek his feet:
In him the noblest glories meet.
With skill and knowledge vast and deep
His sire's commands he loved to keep;
With princely gifts and graces stored
As metals deck the Mountains' Lord.[2]
Thou canst not, O my hero, stand
Before the might of Ráma's hand;
For none may match his power, or dare
With him in deeds of war compare.
Hear, I entreat, the words I say,
Nor lightly turn my rede away.
O let fraternal discord cease,
And link you in the bonds of peace.
Let consecrating rites ordain
Sugríva partner of thy reign.
Let war and thoughts of conflict end,
And be thou his and Ráma's friend.
Each soft approach of love begin,
And to thy soul thy brother win;
For whether here or there he be,
Thy brother still, dear lord, is he.
Though far and wide these eyes I strain
A friend like him I seek in vain.

[1] The conflagration which destroys the world at the end of a Yuga or age.

[2] Himálaya.

Let gentle words his heart incline,
And gifts and honours make him thine,
Till, foes no more, in love allied,
You stand as brothers side by side.
Thou in high rank wast wont to hold
Sugríva, formed in massive mould;
Then come, thy brother's love regain,
For other aids are weak and vain.
If thou would please my soul, and still
Preserve me from all fear and ill,
I pray thee by thy love be wise
And do the thing which I advise.
Assuage thy fruitless wrath, and shun
The mightier arms of Raghu's son;
For Indra's peer in might is he,
A foe too strong, my lord, for thee.'

CANTO XVI.

THE FALL OF BÁLI.

Thus Tárá with the starry eyes[1]
Her counsel gave with burning sighs,
But Báli, by her prayers unmoved,
Spurned her advice, and thus reproved:
'How may this insult, scathe, and scorn
By me, dear love, be tamely borne?
My brother, yea my foe, comes nigh
And dares me forth with shout and cry.
Learn, trembler! that the valiant, they
Who yield no step in battle fray,
Will die a thousand deaths but ne'er
An unavenged dishonour bear.
Nor, O my love, be thou dismayed
Though Ráma lend Sugríva aid;
For one so pure and duteous, one
Who loves the right, all sin will shun.
Release me from thy soft embrace,
And with thy dames thy steps retrace:
Enough already, O mine own,
Of love and sweet devotion shown.
Drive all thy fear and doubt away;
I seek Sugríva in the fray
His boisterous rage and pride to still,
And tame the foe I would not kill.
My fury, armed with brandished trees,
Shall strike Sugríva to his knees:

[1] Tárá means 'star.' The poet plays upon the name by comparing her beauty to that of the Lord of Stars, the Moon.

Nor shall the humbled foe withstand
The blows of my avenging hand,
When, nerved by rage and pride, I beat
The traitor down beneath my feet.
Thou, love, hast lent thine own sweet aid,
And all thy tender care displayed;
Now by my life, by these who yearn
To serve thee well, I pray thee turn.
But for a while, dear dame, I go
To come triumphant o'er the foe.'

Thus Báli spake in gentlest tone:
Soft arms about his neck were thrown;
Then round her lord the lady went
With sad steps slow and reverent.
She stood in solemn guise to bless
With prayers for safety and success,
Then with her train her chamber sought
By grief and racking fear distraught.

With serpent's pantings fierce and fast
King Báli from the city passed.
His glance, as each quick breath he drew,
Around to find the foe he threw,
And saw where fierce Sugríva showed
His form with golden hues that glowed,
And, as a fire resplendent, stayed
To meet his foe in arms arrayed.
When Báli, long-armed chieftain, found
Sugríva stationed on the ground,
Impelled by warlike rage he braced
His warrior garb about his waist,
And with his mighty arm raised high
Rushed at Sugríva with a cry.
But when Sugríva, fierce and bold,
Saw Báli with his chain of gold,

His arm he heaved, his hand he closed,
And face to face his foe opposed.
To him whose eyes with fury shone,
In charge impetuous rushing on,
Skilled in each warlike art and plan,
Báli with hasty words began:
'My ponderous hand, to fight addressed,
With fingers clenched and firm compressed,
Shall on thy death-doomed brow descend
And, crashing down, thy life shall end.'
He spoke; and, wild with rage and pride,
The fierce Sugríva thus replied:
'Thus let my arm begin the strife
And from thy body crush the life.'
Then Báli, wounded and enraged,
With furious blows the battle waged.
Sugríva seemed, with blood-streams dyed,
A hill with fountains in his side.
But with his native force unspent
A Sál tree from the earth he rent,
And like the bolt of Indra smote
On Báli's head and chest and throat.
Bruised by the blows he could not shield,
Half vanquished Báli sank and reeled,
As sinks a vessel with her freight
Borne down by overwhelming weight.
Swift as Suparṇa's[1] swiftest flight
In awful strength they rushed to fight:
So might the sun and moon on high
Encountering battle in the sky.
Fierce and more fierce, as fought the foes,
The furious rage of combat rose.

[1] Suparṇa, the Well-winged, is another name of Garuda the King of Birds. See Vol. I. p. 94. Note.

They warred with feet and arms and knees,
With nails and stones and boughs and trees,
And blows descending fast as rain
Dyed each dark form with crimson stain,
While like two thunder-clouds they met
With battle-cry and shout and threat.
Then Ráma saw Sugríva quail,
Marked his worn strength grow weak and fail,
Saw how he turned his wistful eye
To every quarter of the sky.
His friend's defeat he could not brook,
Bent on his shaft an eager look,
Then burned to slay the conquering foe,
And laid his arrow on the bow.
As to an orb the bow he drew
Forth from the string the arrow flew
Like Fate's tremendous discus hurled
By Yama[1] forth to end the world.
So loud the din that every bird
The bow-string's clang with terror heard,
And wildly fled the affrighted deer
As though the day of doom were near.
So, deadly as the serpent's fang,
Forth from the string the arrow sprang.
Like the red lightning's flash and flame
It flew unerring to its aim,
And, hissing murder through the air,
Pierced Báli's breast, and quivered there.
Struck by the shaft that flew so well
The mighty Vánar reeled and fell,
As earthward Indra's flag they pull
When Aśviní's fair moon is full.[2]

[1] The God of Death.

[2] The flag-staff erected in honour of the God Indra is lowered when the festival is over. Aśviní in astronomy is the head of Aries or the first of the twenty-eight lunar mansions or asterisms.

CANTO XVII.

BÁLI'S SPEECH.

Like some proud tree before the blast
Brave Báli to the ground was cast,
Where prostrate in the dust he rolled
Clad in the sheen of glistering gold,
As when uptorn the standard lies
Of the great God who rules the skies.
When low upon the earth was laid
The lord whom Vánar tribes obeyed,
Dark as a moonless sky no more
His land her joyous aspect wore.
Though low in dust and mire was rolled
The form of Báli lofty-souled,
Still life and valour, might and grace
Clung to their well-loved dwelling-place.
That golden chain with rich gems set,
The choicest gift of Śakra,[1] yet
Preserved his life nor let decay
Steal strength and beauty's light away.
Still from that chain divinely wrought
His dusky form a glory caught,
As a dark cloud, when day is done,
Made splendid by the dying sun.
As fell the hero, crushed in fight,
There beamed afar a triple light
From limbs, from chain, from shaft that drank
His life-blood as the warrior sank.

[1] Indra the father of Báli.

The never-failing shaft, impelled
By the great bow which Ráma held,
Brought bliss supreme, and lit the way
To Brahmá's worlds which ne'er decay.[1]
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ nearer drew
The mighty fallen foe to view,
Mahendra's son, the brave and bold,
The monarch with his chain of gold,
With lustrous face and tawny eyes.
Broad chest, and arms of wondrous size,
Like Lord Mahendra fierce in fight,
Or Vishṇu's never-conquered might,
Now fallen like Yayáti[2] sent
From heaven, his store of merit spent,
Like the bright flame that pales and dies,
Like the great sun who fires the skies,
Doomed in the general doom to fall
When time shall end and ruin all.
The wounded Báli, when he saw
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ nearer draw,
Keen words to Raghu's son, impressed
With justice' holy stamp, addressed:
'What fame, from one thou hast not slain
In front of battle, canst thou gain,
Whose secret hand has laid me low
When madly fighting with my foe?
From every tongue thy glory rings,
A scion of a line of kings,
True to thy vows, of noblest race,

[1] It is believed that every creature killed by Ráma obtained in consequence immediate beatitude,

'And blessed the hand that gave so dear a death.'

[2] "Yayáti was invited to heaven by Indra, and conveyed on the way thither by Mátali, Indra's charioteer. He afterwards returned to earth where, by his virtuous administration he rendered all his subjects exempt from passion and decay." GARRETT'S C. D. OF INDIA.

With every gentle gift and grace:
Whose tender heart for woe can feel,
And joy in every creature's weal:
Whose breast with high ambition swells,
Knows duty's claim and ne'er rebels.
They praise thy valour, patience, ruth,
Thy firmness, self-restraint, and truth:
Thy hand prepared for sin's control,
All virtues of a princely soul.
I thought of all these gifts of thine,
And glories of an ancient line,
I set my Tárá's tears at naught,
I met Sugríva and we fought.
O Ráma, till this fatal morn
I held that thou wouldst surely scorn
To strike me as I fought my foe
And thought not of a stranger's blow.
But now thine evil heart is shown,
A yawning well with grass o'ergrown.
Thou wearest virtue's badge,[1] but guile
And meanest sin thy soul defile.
I took thee not for treacherous fire,
A sinner clad in saint's attire;
Nor deemed thou idly wouldst profess
The show and garb of righteousness.
In fenced town, in open land,
Ne'er hast thou suffered at this hand,
Nor canst of proud contempt complain:
Then wherefore is the guiltless slain?
My harmless life in woods I lead,
On forest fruits and roots I feed.
My foeman in the field I sought,
And ne'er with thee, O Ráma, fought.

[1] The ascetic's dress which he wore during his exile.

Upon thy limbs, O King, I see
The raiment of a devotee;
And how can one like thee, who springs
From a proud line of ancient kings,
Beneath fair virtue's mask, disgrace
His lineage by a deed so base?
From Raghu is thy long descent,
For duteous deeds prëeminent:
Why, sinner clad in saintly dress,
Roamest thou through the wilderness?
Truth, valour, justice free from spot,
The hand that gives and grudges not,
The might that strikes the sinner down,
These bring a prince his best renown.
Here in the woods, O King, we live
On roots and fruit which branches give.[1]
Thus nature framed our harmless race:
Thou art a man supreme in place.
Silver and gold and land provoke
The fierce attack, the robber's stroke.
Canst thou desire this wild retreat,
The berries and the fruit we eat?
'Tis not for mighty kings to tread
The flowery path, by pleasure led.
Theirs be the arm that crushes sin,
Theirs the soft grace to woo and win:
The steadfast will that guides the state,
Wise favour to the good and great;
And for all time are kings renowned
Who blend these arts and ne'er confound.

[1] There is much inconsistency in the passages of the poem in which the Vánars are spoken of, which seems to point to two widely different legends. The Vánars are generally represented as semi-divine beings with preternatural powers, living in houses and eating and drinking like men, sometimes as here, as monkeys pure and simple, living in woods and eating fruit and roots.

But thou art weak and swift to ire,
Unstable, slave of each desire.
Thou tramplest duty in the dust,
And in thy bow is all thy trust.
Thou carest naught for noble gain,
And treatest virtue with disdain,
While every sense its captive draws
To follow pleasure's changing laws.
I wronged thee not in word or deed,
But by thy deadly dart I bleed.
What wilt thou, mid the virtuous, say
To purge thy lasting stain away?
All these, O King, must sink to hell,
The regicide, the infidel,
He who in blood and slaughter joys,
A Bráhman or a cow destroys,
Untimely weds in law's despite
Scorning an elder brother's right,[1]
Who dares his Teacher's bed ascend,
The miser, spy, and treacherous friend.
These impious wretches, one and all,
Must to the hell of sinners fall.
My skin the holy may not wear,
Useless to thee my bones and hair;
Nor may my slaughtered body be
The food of devotees like thee.
These five-toed things a man may slay
And feed upon the fallen prey;
The mailed rhinoceros may die,
And, with the hare, his food supply.
Iguanas he may kill and eat,

[1] For a younger brother to marry before the elder is a gross violation of Indian law and duty. The same law applied to daughters with the Hebrews: "It must not be so done in our country to give the younger before the first-born." GENESIS, XXIX. 26.

With porcupine and tortoise meat.[1]
But all the wise account it sin
To touch my bones and hair and skin.
My flesh they may not eat; and I
A useless prey, O Ráma, die.
In vain my Tárá reasoned well,
On dull deaf ears her counsel fell.
I scorned her words though sooth and sweet,
And hither rushed my fate to meet.
Ah for the land thou rulest! she
Finds no protection, lord, from thee,
Neglected like some noble dame
By a vile husband dead to shame.
Mean-hearted coward, false and vile,
Whose cruel soul delights in guile,
Could Daśaratha, noblest king,
Beget so mean and base a thing?
Alas! an elephant, in form
Of Ráma, in a maddening storm
Of passion casting to the ground
The girth of law[2] that clipped him round,
Too wildly passionate to feel
The prick of duty's guiding steel,[3]
Has charged me unawares, and dead
I fall beneath his murderous tread.
How, stained with this my base defeat,
How wilt thou dare, where good men meet,
To speak, when every tongue will blame
With keen reproach this deed of shame?

[1] "The hedgehog and porcupine, the lizard, the rhinoceros, the tortoise, and the rabbit or hare, wise legislators declare lawful food among five-toed animals." MANU, v. 18.

[2] "He can not buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule." MACBETH.

[3] The *Ankuś* or iron hook with which an elephant is driven and guided.

Such hero strength and valour, shown
Upon the innocent alone,
Thou hast not proved in manly strife
On him who robbed thee of thy wife.
Hadst thou but fought in open field
And met me boldly unconcealed,
This day had been thy fate to fall,
Slain by this hand, to Yama's hall.
In vain I strove, and struck by thee
Fell by a hand I could not see.
Thus bites a snake, for sins of yore,
A sleeping man who wakes no more.
Sugríva's foeman thou hast killed,
And thus his heart's desire fulfilled:
But, Ráma, hadst thou sought me first,
And told the hope thy soul has nursed,
That very day had I restored
The Maithil lady to her lord;
And, binding Rávaṇ with a chain,
Had laid him at thy feet unslain.
Yea, were she sunk in deepest hell,
Or whelmed beneath the ocean's swell,
I would have followed on her track
And brought the rescued lady back,
As Hayagríva[1] once set free
From hell the white Aśvatarí.[2]

---

[1] Hayagríva, Horse-necked, is a form of Vishṇu.

[2] "Aśvatara is the name of a chief of the Nágas or serpents which inhabit the regions under the earth; it is also the name of a Gandharva. Aśvatarí ought to be the wife of one of the two, but I am not sure that this conjecture is right. The commentator does not say who this Aśvatarí is, or what tradition or myth is alluded to. Vimalabodha reads Aśvatari in the nominative case, and explains, Aśvatari is the sun, and as the sun with his rays brings back the moon which has been sunk in the ocean and the infernal regions, so will I bring back Sítá." Gorresio.

That when my spirit wings its flight
Sugríva reign, is just and right.
But most unjust, O King, that I,
Slain by thy treacherous hand, should lie.
Be still, my heart: this earthly state
Is darkly ruled by sovereign Fate.
The realm is lost and won: defy
Thy questioners with apt reply.'[1]

[1] That is, 'Consider what answer you can give to your accusers when they charge you with injustice in killing me.'

CANTO XVIII.

RÁMA'S REPLY.

He ceased : and Ráma's heart was stirred
At every keen reproach he heard.
There Báli lay, a dim dark sun,
His course of light and glory run :
Or like the bed of Ocean dried
Of his broad floods from side to side,
Or helpless, as the dying fire,
Hushed his last words of righteous ire.
Then Ráma, with his spirit moved,
The Vánar king in turn reproved :
'Why dost thou, Báli, thus revile,
And castest not a glance the while
On claims of duty, love, and gain,
And customs o'er the world that reign ?
Why dost thou blame me, rash and blind,
Fickle as all thy Vánar kind,
Slighting each rule of ancient days
Which all the good and prudent praise ?
This land, each hill and woody chase,
Belongs to old Ikshváku's race :
With bird and beast and man, the whole
Is ours to cherish and control.
Now Bharat, prompt at duty's call,
Wise, just, and true, is lord of all.
Each claim of law, love, gain, he knows,
And wrath and favour duly shows.
A king from truth who never bends,

And grace with vigour wisely blends;
With valour worthy of his race,
He knows the claims of time and place.
Now we and other kings of might,
By his ensample taught aright,
The lands of every region tread
That justice may increase and spread.
While royal Bharat, wise and just,
Rules the broad earth, his glorious trust,
Who shall attempt, while he is lord,
A deed by Justice held abhorred?
We now, as Bharat has decreed,
Let justice guide our every deed,
And toil each sinner to repress
Who scorns the way of righteousness.
Thou from that path hast turned aside,
And virtue's holy law defied,
Left the fair path which kings should tread,
And followed pleasure's voice instead.
The man who cleaves to duty's law
Regards these three with filial awe—
The sire, the elder brother, third
Him from whose lips his lore he heard.
Thus too, for duty's sake, the wise
Regard with fond paternal eyes
The well-loved younger brother, one
Their lore has ripened, and a son.
Fine are the laws which guide the good,
Abstruse, and hardly understood;
Only the soul, enthroned within
The breast of each, knows right from sin.
But thou art wild and weak of soul,
And spurnest, like thy race, control;
The true and right thou canst not find,

The blind consulting with the blind.
Incline thine ear and I will teach
The cause that prompts my present speech.
This tempest of thy soul assuage,
Nor blame me in thine idle rage.
On this great sin thy thoughts bestow,
The sin for which I lay thee low.
Thou, Báli, in thy brother's life
Hast robbed him of his wedded wife,
And keepest, scorning ancient right,
His Rumá for thine own delight.
Thy son's own wife should scarcely be
More sacred in thine eyes than she.
All duty thou hast scorned, and hence
Comes punishment for dire offence.
For those who blindly do amiss
There is, I ween, no way but this:
To check the rash who dare to stray
From customs which the good obey.
I may not, sprung of Kshatriya line,
Forgive this heinous sin of thine:
The laws for those who sin like thee
The penalty of death decree.
Now Bharat rules with sovereign sway,
And we his royal word obey.
There was no hope of pardon, none,
For the vile deed that thou hast done.
That wisest monarch dooms to die
The wretch whose crimes the law defy;
And we, chastising those who err,
His righteous doom administer.
My soul accounts Sugríva dear
E'en as my brother Lakshman here.
He brings me blessing, and I swore

His wife and kingdom to restore:
A bond in solemn honour bound
When Vánar chieftains stood around.
And can a king like me forsake
His friend, and plighted promise break?
Reflect, O Vánar, on the cause,
The sanction of eternal laws,
And, justly smitten down, confess
Thou diest for thy wickedness.
By honour was I bound to lend
Assistance to a faithful friend;
And thou hast met a righteous fate
Thy former sins to expiate.
And thus wilt thou some merit win
And make atonement for thy sin.
For hear me, Vánar King, rehearse
What Manu[1] spake in ancient verse,—
This holy law, which all accept
Who honour duty, have I kept:
'Pure grow the sinners kings chastise,
And, like the virtuous, gain the skies;
By pain or full atonement freed,
They reap the fruit of righteous deed,
While kings who punish not incur
The penalties of those who err.'
Mándhátá[2] once, a noble king,
Light of the line from which I spring,
Punished with death a devotee
When he had stooped to sin like thee;
And many a king in ancient time

[1] Manu, Book VIII. 318. "But men who have committed offences and have received from kings the punishment due to them, go pure to heaven and become as clear as those who have done well."

[2] Mándhátá was one of the earlier descendants of Ikshváku. His name is mentioned in Ráma's genealogy, Vol. I. p. 292.

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY
13808

Has punished frantic sinners' crime,
And, when their impious blood was spilt,
Has washed away the stain of guilt.
Cease, Báli, cease: no more complain:
Reproaches and laments are vain,
For thou art justly punished: we
Obey our king and are not free.
Once more, O Báli, lend thine ear
Another weightiest plea to hear,
For this, when heard and pondered well,
Will all complaint and rage dispel.
My soul will ne'er this deed repent,
Nor was my shaft in anger sent.
We take the silvan tribes beset
With snare and trap and gin and net,
And many a heedless deer we smite
From thickest shade, concealed from sight.
Wild for the slaughter of the game,
At stately stags our shafts we aim.
We strike them bounding scared away,
We strike them as they stand at bay,
When careless in the shade they lie,
Or scan the plain with watchful eye.
They turn away their heads: we aim,
And none the eager hunter blame.
Each royal saint, well trained in law
Of duty, loves his bow to draw
And strike the quarry, e'en as thou
Hast fallen by mine arrow now,
Fighting with him or unaware,—
A Vánar thou,—I little care.[1]

[1] I cannot understand how Válmíki could put such an excuse as this into Ráma's mouth. Ráma with all solemn ceremony, has made a league of alliance with Báli's younger brother whom he regards as a dear friend and almost as an equal, and now he winds up his reasons for

But yet, O best of Vánars, know
That kings who rule the earth bestow
Fruit of pure life and virtuous deed,
And lofty duty's hard-won meed.
Harm not thy lord the king: abstain
From act and word that cause him pain;
For kings are children of the skies
Who walk this earth in men's disguise.
But thou, in duty's claims untaught,
Thy breast with blinding passion fraught,
Assailest me who still have clung
To duty, with thy bitter tongue.'

He ceased: and Báli sore distressed
The sovereign claims of law confessed,
And freed, o'erwhelmed with woe and shame,
The lord of Raghu's race from blame.
Then, reverent palm to palm applied,
To Ráma thus the Vánar cried:
'True, best of men, is every word
That from thy lips these ears have heard.
It ill beseems a wretch like me
To bandy empty words with thee.
Forgive the angry taunts that broke
From my wild bosom as I spoke,
And lay not to my charge, O King,
My mad reproaches' idle sting.
Thou, in the truth by trial trained,
Best knowledge of the right hast gained;
And layest, just and pure within,
The meetest penalty on sin,
Through every bond of law I burst,
The boldest sinner and the worst.

killing Báli by coolly saying: 'Besid·s you are only a monkey, you know, after all, and as such I have every right to kill you how, when, and where I like.'

O let thy right-instructing speech
Console my heart and wisely teach.'
Like some sad elephant who stands
Fast sinking in the treacherous sands,
Thus Báli raised despairing eyes;
Then spake again with sobs and sighs:
'Not for myself, O King, I grieve,
For Tárá or the friends I leave,
As for sweet Angad, my dear son,
My noble, only little one.
For, nursed in luxury and bliss,
His father he will mourn and miss,
And like a stream whose fount is dry
Will waste away and sink and die,—
My own dear child, my only boy,
His mother Tárá's hope and joy.
Spare him, O son of Raghu, spare
The child entrusted to thy care.
My Angad and Sugríva treat
E'en as thy heart considers meet,
For thou, O chief of men, art strong
To guard the right and punish wrong.
O, if thou wilt thine ear incline
To hear these dying words of mine,
He and Sugríva will to thee
As Bharat and as Lakshman be.
Let not my Tárá, left forlorn,
Weep for Sugríva's wrathful scorn;
Nor let him, for her lord's offence,
Condemn her faithful innocence.
And well and wisely may he reign
If thy dear grace his power sustain:
If, following thee his friend and guide,
He turn not from thy hest aside:

Thus may he reign with glory, nay
Thus to the skies will win his way.
Though stayed by Tárá's fond recall,
By thy dear hand I longed to fall.
Against my brother rushed and fought,
And gained the death I long have sought.'
Then Ráma thus the prince consoled
From whose clear eyes the mists were rolled:
'Grieve not for those thou leavest thus,
Nor tremble for thyself or us,
For we will deal with thine and thee
As duty and the laws decree.
He who exacts and he who pays,
Is justly slain or justly slays,
Shall in the life to come have bliss;
For each has done his task in this.
Thou, wandering from the right, art made
Pure by the forfeit thou hast paid.
Thy weight of sins is cast aside,
And duty's claim is satisfied.
Then grieve no more, O Prince, but clear
Thy bosom from all doubt and fear,
For Fate, inexorably stern,
Thou hast no power to move or turn.
Thy princely Angad still will share
My tender love, Sugríva's care;
And to thy offspring shall be shown
Affection that shall match thine own.'

CANTO XIX.

TÁRÁ'S GRIEF.

No answer gave the Vánar king
To Ráma's prudent counselling.
Battered and bruised by tree and stone,
By Ráma's arrow overthrown,
Fainting upon the ground he lay,
Gasping his troubled life away.
But Tárá in the Vánar's hall
Heard tidings of her husband's fall;
Heard that a shaft from Ráma's bow
Had laid the royal Báli low.
Her darling Angad by her side,
Distracted from her home she hied.
Then nigh the place of battle drew
The Vánars, Angad's retinue.
They saw the bow-armed Ráma: dread
Fell on them, and they turned and fled.
Like helpless deer, their leaders slain,
So wildly fled the startled train.
But Tárá saw, and nearer pressed,
And thus the flying band addressed:
'O Vánars, ye who ever stand
About our king, a trusty band,
Where is the lion master? why
Forsake ye thus your lord and fly?
Say, lies he dead upon the plain,
A brother by a brother slain,
Or pierced by shafts from Ráma's bow

That rain from far upon the foe?'
Thus Tárá questioned, and was still:
Then, wearers of each shape at will,
The Vánars thus with one accord
Answered the lady of their lord:
'Turn, Tárá turn, and half undone
Save Angad thy beloved son.
There Ráma stands in Death's disguise,
And conquered Báli faints and dies.
He by whose strong arm, thick and fast,
Uprooted trees and rocks were cast,
Lies smitten by a shaft that came
Resistless as the lightning flame.
When he, whose splendour once could vie
With Indra's, regent of the sky,
Fell by that deadly arrow, all
The Vánars fled who marked his fall.
Let all our chiefs their succours bring,
And Angad be anointed king;
For all who come of Vánar race
Will serve him set in Báli's place.
Or else our conquering foes to-day
Within our walls will force their way,
Polluting with their hostile feet
The chambers of thy loved retreat.
Great fear is on us, all and one,
Those who have wives and who have none,
They lust for power, are fierce and bold,
Or hate us for the strife of old.'
She heard their speech as, sore afraid,
Arrested in their flight, they stayed,
And gave her answer as became
The spirit of so true a dame:
'Nay, what have I to do with pelf,

With son, with kingdom, or with self,
When he, my noble lord, who leads
The Vánars like a lion, bleeds?
His high-souled victor will I meet,
And throw me prostrate at his feet.'
She hastened forth, her bosom rent
With anguish, weeping as she went,
And striking, mastered by her woes,
Her head and breast with frantic blows.
She hurried to the field and found
Her husband prostrate on the ground,
Who quelled the hostile Vánars' might,
Whose back was never turned in flight:
Whose arm a massy rock could throw
As Indra hurls his bolts below:
Fierce as the rushing tempest, loud
As thunder from a labouring cloud:
Whene'er he roared his voice of fear
Struck terror on the boldest ear:
Now slain, as, hungry for the prey,
A tiger might a lion slay:
Or when, his serpent foe to seek,
'Suparṇa'[1] with his furious beak
Tears up a sacred hillock, long
The reverence of a village throng,
Its altar with their offerings spread,
And the gay flag that waved o'erhead.
She looked and saw the victor stand
Resting upon his bow his hand;
And fierce Sugríva she descried,
And Lakshmaṇ by his brother's side.
She passed them by, nor stayed to view,
Swift to her husband's side she flew;

[1] A name of Garuḍa the king of birds, the great enemy of the Serpents.

Then as she looked, her strength gave way,
And in the dust she fell and lay.
Then, as if startled ere the close
Of slumber, from the earth she rose.
Upon her dying husband, round
Whose soul the coils of Death were wound,
Her eyes in agony she bent
And called him with a shrill lament.
Sugríva, when he heard her cries,
And saw the queen with weeping eyes,
And youthful Angad standing there,
His load of grief could hardly bear.

CANTO XX.

TÁRÁ'S LAMENT.

Again she bent her to the ground,
Her arms about her husband wound,
Sobbed on his breast, and sick and faint
With anguish poured her wild complaint:
'Brave in the charge of battle, boast
And glory of the Vánar host,
Why on the cold earth wilt thou lie
And give no answer when I cry?
Up, warrior, from thy lowly bed!
A meeter couch for thee is spread.
It ill beseems a glorious king
On the bare ground his limbs to fling.
Ah, surely must thy love be strong
For her whom thou hast governed long,
If thou, my hero, canst recline
On her cold breast forsaking mine.
Or, famed for justice through the land,
Thou on the road to heaven hast planned
Some city fairer far than this
To be thy new metropolis.
Are all our pleasures ended now,
With those delicious hours which thou
And I, dear lord, together spent
In woods that breathed the honey's scent?
Whelmed in my sorrow's boundless sea,
There is no joy, no hope, for me,
When my beloved lord, who led

The Vánars to the fight, is dead.
My widowed heart is stern and cold,
Or, at the sight mine eyes behold,
O'ermastered would it end this ache
And in a thousand fragments break.
Ah noble Vánar, doomed to pay
The penalty of all to-day—
Sugríva from his home expelled,
And Rumá[1] from his arms withheld.
Our Vánar race and thee to save,
Wise counsel for thy weal I gave;
But thou, by wildest folly stirred,
Wouldst give no credence to my word,
And now wilt woo the nymphs above,
And shake their souls with pangs of love.
Ah, never could it be that thou
Beneath Sugríva's power shouldst bow,
Thy conqueror is none but Fate
Whose mandates all who breathe await.
And does no thrill of anguish run
Through the stern breast of Raghu's son,
Whose base hand dealt a coward's blow,
And smote thee fighting with thy foe?
Reft of my lord my days, alas!
In bitter bitter woe will pass;
And I, long blest with every good,
Must bear my dreary widowhood.
And when his uncle's brow is stern,
When his fierce eyes with fury burn,
Ah, what will be my Angad's fate,
So fair and young and delicate?
Come, darling, for the last sad sight,
Of thy dear sire who loved the right;

[1] Sugríva's wife.

For soon thine eyes will long in vain
A look at that loved face to gain.
'And, hero, as thy child draws near,
With tender words his spirit cheer;
Thy dying wishes gently speak,
And kiss him on the brows and cheek.
High fame, I ween, has Ráma won
By this great deed his hand has done,
His debt to brave Sugríva paid
And kept the promise that he made.
Be happy, King Sugríva, lord
Of Rumá to thine arms restored:
Enjoy uninterrupted reign,
For he, thy foe, at length is slain.
Dost thou not hear me speak, and why
Hast thou no word of soft reply?
Will thou not lift thine eyes and see
These dames who look to none but thee?'
From their sad eyes, as Tárá spoke,
The floods of bitter sorrow broke:
Then, pressing close to Angad's side,
Each lifted up her voice and cried:
'How couldst thou leave thine Angad thus,
And go, for ever go, from us—
Thy child so dear in brave attire,
Graced with the virtues of his sire?
If e'er in want of thought, O chief,
One deed of mine have caused thee grief,
Forgive my folly, I entreat,
As with my head I touch thy feet.'
Again the hapless Tárá wept
As to her husband's side she crept,
And wild with sorrow and dismay
Sat on the ground where Báli lay.

CANTO XXI.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

There, like a fallen star, the dame
Fell by her lord's half lifeless frame;
And Hanumán drew softly near,
And strove her grieving heart to cheer:
'By changeless law our bliss and woe
From ancient worth and folly flow.
What fruits soe'er we cull, the seeds
Were scattered by our former deeds.'[1]
Why mourn another's mournful fate,
And weep, thyself unfortunate?
Be calm, O thou whose heart is wise,
For none deserves another's sighs.
Look up, with idle sorrow strive:
Thy child, his heir, is yet alive.
Let needful rites be duly done,
Nor in thy woe forget thy son.
Regard the law which all obey:
They spring to life, they pass away.
Begin the task that bids thee rise,
And stay these tears, for thou art wise.
Our lord the king is doomed to die,
On whom ten million hearts rely.
Kind, liberal, patient, true, and just
Was he in whom they place their trust,
And now he seeks the land of those

[1] "Our deeds still follow with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

Who for the right subdue their foes.
Each Vánar lord with all his train,
Each ranger of this wild domain,
And Angad here, thy darling, see
A governor and friend in thee.
These twain[1] whose hearts with sorrow ache
The funeral rites shall undertake,
And Angad by his mother's care
Be king, his father's rightful heir.
Now let him pay, as laws require,
His sacred duty to his sire,
Nor one solemnity omit
Of all that mighty kings befit.
And when thy fond eye sees thine own
Dear Angad on his father's throne,
Then, lightened of its load of pain,
Thy spirit will have rest again.'

She heard his speech, she heaved her head
Looked upon Hanumán and said:

'Sweeter my slain lord's limbs to touch
Than Angad or a hundred such.
No rule or right, a widowed dame,
O'er Angad or the realm I claim.
Sugríva is the uncle, he
In every act supreme must be.
I pray thee, chief, this plan resign,
Nor claim from me what ne'er is mine.
The father with his tender care
Guards the dear child the mother bare.
Where'er I be, no sweeter task,
No happier joy I hope or ask
Than thus to sit with loving eyes
And watch the bed where Báli lies.'

[1] Sugríva and Angad.

CANTO XXII.

BÁLI DEAD.

There breathing still with slow faint sighs
Lay Báli on the ground: his eyes,
Damp with the tears of death, he raised,
On conquering Sugríva gazed,
And then in clearest speech expressed
The tender feelings of his breast:
'Not to my charge, Sugríva, lay
Thine injuries avenged to-day;
But rather blame resistless Fate
That urged me on infuriate.
Fate ne'er agreed our lives to bless
With simultaneous happiness:
To dwell like brothers side by side
In tender love was still denied.
The Vánars' realm is thine to-day:
Begin, O King, thy rightful sway;[1]
For I must go at Yama's call
To sojourn in his gloomy hall;
Must part and leave this very hour
My life, my realm, my kingly power,
And go instead of these to gain
Bright glory free from spot and stain.
Now at thy hands one boon I seek
With the last words my lips shall speak,
And, though it be no easy thing,

[1] Angad himself, being too young to govern, would be Yuvarája or heir-apparent.

Perform the task I give thee, King.
This son of mine, no foolish boy,
Worthy of bliss and nursed in joy,—
See, prostrate on the ground he lies,
The hot tears welling from his eyes—
The child I love so well, more sweet
Than life itself, for woe unmeet,—
To him be kindly favour shown:
O guard and keep him as thine own.
Retain him ever by thy side,
His father, helper, friend, and guide.
From fear and woe his young life save,
And give him all his father gave.
Then Tárá's son in time shall be
Brave, resolute, and famed like thee,
And march before thee to the fight
Where stricken fiends shall own his might.
While yet a tender stripling, fame
Shall bruit abroad his warrior name,
And brightly shall his glory shine
For exploits worthy of his line.
Child of Sushen,[1] my Tárá well
Obscurest lore can read and tell;
And, trained in wondrous art, divines
Each mystery of boding signs.
Her solemn warning ne'er despise,
Do boldly what her lips advise;
For things to come her eye can see,
And with her words events agree.
And for the son of Raghu's sake
The toil and danger undertake:
For breach of faith were grievous wrong,
Nor wouldst thou be unpunished long.

[1] Sushena was the son of Varuna the God of the sea.

Now, brother, take this chain of gold,
Gift of celestial hands of old,
Or when I die its charm will flee,
And all its might be lost with me.'
The loving speech Sugríva heard,
And all his heart with woe was stirred.
Remorse and gentle pity stole
Each thought of triumph from his soul:
Thus fades the light when Ráhu[1] mars
The glory of the Lord of Stars.[2]
All angry thoughts were stayed and stilled,
And kindly love his bosom filled.
His brother's word the chief obeyed.
And took the chain as Báli prayed.
On little Angad standing nigh.
The dying hero fixed his eye,
And, ready from this world to part,
Spoke the fond utterance of his heart:
'Let time and place thy thoughts employ
In woe be strong, be meek in joy.
Accept both pain and pleasure, still.
Obedient to Sugríva's will.
Thou hast, my darling, from the first
With tender care been softly nursed;
But harder days, if thou wouldst win
Sugríva's love, must now begin.
To those who hate him ne'er incline,
Nor count his foe a friend of thine.
In all thy thoughts his welfare seek,
Obedient, lowly, faithful, meek.
Let no rash suit his bosom pain,

---

[1] A demon with the tail of a dragon, that causes eclipses by endeavouring to swallow the sun and moon.

[2] The Lord of Stars is the Moon.

Nor yet from due requests abstain.[1]
Each is a grievous fault, between
The two is found the happy mean.'
Then Báli ceased: his eyeballs rolled
In stress of anguish uncontrolled.
His massive teeth were bared to view,
And from the frame the spirit flew.
Their lord and leader dead, the crowd
Of noblest Vánars shrieked aloud:
'Since thou, O King, hast sought the skies
All desolate Kishkindhá lies.
Her woods, where Vánars loved to rove,
Are empty now, and hill and grove.
From every eye the light is fled,
Since thou, our mighty lord, art dead.
Thine was the unwearied arm that bore
The brunt of deadly fight of yore
With Golabh the Gandharva, when,
Lasting through five long years and ten,
The dreadful conflict knew no stay
In gloom of night, in glare of day;
And when the fifteenth year had past
Thy dire opponent fell at last.
If such a foeman fell beneath
Our hero's arm and awful teeth
Who freed us from our terror, how
Is conquering Báli fallen now?'
Then when they saw their leader slain
Great anguish seized the Vánar train,
Weeping their mighty chief, as when
In pastures near a lion's den
The cows by sudden fear are stirred,
Slain the bold bull who led the herd.

[1] Or the passage may be interpreted: 'Be neither too obsequious or affectionate, nor wanting in due respect or love.'

And hapless Tárá sank below
The whelming waters of her woe,
Looked upon Báli's face and fell
Beside him whom she loved so well,
Like a young creeper clinging round
A tall tree prostrate on the ground.

CANTO XXIII.

TÁRÁ'S LAMENT.

She kissed her lifeless husband's face,
She clasped him in a close embrace,
Laid her soft lips upon his head;
Then words like these the mourner said:
'No words of mine wouldst thou regard,
And now thy bed is cold and hard,
Upon the rude rough ground o'erthrown,
Beneath thee naught but sand and stone.
To thee the earth is dearer far
Than I and my caresses are,
If thou upon her breast wilt lie,
And to my words make no reply.
Ah my beloved, good and brave,
Bold to attack and strong to save,
Fate is Sugríva's thrall, and we
In him our lord and master see.
Lo, by thy bed, a mournful band,
Thy Vánar chiefs lamenting stand.
O hear thy nobles' groans and cries,
O mark thy Angad's weeping eyes,
O list to my entreaties, break
The chains of slumber and awake.
Ah me, my lord, this lowly bed
Where rest thy limbs and fallen head,
Is the cold couch where smitten lay
Thy foemen in the bloody fray.
O noble heart from blemish free,

Lover of war, beloved by me,
Why hast thou fled away and left
Thy Tárá of all hope bereft?
Unwise the father who allows
His child to be a warrior's spouse,
For, hero, see thy consort's fate,
A widow now most desolate.
For ever broken is my pride,
My hope of lasting bliss has died,
And sinking in the lowest deep
Of sorrow's sea I pine and weep.
Ah, surely not of earthly mould,
This stony heart is stern and cold,
Or, in a hundred pieces rent,
It had not lingered to lament.
Dead, dead! my husband, friend, and lord
In whom my loving hopes were stored,
First in the field, his foemen's dread,
My own victorious Báli, dead!
A woman when her lord has died,
Though children flourish by her side,
Though stores of gold her coffers fill,
Is called a lonely widow still.
Alas, thy bleeding gashes make
Around thy limbs a purple lake:
Thus slumbering was thy wont to lie
On cushions bright with crimson dye.
Dark streams of welling blood besmear
Thy limbs where dust and mire adhere,
Nor have I strength, weighed down by woe,
Mine arms about thy form to throw.
The issue of this day has brought
Sugríva all his wishes sought,
For Ráma shot one shaft and he

Is freed from fear and jeopardy.
Alas, alas, I may not rest
My head upon thy wounded breast,
Obstructed by the massive dart
Deep buried in thy bleeding heart.'
Then Níla from his bosom drew
The fatal shaft that pierced him through,
Like some tremendous serpent deep
In caverns of a hill asleep.
As from the hero's wound it came,
Shot from the shaft a gleam of flame,
Like the last flashes of the sun
Descending when his course is run.
From the wide rent in crimson flood
Rushed the full stream of Báli's blood,
Like torrents down a mountain's side
With golden ore and copper dyed.
Then Tárá brushed with tender care
The dust of battle from his hair,
While her sad eyes poured down their rain
Upon her lord untimely slain.
Once more she looked upon the dead;
Then to her bright-eyed child she said:
'Turn hither, turn thy weeping eyes
Where low in death thy father lies.
By sinful deed and bitter hate
Our lord has met his mournful fate.
Bright as the sun at early morn
To Yama's halls is Báli borne.
Then go, my child, salute the king,
From whom our bliss and honour spring.'
Obedient to his mother's hest
His father's feet he gently pressed
With twining arms and lingering hands:

'Father', he cried, 'here Angad stands.'
Then Tárá: 'Art thou stern and mute,
Regardless of thy child's salute?
Hast thou no blessing for thy son,
No word for little Angad, none?
O hero, at thy lifeless feet
Here with my boy I take my seat,
As some sad mother of the herd,
By the fierce lion undeterred,
Lies moaning by the grassy dell
Wherein her lord and leader fell.
How, having wrought that awful rite,
The sacrifice of deadly fight,
Wherein the shaft by Ráma sped
Supplied the place of water shed,
How hast thou bathed thee at the end
Without thy wife her aid to lend?[1]
Why do mine eyes no more behold
Thy bright beloved chain of gold,
Which, pleased with thee, the Immortals' King
About thy neck vouchsafed to fling?
Still lingering on thy lifeless face
I see the pride of royal race:
Thus when the sun has set, his glow
Still rests upon the Lord of Snow.
Alas my hero! undeterred
Thou wouldst not listen to my word.
With tears and prayers I sued in vain:
Thou wouldst not listen, and art slain.
Gone is my bliss, my glory: I
And Angad now with thee will die.'

[1] Sacrifices and all religious rites begin and end with ablution, and the wife of the officiating Brahman takes an important part in the performance of the holy ceremonies.

CANTO XXIV.

SUGRÍVA'S LAMENT.

But when Sugríva saw her weep
O'erwhelmed in sorrow's rushing deep,
Swift through his bosom pierced the sting
Of anguish for the fallen king.
At the sad sight his eyes beheld
A flood of bitter tears outwelled,
And, with his bosom racked and rent,
To Ráma with his train he went.
He came with faltering steps and slow
Where Ráma held his mighty bow,
And arrow like a venomed snake,
And to the son of Raghu spake:
'Well hast thou kept, O King, thy vow:
The promised fruit is gathered now.
But life is marred, my soul to-day
Turns sickening from all joy away.
For, while this queen laments and sighs
Amid a mourning people's cries,
And Angad weeps his father slain,
How can my heart delight to reign?
For outrage, fury, senseless pride,
My brother, doomed of yore, has died.
Yet, Raghu's son, in bitter woe
I mourn his fated overthrow.
Ah, better far in pain and ill
To dwell on Rishyamúka still
Than gain the heaven of Gods and all

Its pleasures by my brother's fall.
Did not he cry,—great-hearted foe,—
'Go, for I will not slay thee, Go'?
With his brave soul those words agree:
My speech, my deeds, are worthy me.
How can a brother counterweigh
His grievous loss with joys of sway,
And see with dull unpitying eye
So brave and good a brother die?
His lofty soul was nobly blind:
My death alas, he ne'er designed;
But I, urged blindly on by hate,
Sought with his life my rage to sate.
He smote me with a splintered tree:
I groaned aloud and turned to flee.
From stern reproaches he forbore,
And gently bade me sin no more.
Serene and dutiful and good,
He kept the laws of brotherhood:
I, fierce and greedy, vengeful, base,
Showed all the vices of our race.
Ah me, dear friend, my brother's fate
Lays on my soul a crushing weight:
A sin no heart should e'er conceive,
But at the thought each soul should grieve:
Sin such as Indra's when his blow
Laid heavenly Viśvarúpa[1] low.
Yet earth, the waters of the seas,
The race of women and the trees
Were fain upon themselves to take
The weight of sin for Indra's sake.
But who a Vánar's soul will free,
Or ease the load that crushes me?

[1] Viśvarúpa, a son of Twashṭri or Viśvakarma the heavenly architect, was a three-headed monster slain by Indra.

Wretch that I am, I may not claim
The reverence due to royal name.
How shall I reign supreme, or dare
Affect the power I should not share?
Ah me, I sorrow for my sin,
The ruin of my race and kin,
Polluted by a hideous crime
World-hated till the end of time.
Alas, the floods of sorrow roll
With whelming force upon my soul:
So gathers the descending rain
In the deep hollow of the plain.'

CANTO XXV.

RÁMA'S SPEECH.

Then Raghu's son, whose feeling breast
Shared the great woe that moved the rest,
Strove with wise charm their grief to ease,
And gently spoke in words like these:
'You ne'er can raise the dead to bliss
By agony of grief like this.
Cease your lament, nor leave undone
The funeral task you may not shun.
As nature orders o'er the dead
Your tributary tears are shed,
But Fate, directing each event,
Is still the lord preëminent.
Yes, all obey the changeless laws
Of Fate the universal cause.
By Fate, the lives of all proceed,
That governs every word and deed,
None acts, none sees his hest obeyed,
But each and all by Fate are swayed.
The world its ordered course maintains,
And o'er that course Fate ever reigns.
Fate ne'er exceeds the rule of Fate:
Is ne'er too swift, is ne'er too late,
And making nature its ally
Forgets no life, nor passes by.
No kith and kin, no power and force
Can check or stay its settled course,
No friend or client, grace or charm,

That victor of the world disarm.
So all who see with prudent eyes
The hand of Fate must recognize,
For virtue rules, or love, or gain,
As Fate's unchanged decrees ordain.
Báli has died and won the meed
That waits in heaven on noble deed,
Throned in the seats the brave may reach
By liberal hand and gentle speech.
True to a warrior's duty, bold
In fight, the hero lofty-souled
Deigned not to guard his life: he died,
And now in heaven is glorified.
Then cease these tears and wild despair:
Turn to the task that claims your care,
For Báli's is the glorious fate
Which warriors count most fortunate.'

When Ráma's speech had found a close
Brave Lakshman, terror of his foes,
With wise and soothing words addressed
Sugríva still with woe oppressed:
'Arise Sugríva,' thus he said,
'Perform the service of the dead.
Prepare with Tárá and her son
That Báli's rites be duly done.
A store of funeral wood provide
Which wind and sun and time have dried,
And richest sandal fit to grace
The pyre of one of royal race.
With words of comfort soft and kind
Console poor Angad's troubled mind,
Nor let thy heart be thus cast down,
For thine is now the Vánars' town.
Let Angad's care a wreath supply,
And raiment rich with varied dye,

And oil and perfumes for the fire,
And all the solemn rites require.
Go, hasten to the town, O King,
And Tára's litter quickly bring.
A virtue is despatch: and speed
Is best of all in hour of need.
Go, let a chosen band prepare
The litter of the dead to bear,
For stout and tall and strong of limb
Must be the chiefs who carry him.'
He spoke,—his friends' delight and pride,—
Then stood again by Ráma's side.
When Tára[1] heard the words he said
Within the town he quickly sped,
And brought, on stalwart shoulders laid,
The litter for the rites arrayed,
Framed like a car for Gods, complete
With painted sides and royal seat,
With latticed windows deftly made,
And golden birds and trees inlaid:
Well joined and wrought in every part,
A marvel of ingenious art,
Where pleasure mounds in carven wood
And many a graven figure stood.
The best of jewels o'er it hung,
And wreaths of flowers around it clung,
And over all was raised on high
A canopy of saffron dye,
While like the sun of morning shone
The brilliant blooms that lay thereon.
That glorious litter Ráma eyed,
And spake to Lakshman by his side:
'Let Báli on the bier be placed

[1] The Vánar chief, not to be confounded with Tárá.

And with all funeral service graced.'
Sugríva then with many a tear
Drew Báli's body to the bier
Whereon, with weeping Angad's aid,
The relics of the chief were laid
Neath many a vesture's varied fold,
And wreaths and ornaments and gold.
Then King Sugríva bade them speed
The obsequies by law decreed:
'Let Vánars lead the way and throw
Rich gems around them as they go,
And be the chosen bearers near
Behind them laden with the bier.
No costly rite may you deny,
Used when the proudest monarchs die:
As for a king of widest sway,
Perform his obsequies to-day.'
Sugríva gave his high behest;
Then princely Tára and the rest,
With little Angad weeping, led
The long procession of the dead.
Behind the funeral litter came,
With Tárá first, each widowed dame,
In tears and shrieks her loss deplored,
And cried aloud, My lord! My lord!
While wood and hill and valley sent
In echoes back the shrill lament.
Then on a low and sandy isle
Was reared the hero's funeral pile
By crowds of toiling Vánars, where
The mountain stream ran fresh and fair.
The Vánar chiefs, a noble band,
Had laid the litter on the sand,
And stood a little space apart,

Each mourning in his inmost heart.
But Tárá, when her weeping eye
Saw Báli on the litter lie,
Laid his dear head upon her lap,
And wailed aloud her dire mishap:
'O mighty Vánar, lord and king,
To whose fond breast I loved to cling,
Of goodly arms, wise, brave, and bold,
Rise, look upon me as of old.
Rise up, my sovereign, dost thou see
A crowd of subjects weep for thee?
Still o'er thy face, though breath has fled,
The joyous light of life is spread:
Thus round the sun, although he set,
A crimson glory lingers yet.
Death clad in Ráma's form to-day
Has dragged thee from the world away.
One shaft from his tremendous bow.
Dooms us to widowhood and woe.
Hast thou, O Vánar King, no eyes
Thy weeping wives to recognize,
Who for the length of way unmeet
Have followed thee with weary feet?
Yet every moon-faced beauty here
By thee, O King, was counted dear.
Lord of the Vánar race, hast thou
No eyes to see Sugríva now?
About thee stands in mournful mood.
A sore-afflicted multitude,
And Tára and thy lords of state
Around their monarch weep and wait.
Arise my lord, with gentle speech,
As was thy wont, dismissing each,
Then in the forest will we play

And love shall make our spirits gay.'
The Vánar dames raised Tárá, drowned
In floods of sorrow, from the ground;
And Angad with Sugríva's aid,
O'erwhelmed with anguish and dismayed,
Weeping for his departed sire,
Placed Báli's body on the pyre;
Thén lit the flame, and round the dead
Passed slowly with a mourner's tread.
Thus with full rites the funeral train
Performed the service for the slain,
Then sought the flowing stream and made
Libations to the parted shade.
There, setting Angad first in place,
The chieftains of the Vánar race,
With Tárá and Sugríva, shed
The water that delights the dead.

CANTO XXVI.

THE CORONATION.

Each Vánar councillor and peer
In crowded numbers gathered near
Sugríva, mournful king, while yet
His vesture from the wave was wet.
Before the chief of Raghu's seed
Unwearied in each arduous deed,
They stood and raised the reverent hand,
As saints before Lord Brahmá stand.
Then Hanumán of massive mould,
Like some tall hill of glistering gold,
Son of the God whose wild blasts shake
The forest, thus to Ráma spake:
'By thy kind favour, O my lord,
Sugríva, to his home restored
Triumphant, has regained to-day
His rank and power and royal sway.
He now will call each faithful friend,
Enter the city, and attend
With sage advice and prudent care
To every task that waits him there.
Then balm and unguent shall anoint
Our monarch, as the laws appoint,
And gems and precious wreaths shall be
His grateful offering, King, to thee.
Do thou, O Ráma, with thy friend
Thy steps within the city bend;
Our ruler on his throne install,

And with thy presence cheer us all.'

Then, skilled in lore and arts that guide
The speaker, Raghu's son replied:
'For fourteen years I might not break
The mandate that my father spake;
Nor can I, till that time be fled,
The street of town or village tread.
Let King Sugríva seek the town
Most worthy of her high renown,
There let him be without delay
Anointed, and begin his sway.'

This answered, to Sugríva then
Thus spake anew the king of men:
'Do thou who knowest right ordain
Prince Angad consort of thy reign;
For he is noble, true, and bold,
And trained a righteous course to hold.
Gifts like his sire's that youth adorn
Born eldest to the eldest born.
This is the month of Śrávaṇ,[1] first
Of those that see the rain-clouds burst.
Four months, thou knowest well, extends
The season when the rain descends.
No time for deeds of war is this:
Seek thou thy fair metropolis,
And I with Lakshmaṇ, O my friend,
The time upon this hill will spend.
An ample cavern opens there
Made lovely by the mountain air,
And lotuses and lilies fill

[1] Śrávaṇ: July-August. But the rains begin a month earlier, and what follows must not be taken literally. The text has: *púrvo' yam várshiko másah Śrávaṇah salilágamah.* The Bengal recension has the same, and Gorresio translates: 'E questo il mese Srávana (luglio-agosto), primo della stagione piovosa, in cui dilagano le acque.'

The pleasant lake and murmuring rill.
When Kártik's[1] month shall clear the skies,
Then tempt the mighty enterprise.
Now, chieftain, to thy home repair,
And be anointed sovereign there.'
Sugríva heard: he bowed his head:
Within the lovely town he sped
Which Báli's royal will had swayed,
Where thousand Vánar chiefs arrayed
Gathered in order round their king,
And led him on with welcoming.
Low on the earth the lesser crowd
Fell in prostration as they bowed.
Sugríva looked with grateful eyes,
Spake to them all and bade them rise.
Then through the royal bowers he strode
Wherein the monarch's wives abode.
Soon from the inner chambers came
The Vánar of exalted fame;
And joyful friends drew near and shed
King-making balm upon his head,
Like Gods anointing in the skies
Their sovereign of the thousand eyes.[2]
Then brought they, o'er their king to hold,
The white umbrella decked with gold,
And chouries with their waving hair
In golden handles wondrous fair;
And fragrant herbs and seed and spice,
And sparkling gems exceeding price,
And every bloom from woods and leas,

[1] Kártik: October-November.

[2] "Indras, as the nocturnal sun, hides himself, transformed, in the starry heavens: the stars are his eyes. The hundred-eyed or all-seeing (panoptês) Argos placed as a spy over the actions of the cow beloved by Zeus, is the Hellenic equivalent of this form of Indras." DE GUBERNATIS, *Zoological Mythology*, Vol. I. p. 418.

And gum distilled from milky trees;
And precious ointment white as milk,
And spotless robes of cloth and silk,
Wreaths of sweet flowers whose glories gleam
In grassy grove, on lake or stream,
And fragrant sandal and each scent
That makes the soft breeze redolent;
Grain, honey, odorous seed, and store
Of oil and curd and golden ore;
A noble tiger's skin, a pair
Of sandals wrought with costliest care.
Eight pairs of damsels drawing nigh
Brought unguents stained with varied dye.
Then gems and cates and robes displayed
Before the twice-born priests were laid,
That they would deign in order due
To consecrate the king anew.
The sacred grass was duly spread
And sacrificial flame was fed,
Which Scripture-learned priests supplied
With oil which texts had sanctified.
Then, with all rites ordained of old,
High on the terrace bright with gold,
Whereon a glorious carpet lay,
And fresh-culled garlands sweet and gay,
Placed on his throne, Sugríva bent
His looks toward the Orient.
In horns from forehead of the bull,
In pitchers bright and beautiful,
In urns of gold the Vánars took
Pure water brought from stream and brook,
From every consecrated strand
And every sea that beats the land.
Then, as prescribed by sacred lore

And many a mighty sage of yore,[1]
The leaders of the Vánars poured
The sacred water on their lord.[2]
From every Vánar at the close
Of that imperial rite arose
Shouts of glad triumph, loud and long
Repeated by the high-souled throng.
Sugríva, when the rite was done,
Obeyed the hest of Raghu's son,
Prince Angad to his breast he strained,
And partner of his sway ordained.
Once more from all the host rang out
The loud huzza and joyful shout.
'Well done! well done!' each Vánar cried,
And good Sugríva glorified.
Then with glad voices loudly raised
Were Ráma and his brother praised;
And bright Kishkindhá shone that day
With happy throngs and banners gay.

[1] Baudháyana and others.

[2] Sugríva appears to have been consecrated with all the ceremonies that attended the *Abhishcka* or coronation of an Indian prince of the Aryan race. Compare the preparations made for Ráma's consecration, Book II. Canto III. Thus Homer frequently introduces into Troy the rites of Hellenic worship.

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY

CANTO XXVII.

RÂMA ON THE HILL.

But when the solemn rite was o'er,
And bold Sugríva reigned once more,
The sons of Raghu sought the hill,
Prasravaṇ of the rushing rill,
Where roamed the tiger and the deer,
And lions raised their voice of fear;
Thick set with trees of every kind,
With trailing shrubs and plants entwined;
Home of the ape and monkey, lair
Of mountain cat and pard and bear.
In cloudy gloom against the sky
The sanctifying hills rose high.
Pierced in their crest, a spacious cave
To Raghu's sons a shelter gave.
Then Ráma, pure from every crime,
In words well suited to the time
To Lakshmaṇ spake, whose faithful zeal
Watched humbly for his brother's weal:
'I love this spacious cavern where
There breathes a fresh and pleasant air.
Brave brother, let us here remain
Throughout the season of the rain.
For in mine eyes this mountain crest
Is, above all, the loveliest,
Where copper-hued and black and white
Show the huge blocks that face the height;
Where gleams the shine of varied ore,

Where dark clouds hang and torrents roar;
Where waving woods are fair to see,
And creepers climb from tree to tree;
Where the gay peacock's voice is shrill,
And sweet birds carol on the hill;
Where odorous breath is wafted far
From Jessamine and Sinduvár; [1]
And opening flowers of every hue
Give wondrous beauty to the view.
See, too, this pleasant water near
Our cavern home is fresh and clear;
And lilies gay with flower and bud
Are glorious on the lovely flood.
This cave that faces north and east
Will shelter us till rain has ceased;
And towering hills that rise behind
Will screen us from the furious wind.
Close by the cavern's portal lies
A level stone of ample size
And sable hue, a mighty block
Long severed from the parent rock.
Now let thine eye bent northward rest
A while upon that mountain crest,
High as a cloud that brings the rain,
And dark as iron rent in twain.
Look southward, brother, now and view
A cloudy pile of paler hue
Like Mount Kailása's topmost height
Where ores of every tint are bright.
See, Lakshman, see before our cave
That clear brook eastward roll its wave
As though 'twere Gangá's infant rill
Down streaming from the three-peaked hill.

[1] Vitex Negundo.

See, by the water's gentle flow
Aśoka, sál, and sandal grow,
And every lovely tree most fair
With leaf and bud and flower is there.
See where, beneath the bending trees
That fringe her bank, the river flees,
Clothed with their beauty like a maid
In all her robes and gems arrayed,
While from the sedgy banks are heard
The soft notes of each amorous bird.
O see what lovely islets stud
Like gems the bosom of the flood,
And sárases and wild swans crowd
About her till she laughs aloud.
See, lotus blooms the brook o'erspread,
Some tender blue, some dazzling red,
And opening lilies white as snow
Their buds in rich profusion show.
There rings the joyous peacock's scream,
There stands the curlew by the stream,
And holy hermits love to throng
Where the sweet waters speed along.
Ranged on the grassy margin shine
Gay sandal trees in glittering line,
And all the wondrous verdure seems
The offspring of creative dreams.
O conquering Prince, there cannot be
A lovelier place than this we see.
Here sheltered on the beauteous height
Our days will pass in calm delight.
Nor is Kishkindhá's city, gay
With grove and garden, far away.
Thence will the breeze of evening bring
Sweet music as the minstrels sing;

And, when the Vánars dance, will come
The sound of tabour and of drum.
Again to spouse and realm restored,
Girt by his friends, the Vánar lord
Great glory has acquired; and how
Can he be less than happy now?'
This said, the son of Raghu made
His dwelling in that pleasant shade
Upon the mountain's shelving side
That sweetly all his wants supplied.
But still the hero's troubled mind
No comfort in his woe could find,
Yet mourning for his stolen wife
Dearer to Ráma than his life.
Chief when he saw the Lord of Night
Rise slowly o'er the eastern height,
He tossed upon his leafy bed
With eyes by sleep unvisited.
Outwelled the tears in ceaseless flow,
And every sense was numbed by woe.
Each pang that pierced the mourner through
Smote Lakshman's faithful bosom too,
Who, troubled for his brother's sake,
With wisest words the prince bespake:
'Arise, my brother, and be strong:
Thy hero heart has mourned too long.
Thou knowest well that tears and sighs
Will mar the mightiest enterprise.
Thine was the soul that loved to dare:
To serve the Gods was still thy care;
And ne'er may sorrow's sting subdue
A heart so resolute and true.
How canst thou hope to slay in fight
The giant cruel in his might?

Unwearied must the champion be
Who strives with such a foe as he.
Tear out this sorrow by the root:
Again be bold and resolute.
Arise, my brother, and subdue
The demon and his wicked crew.
Thou canst destroy the earth, her seas,
Her rooted hills and giant trees
Unseated by thy furious hand:
And shall one fiend thy power withstand?
Wait through this season of the rain
Till suns of autumn dry the plain,
Then shall thy giant foe, and all
His host and realm, before thee fall.
I wake thy valour that has slept
Amid the tears thine eyes have wept;
As drops of oil in worship raise
The dormant flame to sudden blaze.'
The son of Raghu heard: he knew
His brother's rede was wise and true;
And, honouring his friendly guide,
In gentle words he thus replied:
'Whate'er a hero firm and bold,
Devoted, true, and lofty-souled
Should speak by deep affection led,
Such are the words which thou hast said.
I cast away each pensive thought
That brings the noblest plans to naught,
And each uninjured power will strain
Until the purposed end we gain.
Thy prudent words will I obey,
And till the close of rain-time stay,
When King Sugríva will invite
To action, and the streams be bright.

The hero saved in hour of need
Repays the debt with friendly deed:
But hated by the good are they
Who take the boon and ne'er repay.'

CANTO XXVIII.

THE RAINS.

'See, brother, see' thus Ráma cried
On Mályavat's[1] dark-wooded side,
'A chain of clouds, like lofty hills,
The sky with gathering shadow fills.
Nine months those clouds have borne the load
Conceived from sunbeams as they glowed,
And, having drunk the seas, give birth,
And drop their offspring on the earth.
Easy it seems at such a time
That flight of cloudy stairs to climb,
And, from their summit, safely won,
Hang flowery wreaths about the sun.
See how the flash of evening's red
Fringes the fleecy clouds o'erhead
Till all the sky is streaked and lined
With bleeding wounds incarnadined.
Or the wide firmament above
Shows like a lover sick with love,
And, pale with cloudlets, heaves a sigh
In the soft breeze that wanders by.
See, by the fervent heat embrowned,
Now drenched with recent showers, the ground
Pours out in floods her gushing tears,

[1] Mályavat. "The name of this mountain appears to me to be erroneous, and I think that instead of Mályavat should be read Malayavat. Malaya is a group of mountains situated exactly in that southern part of India where Ráma now was: while Mályavat is placed to the north-east." GORRESIO.

Like Sítá wild with torturing fears.
So softly blows this cloud-born breeze
Cool through the boughs of camphor trees
That one might hold it in the cup
Of hollowed hands and drink it up.
See, brother, where that rocky steep,
Where odorous shrubs in rain-drops weep,
Shows like Sugríva when they shed
The royal balm upon his head.
Like students at their task appear
Those hills whose misty peaks are near:
Black deerskin[1] garments wrought of cloud
Their forms with fitting mantles shroud;
Each torrent from the summit poured
Supplies the place of sacred cord;[2]
And winds that in their caverns moan
Sound like the voice's undertone.[3]
From east to west red lightnings flash,
And, quivering neath the golden lash,
The great sky like a generous steed
Groans inly at each call to speed.
Yon lightning, as it flashes through
The giant cloud of sable hue,
Recalls my votaress Sítá pressed
Mid struggles to the demon's breast.
See, on those mountain ridges stand
Sweet shrubs that bud and bloom expand.
The soft rain ends their pangs of grief,
And drops its pearls on flower and leaf.
But all their raptures stab me through

[1] Mantles of the skin of the black antelope were the prescribed dress of ascetics and religious students.

[2] The sacred cord worn as the badge of religious initiation by men of the three twice-born castes.

[3] The hum with which students con their tasks.

And wake my pining love anew. [1]
Now through the air no wild bird flies,
Each lily shuts her weary eyes;
And blooms of opening jasmin show
The parting sun has ceased to glow.
No captain now for conquest burns,
But homeward with his host returns;
For roads and kings' ambitious dreams
Have vanished neath descending streams.
This is the watery month [2] wherein
The Sáman's [3] sacred chants begin.
Áshádha [4] past, now Kosal's lord [5]
The harvest of the spring has stored, [6]
And dwells within his palace freed
From every care of pressing need.
Full is the moon, and fierce and strong
Impetuous Sarjú [7] roars along
As though Ayodhyá's crowds ran out
To greet their king with echoing shout.
In this sweet time of ease and rest
No care disturbs Sugríva's breast,

---

[1] I omit here a long general description of the rainy season which is not found in the Bengal recension and appears to have been interpolated by a far inferior and much later hand than Válmíki's. It is composed in a metre different from that of the rest of the Canto, and contains figures of poetical rhetoric and common-places which are the delight of more recent poets.

[2] Prauahthapada or Bhadra, the modern Bhádon, corresponds to half of August and half of September.

[3] The Sáman or Sáma-veda, the third of the four Vedas, is really merely a reproduction of parts of the Rig-veda, transposed and scattered about piece-meal, only 78 verses in the whole being, it is said, untraceable to the present recension of the Rig-veda.

[4] Áshádha is the month corresponding to parts of June and July.

[5] Bharat, who was regent during Ráma's absence.

[6] Or with Gorresio, following the gloss of another commentary, "Has completed every holy rite and accumulated stores of merit."

[7] The river on which Ayodhyá was built.

The foe that marred his peace o'erthrown,
And queen and realm once more his own.
Alas, a harder fate is mine,
Reft both of realm and queen to pine,
And, like the bank which floods erode,
I sink beneath my sorrow's load.
Sore on my soul my miseries weigh,
And these long rains our action stay,
While Rávaṇ seems a mightier foe
Than I dare hope to overthrow.
I saw the roads were barred by rain,
I knew the hopes of war were vain;
Nor could I bid Sugríva rise,
Though prompt to aid my enterprise.
E'en now I scarce can urge my friend,
On whom his house and realm depend,
Who, after toil and peril past,
Is happy with his queen at last.
Sugríva after rest will know
The hour is come to strike the blow,
Nor will his grateful soul forget
My succour, or deny the debt.
I know his generous heart, and hence
Await the time with confidence
When he his friendly zeal will show,
And brooks again untroubled flow.'[1]

[1] I omit a *śloka* or four lines on gratitude and ingratitude repeated word for word from the last Canto.

CANTO XXIX.

HANUMÁN'S COUNSEL.

No flash of lightning lit the sky,
No cloudlet marred the blue on high.
The Sáras[1] missed the welcome rain,
The moon's full beams were bright again.
Sugríva, lapped in bliss, forgot
The claims of faith, or heeded not;
And by alluring joys misled
The path of falsehood learned to tread.
In careless ease he passed each hour,
And dallied in his lady's bower:
Each longing of his heart was stilled,
And every lofty hope fulfilled.
With royal Rumá by his side,
Or Tárá yet a dearer bride,
He spent each joyous day and night
In revelry and wild delight,
Like Indra whom the nymphs entice
To taste the joys of Paradise.
The power to courtiers' hands resigned,
To all their acts his eyes were blind.
All doubt, all fear he cast aside
And lived with pleasure for his guide.
But sage Hanúmán, firm and true,
Whose heart the lore of Scripture knew,
Well trained to meet occasion, trained
In all by duty's law ordained,

[1] The Indian crane; a magnificent bird, easily domesticated.

Strove with his prudent speech to find
Soft access to the monarch's mind.
He, skilled in every gentle art
Of eloquence that wins the heart,
Sugríva from his trance to wake,
His salutary counsel spake:
'The realm is won, thy name advanced,
The glory of thy house enhanced,
And now thy foremost care should be
To aid the friends who succoured thee.
He who is firm and faithful found
To friendly ties in honour bound,
Will see his name and fame increase
And his blest kingdom thrive in peace.
Wide sway is his who truly boasts
That friends and treasure, self and hosts,
All blent in one harmonious whole,
Are subject to his firm control.
Do thou, whose footsteps never stray
From the clear bounds of duty's way,
Assist, as honour bids thee, now
Thy friends, observant of thy vow.
For if all cares we lay not by,
And to our friend's assistance fly,
We, after, toil in idle haste,
And all the late endeavour waste.
Up! nor the promised help delay
Until the hour have slipped away.
Up! and with Raghu's son renew
The search for Sítá lost to view.
The hour is come: he hears the call,
But not on thee reproaches fall
From him who labours to repress
His eager spirit's restlessness.

Long joined to thee in friendly ties
He made thy fame and fortune rise,
In gentle gifts by none excelled,
In splendid might unparalleled.
Up, to his succour, King! repay
The favour of that prosperous day,
And to thy bravest captains send
Prompt mandates to assist thy friend.
The cry for help thou wilt not spurn
Although no grace demands return:
And wilt thou not thine aid afford
To him who realm and life restored?
Exert thy power, and thou hast won
The love of Daśaratha's son:
And wilt thou for his summons wait,
And, till he call thee, hesitate?
Think not the hero needs thy power
To save him in the desperate hour:
He with his arrows could subdue
The Gods and all the demon crew,
And only waits that he may see
Redeemed the promise made by thee.
For thee he risked his life and fought,
For thee that great deliverance wrought.
Then let us trace through earth and skies
His lady wheresoe'er she lies.
Through realms above, beneath, we flee,
And plant our footsteps on the sea.
Then why, O Lord of Vánars, still
Delay us waiting for thy will?
Give thy commands, O King, and say
What task has each, and where the way.
Before thee myriad Vánars stand
To sweep through heaven, o'er seas and land.'

Sugríva heard the timely rede
That roused him in the day of need,
And thus to Níla prompt and brave
His hest the imperial Vánar gave:
'Go, Níla, to the distant hosts
That keep in arms their several posts,
And all the armies that protect
The quarters,[1] with their chiefs, collect.
To all the limitaries placed
In intermediate regions, haste,
And bid each captain rise and lead
His squadrons to their king with speed.
Do thou meanwhile with strictest care
All that the time requires prepare.
The loitering Vánar who delays
To gather here ere thrice five days,
Shall surely die for his offence,
Condemned for sinful negligence.'

[1] The troops who guard the frontiers on the north, south, east, and west.

CANTO XXX.

RÁMA'S LAMENT.

But Ráma in the autumn night
Stood musing on the mountain height,
While grief and love that scorned control
Shook with wild storms the hero's soul.
Clear was the sky, without a cloud
The glory of the moon to shroud,
And bright with purest silver shone
Each hill the soft beams looked upon.
He knew Sugríva's heart was bent
On pleasure, gay and negligent.
He thought on Janak's child forlorn
From his fond arms for ever torn.
He mourned occasion slipping by,
And faint with anguish heaved each sigh.
He sat where many a varied streak
Of rich ore marked the mountain peak.
He raised his eyes the sky to view,
And to his love his sad thoughts flew.
He heard the Sáras cry, and faint
With sorrow poured his love-born plaint:
'She, she who mocked the softest tone
Of wild birds' voices with her own,—
Where strays she now, my love who played
So happy in our hermit shade?
How can my absent love behold
The bright trees with their flowers of gold,
And all their gleaming glory see

With eyes that vainly look for me?
How is it with my darling when
From the deep tangles of the glen
Float carols of each bird elate
With rapture singing to his mate?
In vain my weary glances rove
From lake to hill, from stream to grove:
I find no rapture in the scene,
And languish for my fawn-eyed queen.
Ah, does strong love with wild unrest,
Born of the autumn, stir her breast?
And does the gentle lady pine
Till her bright eyes shall look in mine?'
Thus Raghu's son in piteous tone,
O'erwhelmed with sorrow, made his moan.
E'en as the bird that drinks the rains[1]
To Indra thousand-eyed complains.
Then Lakshman who had wandered through
The copses where the berries grew,
Returning to the cavern found
His brother chief in sorrow drowned,
And pitying the woes that broke
The spirit of the hero spoke:
'Why cast thy strength of soul away,
And weakly yield to passion's sway?
Arise, my brother, do and dare
Ere action perish in despair.
Recall the firmness of thy heart,
And nerve thee for a hero's part.
Whose is the hand unscathed to seize
The red flame quickened by the breeze?
Where is the foe will dare to wrong
Or keep the Maithil lady long?'

[1] The Chátaka, Cuculus Melanoleucus, is supposed to drink nothing but the water of the clouds.

Then with pale lips that sorrow dried
The son of Raghu thus replied:
'Lord Indra thousand-eyed has sent
The sweet rain from the firmament,
Sees the rich promise of the grain,
And turns him to his rest again.
The clouds with voices loud and deep,
Veiling each tree upon the steep,
Upon the thirsty earth have shed
Their precious burthen, and are fled.
Now in kings' hearts ambition glows:
They rush to battle with their foes;[1]
But in Sugríva's sloth I see
No care for deeds of chivalry.
See, Lakshmaṇ, on each breezy height
A thousand autumn blooms are bright.
See how the wings of wild swans gleam
On every islet of the stream.
Four months of flood and rain are past:
A hundred years they seemed to last
To me whom toil and trouble tried,
My Sítá severed from my side.
She, gentlest woman, weak and young,
Still to her lord unwearied clung.
Still by the exile's side she stood
In the wild ways of Daṇḍak wood,
Like a fond bird disconsolate
If parted from her darling mate.
Sugríva, lapped in soft repose,
Untouched by pity for my woes,
Scorns the poor exile, dispossessed,
By Rávan's mightier arm oppressed,
The wretch who comes to sue and pray

[1] The time for warlike expeditions began when the rains had ceased.

From his lost kingdom far away.
Hence falls on me the Vánar's scorn,
A suitor friendless and forlorn.
The time is come: with heedless eye
He sees the hour of action fly,—
Unmindful, now his hopes succeed,
Of promise made in stress of need.
Go seek him sunk in bliss and sloth,
Forgetful of his royal oath,
And as mine envoy thus upbraid
The monarch for his help delayed:
'Vile is the wretch who will not pay
The favour of an earlier day,
Hope in the suppliant's breast awakes,
And then his plighted promise breaks.
Noblest, mid all of women born,
Who keeps the words his lips have sworn,—
Yea, if those words be good or ill,
Maintains his faith unbroken still.
The thankless who forget to aid
The friend who helped them when they prayed,
Dishonoured in their death shall lie,
And dogs shall pass their corpses by.
Sure thou wouldst see my strained arm hold
My bow of battle backed with gold,
Wouldst gaze upon its awful form
Like lightning flashing through the storm,
And hear the clanging bowstring loud
As thunder from a labouring cloud.'
His valour and his strength I know,
But pleasure's sway now sinks them low.
With thee, my brother, for ally,
That strength and valour I defy.
He promised, when the rains should end,

The succour of his arm to lend.
Those months are past: he dares forget,
And, lapped in pleasure, slumbers yet.
No thought disturbs his careless breast
For us impatient and distressed,
And, while we sadly wait and pine,
Girt by his lords he quaffs the wine.
Go, brother, go, his palace seek,
And boldly to Sugríva spéak.
Thus give the listless king to know
What waits him if my anger glow:
Still open, to the gloomy God,
Lies the sad path that Báli trod.
Still to thy plighted word be true,
Lest thou, O King, that path pursue.
I launched the shaft I pointed well,
And Báli, only Báli, fell.
But, if from truth thou dare to stray,
Both thee and thine this hand shall slay.'
Thus be the Vánar king addressed,
Then add thyself what seems the best.'

CANTO XXXI.

THE ENVOY.

Thus Ráma spoke, and Lakshmaṇ then
Made answer to the prince of men:
'Yea, if the Vánar, undeterred
By fear of vengeance, break his word,
Loss of his royal power ere long
Shall pay the traitor for the wrong,
Nor deem I him so void of sense
To brave the bitter consequence.
But if enslaved to joy he lie,
And scorn thy grace with blinded eye,
Then let him join his brother slain:
Unmeet were such a wretch to reign.
Quick rises, kindling in my breast,
The wrath that will not be repressed,
And bids me in my fury slay
The breaker of his faith to-day.
Let Báli's son thy consort trace
With bravest chiefs of Vánar race.'
Thus spoke the hero, and aglow
With rage of battle seized his bow,
But Ráma thus in gentler mood
With fitting words his speech renewed:
'No hero with a soul like thine
To paths of sin will e'er incline.
He who his angry heart can tame
Is worthiest of a hero's name.
Not thine, my brother, be the part

So alien from thy tender heart,
Nor let thy feet by wrath misled
Forsake the path they loved to tread.
From harsh and angry words abstain:
With gentle speech a hearing gain,
And tax Sugríva with the crime
Of failing faith and wasted time.'
Then Lakshmaṇ, bravest of the brave,
Obeyed the hest that Ráma gave,
To whom devoting every thought
The Vánar's royal town he sought.
As Mandar's mountain heaves on high
His curved peak soaring to the sky,
So Lakshmaṇ showed, his dread bow bent
Like Indra's [1] in the firmament.
His brother's wrath, his brother's woe
Inflamed his soul to fiercest glow
The tallest trees to earth were cast
As furious on his way he passed,
And where he stepped, so fiercely fleet,
The stones were shivered by his feet.
He reached Kishkindhá's city deep
Embosomed where the hills were steep,
Where street and open square were lined
With legions of the Vánar kind.
Then, as his lips with fury swelled,
The lord of Raghu's line beheld
A stream of Vánar chiefs outpoured
To do obeisance to their lord.
But when the mighty prince in view
Of the thick-coming Vánars drew,
They turned them in amaze to seize
Crags of the rock and giant trees.

[1] The rainbow.

He saw, and fiercer waxed his ire,
As oil lends fury to the fire.
Scarce had the Vánar chieftains seen
That wrathful eye, that troubled mien
Fierce as the God's who rules the dead,
When, turned in wild affright, they fled.
Speeding in breathless terror all
Sought King Sugríva's council hall,
And there made known their tale of fear,
That Lakshmaṇ, wild with rage, was near.
The king, untroubled by alarms,
Held Tárá in his amorous arms,
And in the distant bower with her
Heard not each clamorous messenger.
Then, summoned at the lords' behest,
Forth from the city portals pressed,
Each like some elephant or cloud,
The Vánars in a trembling crowd:
Fierce warriors all, with massive jaws
And terrors of their tiger claws.
Some matched ten elephants, and some
A hundred's strength could overcome.
Some chieftains, mightier than the rest,
Ten times a hundred's force possessed.
With eyes of fury Lakshmaṇ viewed
The Vánars' tree-armed multitude
Thus garrisoned from side to side
The city walls assault defied.
Beyond the moat that girt the wall
Advanced the Vánar chiefs; and all
Upon the plain in firm brigade,
Impetuous warriors, stood arrayed.
Red at the sight flashed Lakshmaṇ's eyes,
His bosom heaved tumultuous sighs,

And forth the fire of fury broke
Like flame that flashes through the smoke.
Like some fierce snake the hero stood:
His bow recalled the expanded hood,
And in his shaft-head bright and keen
The flickering of its tongue was seen:
And in his own all-conquering might
The venom of its deadly bite.
Prince Angad marked his angry look,
And every hope his heart forsook.
Then, his large eyes with fury red,
To Angad Lakshmaṇ turned and said:
'Go tell the king that Lakshmaṇ waits
For audience at the city gates,
Whose heart, O tamer of thy foes,
Is heavy with his brother's woes.
Bid him to Ráma's word attend,
And ask if he will aid his friend.
Go, let the king my message learn:
Then hither with all speed return.'
Prince Angad heard, and wild with grief
Cried as he looked upon the chief:
''Tis Lakshmaṇ's self: impelled by ire
He seeks the city of my sire.'
At the fierce words and furious look
Of Raghu's son he quailed and shook.
Back through the city gates he sped,
And, laden with the tale of dread,
Sought King Sugríva, filled his ears
And Rumá's with his doubts and fears.
To Rumá and the king he bent,
And clasped their feet most reverent,
Clasped the dear feet of Tárá, too,
And told the startling tale anew.

But King Sugríva's ear was dulled,
By love and wine and languor lulled,
Nor did the words that Angad spake
The slumberer from his trance awake.
But soon as Raghu's son came nigh
The startled Vánars raised a cry,
And strove to win his grace, while dread
Each anxious heart disquieted.
They saw, and, as they gathered round,
Rose from the mighty throng a sound
Like torrents when they downward dash,
Or thunder with the lightning's flash.
The shouting of the Vánars broke
Sugríva's slumber, and he woke:
Still with the wine his eyes were red,
His neck with flowers was garlanded.
Roused at the voice of Angad came
Two Vánar lords of rank and fame;
One Yaksha, one Prabháva hight,—
Wise counsellors of gain and right.
They came and raised their voices high,
And told that Raghu's son was nigh:
'Two brothers steadfast in their truth,
Each glorious in the bloom of youth,
Worthy of rule, have left the skies,
And clothed their forms in men's disguise.
One at thy gates, in warlike hands
Holding his mighty weapon, stands.
His message is the charioteer
That brings the eager envoy near,
Urged onward by his bold intent,
And by the hest of Ráma sent.'

[1] In a note on the corresponding passage in the Bengal recension Gorresio says: 'The text here makes use of a strange and something more than bold metaphor which I have sought to modify. The text

The gathered Vánars saw and fled,
And raised aloud their cry of dread.
Son of Queen Tárá, Angad ran
To parley with the godlike man.
Still fiery-eyed with rage and hate
Stands Lakshman at the city gate,
And trembling Vánars scarce can fly
Scathed by the lightning of his eye.
Go with thy son, thy kith and kin,
The favour of the prince to win,
And bow thy reverent head that so
His fiery wrath may cease to glow.
What righteous Ráma bids thee, do,
And to thy plighted word be true.'

says: "Here is Lakshman the charioteer of words who by the orders of Ráma has come hither upon the car of resolution." In his Italian translation he renders the passage: "Here is Lakshman, the brother of Ráma who by his orders comes hither the determined bearer of words."

CANTO XXXII.

HANUMÁN'S COUNSEL.

Sugríva heard, and, trained and tried
In counsel, to his lords replied:
'No deed of mine, no hasty word
The anger of the prince has stirred.
But haply some who hate me still
And watch their time to work me ill,
Have slandered me to Raghu's son,
Accused of deeds I ne'er have done.
Now, O my lords—for you are wise—
Speak truly what your hearts advise,
And, pondering each event, inquire
The reason of the prince's ire.
No fear have I of Lakshman: none:
No dread of Raghu's mightier son.
But wrath, that fires a friendly breast
Without due cause, disturbs my rest.
With labour light is friendship gained,
But with severest toil maintained.
And doubt is strong, and faith is weak,
And friendship dies when traitors speak.
Hence is my troubled bosom cold
With fear of Ráma lofty-souled;
For heavy on my spirit weigh
His favours I can ne'er repay'.
He ceased: and Hanumán of all
The Vánars in the council hall
In wisdom first, and rank, expressed

The thoughts that filled his prudent breast:
'No marvel thou rememberest yet
The service thou shouldst ne'er forget,
How the brave prince of Raghu's seed
Thy days from fear and peril freed;
And Báli for thy sake o'erthrew,
Whom Indra's self might scarce subdue.
I doubt not Ráma's anger burns
For the scant love thy heart returns.
For this he sends his brother, him
Whose glory never waxes dim.
Sunk in repose thy careless eye
Marks not the seasons as they fly,
Nor sees that autumn has begun
With dark blooms opening to the sun.
Clear is the sky: no cloudlet mars
The splendour of the shining stars.
The balmy air is soft and still,
And clear and bright are lake and rill.
Thou heedest not with blinded eyes
The hour for warlike enterprise.
Hence Lakshman hither comes to break
Thy slothful trance and bid thee wake.
Then, Monarch, with a patient ear
The high-souled Ráma's message hear,
Which, reft of wife and realm and friends,
Thus by another's mouth he sends.
Thou, Vánar King, hast done amiss:
And now I see no way but this:
Before his envoy humbly stand
And sue for peace with suppliant hand.
High duty bids a courtier seek
His master's weal, and freely speak.
So by no thought of fear controlled

My speech, O King, is free and bold.
For Ráma, if his anger glow,
Can, with the terrors of his bow,
This earth with all the Gods subdue,
Gandharvas,[1] and the demon crew.
Unwise to stir his wrathful mood
Whose favour must again be wooed.
And, most of all, unwise for one
Grateful like thee for service done.
Go with thy son and kinsmen: bend
Thy humble head and greet thy friend:
And, like a fond obedient spouse,
Be faithful to thy plighted vows.'

[1] Indra's associates in arms, and musicians of his heaven.

CANTO XXXIII.

LAKSHMAṆ'S ENTRY.

Through the fair city Lakshmaṇ came,
Invited in Sugríva's name.
Within the gates the guardian bands
Of Vánars raised their suppliant hands,
And in their ordered ranks, amazed,
Upon the princely hero gazed.
They marked each burning breath he drew,
The fury of his soul they knew.
Their hearts were chilled with sudden fear:
They gazed, but dared not venture near.
Before his eyes the city, gay
With gems and flowery gardens, lay,
Where fane and palace rose on high,
And things of beauty charmed the eye.
Where trees of every blossom grew
Yielding their fruit in season due
To Vánars of celestial seed
Who wore each varied form at need,
Fair-faced and glorious with the shine
Of heavenly robes and wreaths divine.
There sandal, aloe, lotus bloomed,
And their delicious breath perfumed
The city's broad street, redolent
Of sugary mead[1] and honey scent.
There many a lofty palace rose

[1] Maireya, a spirituous liquor from the blossoms of the Lythrum fruticosum, with sugar &c.

Like Vindhya or the Lord of Snows,
And with sweet murmur sparkling rills
Leapt lightly down the sheltering hills.
On many a glorious palace, raised
For prince and noble,[1] Lakshman gazed:
Like clouds of paly hue they shone
With fragrant wreaths that hung thereon:
There wealth of jewels was enshrined,
And fairer gems of womankind.
There gleamed, of noble height and size,
Like Indra's mansion in the skies,
Protected by a crystal fence
Of rock, the royal residence,
With roof and turret high and bright
Like Mount Kailása's loftiest height.
There blooming trees, Mahendra's gift,
High o'er the walls were seen to lift
Their golden-fruited boughs, that made
With leaf and flower delicious shade.
He saw a band of Vánars wait,
Wielding their weapons, at the gate
Where golden portals flashed between
Celestial garlands red and green.
Within Sugríva's fair abode
Unchecked the mighty hero strode,
As when the sun of autumn shrouds
His glory in a pile of clouds.
Through seven wide courts he quickly passed,
And reached the royal bower at last,
Where seats were set with couch and bed
Of gold and silver richly spread.

[1] Their names are as follows:

Angad, Mainda, Dwivida, Gavaya, Gaváksha, Gaja, Śarabha, Vidyunmáli, Sampáti, Súryáksha, Hanumán, Vírabáhu, Subáhu, Nala, Kúmuda, Sushena, Tára, Jámbuvatu, Dadhivakra, Níla, Supátala, and Sunetra.

While the young chieftain's feet drew near
The sound of music reached his ear,
As the soft breathings of the flute
Came blending with the voice and lute.
Then beauty showed her youth and grace
And varied charm of form and face:
Soft bright-eyed creatures, fair and young,—
Gay garlands round their necks were hung,
And greater charms to each were lent
By richest dress and ornament.
He saw the calm attendants wait
About their lord in careless state,
Heard women's girdles chime in sweet
Accordance with their tinkling feet.
He heard the anklet's silvery sound,
He saw the calm that reigned around,
And o'er him, as he listened, came
A rush of rage, a flood of shame.
He drew his bowstring: with the clang
From east to west the welkin rang:
Then in his modest mood withdrew
A little from the ladies' view,
And sternly silent stood apart,
While wrath for Ráma filled his heart.
Sugríva knew the sounding string,
And at the call the Vánar king
Sprang swiftly from his golden seat,
And feared the coming prince to meet.
Then with cold lips that terror dried
To beauteous Tárá thus he cried:
'What cause of anger, O my spouse
Fair with the charm of lovely brows,
Sets Lakshman's gentle brast on fire,
And brings him in unwonted ire?

Say, canst thou see, O faultless dame,
A cause to fill his soul with flame?
For there must be a reason when
Such fury stirs the king of men.
Reveal the sin, if sin of mine
Anger the lord of Raghu's line.
Or go thyself, his rage subdue,
And with soft words his favour woo.
Soon as on thee his eyes are set
His heart this anger will forget,
For men like him of lofty mind
Are never stern with womankind.
First let thy gentle speech disarm
His fury, and his spirit charm,
And I, from fear of peril free,
The conqueror of his foes will see.'

She heard: with faltering steps and slow,
With eyes that shone with trembling glow,
With gold-girt body gently bent
To meet the stranger prince she went.
When Lakshmaṇ saw the Vánar queen
With tranquil eyes and modest mien,
Before the dame he bent his head,
And anger, at her presence, fled.
Made bold by draughts of wine, and cheered
By Lakshmaṇ's look, no more she feared,
And in the trust his favour lent
She thus addressed him eloquent:
'Whence springs thy burning fury? say:
Who dares thy will to disobey?
Who checks the maddened flames that seize
On forests full of withered trees?'

Then Lakshmaṇ spoke, her mind to ease,
His kind reply in words like these:

'Thy lord his days in pleasure spends,
Heedless of duty and of friends.
Nor dost thou mark, though fondly true,
The evil path his steps pursue.
He cares not for affairs of state,
Nor us forlorn and desolate,
But sits a mere spectator still,
A sensual slave to pleasure's will.
Four months were fixed, the time agreed
When he should help us in our need:
But, bound in toils of pleasure fast,
He sees not that the months are past.
Where beats the heart which draughts of wine
To virtue or to gain incline?'
Hast thou not heard those draughts destroy
Virtue and gain and love and joy?
For those who, helped at need, refuse
Their aid in turn, their virtue lose:
And they who scorn a friend disdain
A treasure naught may buy again.
Thy lord has cast his friend away;
Nor feared from virtue's path to stray.
If this be true, declare, O dame
Who knowest duty's every claim,
What further work remains for us
Deceived and disappointed thus.'
She listened, for his words were kind,
Where virtue showed with gain combined,
And thus in turn the prince addressed,
As hope was rising in his breast:
'No time, no cause of wrath I see
With those who love and honour thee;
And thou shouldst bear without offence
Thy servant's fitful negligence.

I know the seasons glide away,
While Ráma maddens at delay.
I know what deed our thanks has earned,
I know that grace should be returned.
But still I know, whate'er befall,
That conquering love is lord of all;
Know where Sugríva's thoughts, possessed
By one absorbing passion, rest.
But he whom sensual joys debase
Heeds not the claim of time and place,
And sees not with his blinded sight
His duty or his gain aright.
O pardon him who loves me! spare
The Vánar caught in pleasure's snare,
And once again let Ráma grace
With favour him who rules our race.
E'en royal saints, whose chief delight
Was penance and austerest rite,
At love's commandment have unbent,
Beguiled by sweetest blandishment.
And know, Sugríva, roused at last,
The order to his lords has passed,
And, long by love and bliss delayed,
Wakes all on fire your hopes to aid.
A countless host his city fills,
New-gathered from a thousand hills:
Impetuous chiefs, who wear at need
Each varied form, his legions lead.
Come then, O hero, kept aloof
By modest awe, nor fear reproof:
A faithful friend untouched by blame
May look upon another's dame.'
He passed within, by Tárá pressed,
And by his own impatient breast.

Refulgent there in sunlike sheen
Sugríva on his throne was seen.
Gay garlands round his neck were twined,
And Rumá by her lord reclined.

CANTO XXXIV.

LAKSHMAṆ'S SPEECH.

Sugríva started from his rest
With doubt and terror in his breast.
He heard the prince's furious tread
He saw his eyes glow fiercely red.
Swift sprang the monarch to his feet
Upstarting from his golden seat.
Rose Rumá and her fellows, too,
And closely round Sugríva drew,
As round the moon's full glory stand
Attendant stars in glittering band.
Sugríva glanced with reddened eyes,
Raised his joined hands in suppliant guise,
Flew to the door, and rooted there
Stood like the tree that grants each prayer.[1]
And Lakshmaṇ saw, and, fiercely moved,
With angry speech the king reproved:
'Famed is the prince who loves the truth,
Whose soul is touched with tender ruth,
Who, liberal, keeps each sense subdued,
And pays the debt of gratitude.
But all unmeet a king to be,
The meanest of the mean is he
Who basely breaks the promise made
To trusting friends who lent him aid.
He sins who for a steed has lied,

[1] The Kalpadruma or Wishing-tree is one of the trees of Svarga or India's Paradise: it has the power of granting all desires.

As if a hundred steeds had died:
Or if he lie, a cow to win,
Tenfold as heavy is the sin.
But if the lie a man betray,
Both he and his shall all decay.'
O Vánar King, the thankless man
Is worthy of the general ban,
Who takes assistance of his friends,
And in his turn no service lends.
This verse of old by Brahmá sung
Is echoed now by every tongne.
Hear what He cried in angry mood
Bewailing man's ingratitude:
'For draughts of wine, for slaughtered cows,
For treacherous theft, for broken vows
A pardon is ordained: but none
For thankless scorn of service done.'
Ungrateful, Vánar King, art thou,
And faithless to thy plighted vow.
For Ráma brought thee help, and yet
Thou shunnest to repay the debt:
Or, grateful, thou hadst surely pressed
To aid the hero in his quest.
Thou art, in vulgar pleasures drowned,
False to thy bond in honour bound.
Nor yet has Ráma's guileless heart
Discerned thee for the thing thou art—
A snake who holds the frog that cries
And lures fresh victims as it dies.
Brave Ráma, born for glorious fate,
Has set thee in thy high estate,
And to the Vánars' throne restored,

[1] The meaning is that if a man promises to give a horse and then breaks his word he commits a sin as great as if he had killed a hundred horses.

Great-souled himself, their mean-souled lord.
Now if thy pride disown what he,
High-thoughted prince, has done for thee,
Struck by his arrows shalt thou fall,
And Báli meet in Yama's hall.
Still open, to the gloomy God,
Lies the sad path thy brother trod.
Then to thy plighted word be true,
Nor let thy steps that path pursue.
Methinks the shafts of Ráma, shot
Like thunderbolts, thou heedest not,
Who canst, absorbed in sensual bliss,
Thy promise from thy mind dismiss.'

CANTO XXXV.

TÁRÁ'S SPEECH.

He ceased: and Tárá starry-eyed
Thus to the angry prince replied:
'Not to my lord shouldst thou address
A speech so fraught with bitterness:
Not thus reproached my lord should be,
And least of all, O Prince, by thee.
He is no thankless coward—no—
With spirit dead to valour's glow.
From paths of truth he never strays,
Nor wanders in forbidden ways.
Ne'er will Sugríva's heart forget,
By Ráma saved, the lasting debt.
Still in his grateful breast will live
The succour none but he could give.
Restored to fame by Ráma's grace,
To empire o'er the Vánar race,
From ceaseless dread and toil set free,
Restored to Rumá and to me:
By grief and care and exile tried,
New to the bliss so long denied,
Like Viśvámitra once, alas,
He marks not how the seasons pass.
That saint ten thousand years remained
By sweet Ghritáchí's[1] love enchained,
And deemed those years, that flew away
So lightly, but a single day.

[1] The story is told in Book I. Canto LXIII., but the charmer there is called Menaká.

O, if those years unheeded flew
By him who times and seasons knew,
Unequalled for his lofty mind,
What marvel meaner eyes are blind?
Then be not angry, Raghu's son,
And let thy brother feel for one
Who many a weary year has spent
Stranger to love and blandishment.
Let not this wrath thy soul inflame,
Like some mean wretch unknown to fame:
For high and noble hearts like thine
Love mercy and to ruth incline,
Calm and deliberate, and slow
With anger's raging fire to glow.
At length, O righteous prince, relent,
Nor let my words in vain be spent.
This sudden blaze of fury slake,
I pray thee for Sugríva's sake.
He would renounce at Ráma's call
Rumá and Angad, me and all
Who call him lord: his gold and grain,
The favour of his friend to gain.
His arm shall slay the fiend more base
In soul than all his impious race,
And happy Ráma reunite
To Sítá, rival in delight
Of the triumphant Moon when he
Rejoins his darling Rohiṇí.[1]
Ten million million demons guard
The gates of Lanká firmly barred.
All hope until that host be slain,

[1] Rohiṇí is the name of the ninth Nakshatra or lunar asterism personified as a daughter of Daksha, and the favourite wife of the Moon. Aldebaran is the principal star in the constellation.

To smite the robber king, is vain.
Nor with Sugríva's aid alone
May king and host be overthrown.
Thus ere he died—for well he knew—
Spake Báli, and his words are true.
I know not what his proofs might be,
But speak the words he spake to me.
Hence far and wide our lords are sent
To raise the mightiest armament.
For their return Sugríva waits
Ere he can sally from his gates.
Still is the oath Sugríva swore
Kept firmly even as before:
And the great host this day will be
Assembled by the king's decree,
Ten thousand thousand troops, who wear
The form of monkey and of bear,
Prepared for thee the war to wage:
Then let thy wrath no longer rage.
The matrons of the Vánar race
See marks of fury in thy face;
They see thine eyes like blood are red,
And will not yet be comforted.'

CANTO XXXVI.

SUGRÍVA'S SPEECH.

She ceased: and Lakshmaṇ gave assent,
Won by her gentle argument.
So Tárá's pleading, just and mild,
His softening heart had reconciled.
His altered mood Sugríva saw,
And cast aside the fear and awe,
Like raiment heavy with the rain,
Which on his troubled soul had lain.
Then quickly to the ground he threw
His flowery garland, bright of hue,
Which round his royal neck he wore,
And, sobered, was himself once more.
Then turning to the princely man
In soothing words the king began:
'My glory, wealth, and royal sway
To other hands had passed away:
But Ráma to my rescue came,
And gave me back my power and fame.
O Lakshmaṇ, say, whose grateful heart
Could nurse the hope to pay in part,
By service of a life, the deed
Of Ráma sprung of heavenly seed?
His foeman Rávaṇ shall be slain,
And Sítá shall be his again.
The hero's side I will not leave,
But he the conquest shall achieve.
What need of help has he who drew

His bow, and one great arrow flew
Through seven tall trees, a mountain rent,
And cleft the earth with force unspent?
What aid needs he who shook his bow,
And at the sound the earth below
With hill and wood and rooted rock
Quaked feverous with the thunder shock?
Yet all my legions will I bring,
And follow close the warrior king
Marching on his impetuous way
Fierce Rávaṇ and his hosts to slay.
If I be guilty of offence,
Careless through love or negligence,
Let him his loyal slave forgive;
For error cleaves to all who live.'

Thus King Sugríva, good and brave,
In humble words his answer gave,
Softened was Lakshmaṇ's angry mood
Who thus his friendly speech renewed:
'My brother, Vánar King, will see
A champion and a friend in thee.
So strong art thou, so brave and bold,
So pure in thought, so humble-souled,
That thou deservest well to reign
And all a monarch's bliss to gain.
Lend thou my brother aid, and all
His foes beneath his arm will fall.
Full well the words thou speakest suit
A chieftain wise and resolute,
With grateful heart that loves the right,
And foot that never yields in fight.
O come, and my sad brother cheer
Who mourns the wife he holds so dear.
O pardon, friend, my harsh address,
And Ráma's frantic bitterness.'

CANTO XXXVII.

THE GATHERING.

He ceased: and King Sugríva cried
To sage Hanúmán[1] by his side:
'Summon the Vánar legions, those
Who dwell about the Lord of Snows:
Those who in Vindhyan groves delight,
Kailása's, or Mahendra's height,
Dwell on the Five bright Peaks, or where
Mandar's white summit cleaves the air:
Wherever they are wandering free
In highlands by the western sea,
On that east hill whence springs the sun,
Or where he sinks when day is done.
Call the great chiefs whose legions fill
The forests of the Lotus Hill,[2]
Where every one in strength and size
With the stupendous Anjan[3] vies.
Call those, with tints of burnished gold,
Whom Mahásaila's caverns hold:

[1] Válmíki and succeeding poets make the second vowel in this name long or short at their pleasure.

[2] Some of the mountains here mentioned are fabulous and others it is impossible to identify. Sugríva means to include all the mountains of India from Kailás the residence of the God Kuvera, regarded as one of the loftiest peaks of the Himálayas, to Mahendra in the extreme south, from the mountain in the east where the sun is said to rise to Astáchal or the western mountain where he sets. The commentators give little assistance: that Mahásaila &c. are certain mountains is about all the information they give.

[3] One of the celestial elephants of the Gods who protect the four quarters and intermediate points of the compass.

Those who on Dhúmra roam, or hide
In the wild woods on Meru's side.
Call those who, brilliant as the sun,
On high Maháruṇ leap and run,
Quaffing sweet juices that distil
From odorous trees upon the hill.
Call those whom tranquil haunts delight
Where dwell the sage and anchorite
In groves that through their wide extent
Exhale a thousand blossoms' scent.
Send out, send out: from coast to coast
Assemble all the Vánar host:
With force, with words, with gifts of price,
Compel, admonish and entice.
Already envoys have been sent
To warn them of their lord's intent.
Let others urged by thee repeat
My mandate that their steps be fleet.
Those lords who yielding to the sway
Of love's delight would fain delay,
Urge hither with the utmost speed,
Or with thee to my presence lead:
And those who linger to the last
Until ten days be come and passed,
And dare their sovereign to defy,
For their offence shall surely die.
Thousands, yea millions, shall there be,
Obedient to their king's decree,
The lions of the Vánar race,
Assembled from each distant place.
Forth shall they haste like hills in size,
Or mighty clouds that veil the skies,
And swiftly speeding on their way
Bring all our legions in array.'

He ceased: the son of Váyu[1] heard,
Submissive to his sovereign's word;
And sent his rapid envoys forth
To east and west and south and north.
They bent their airy course afar
Along the paths of bird and star,
And sped through ether farther yet
Where Vishṇu's splendid sphere is set.[2]
By sea, on hill, by wood and lake
They called to arms for Ráma's sake,
As each with terror in his breast
Obeyed his awful king's behest.
Three million Vánars, fierce and strong
As Anjan's self, a wondrous throng,
Sped from the spot where Ráma still
Gazed restless from the woody hill.
Ten million others, brave and bold,
With coats that shone like burning gold,
Came flying from the mountain crest
Where sinks the weary sun to rest.
Impetuous from the northern skies,
Where Mount Kailása's summits rise,
Ten hundred millions hasted, hued
Like manes of lions, ne'er subdued:
The dwellers on Himálaya's side,
Whose food his roots and fruit supplied,
With rangers of the Vindhyan chain
And neighbours of the Milky Main.[3]
Some from the palm groves where they fed,
Some from the woods of betel sped:

---

[1] Váyu or the Wind was the father of Hanumán.

[2] The path or station of Vishṇu is the space between the seven Rishis or Ursa Major, and Dhruva or the polar star.

[3] One of the seven seas which surround the earth in concentric circles.

In countless numbers, fierce and brave,
They came from mountain, lake, and cave,
As on their way the Vánars went
To rouse each distant armament,
They chanced that wondrous tree to view
That on Himálaya's summit grew.
Of old upon that sacred height
Was wrought Maheśvar's[1] glorious rite,
Which every God in heaven beheld,
And his glad heart with triumph swelled.
There from pure seed at random sown
Bright plants with luscious fruit had grown,
And, sweet as Amrit to the taste,
The summit of the mountain graced.
Who once should eat the virtuous fruit
That sprang from so divine a root,
One whole revolving moon should be
From every pang of hunger free.
The Vánars culled the fruit they found
Ripe on the sacrificial ground
With rare celestial odours sweet,
To lay them at Sugríva's feet.
Those noble envoys scoured the land
To summon every Vánar band,
Then swiftly homeward at the head
Of countless armaments they sped.
They gathered by Kishkindhá's wall,
They thronged Sugríva's palace hall,
And, richly laden, bare within
That fruit of heavenly origin.
Their gifts before their king they spread,
And thus in tones of triumph said:
'Through every land our way we took

[1] The title of Maheśvar or Mighty Lord is sometimes given to Iudra, but more generally to Śiva whom it here denotes.

To visit hill and wood and brook,
And all thy hosts from east to west
Flock hither at their lord's behest.'
Sugríva with delighted look
The present of his envoys took,
Then bade them go, with gracious speech
Rewarding and dismissing each.

CANTO XXXVIII.

SUGRÍVA'S DEPARTURE.

Thus all the princely Vánars, true
To their appointed tasks, withdrew.
Sugríva deemed already done
The work he planned for Raghu's son.
Then Lakshmaṇ gently spoke and cheered
Sugríva for his valour feared:
'Now, chieftain, if thy will be so,
Forth from Kishkindhá let us go.'
Sugríva's heart swelled high with pride
As to the prince he thus replied:
'Come, speed we forth without delay:
'Tis mine thy mandate to obey.'
Sugríva bade the dames adieu,
And Tárá and the rest withdrew.
Then at their chieftain's summons came
The Vánars first in rank and fame,
A trusty brave and reverent band,
Meet e'en before a queen to stand.
They at his call made haste to bring
The litter of the glorious king.
'Mount, O my friend,' Sugríva cried,
And straight Sumitrá's son complied.
Then took by Lakshmaṇ's side his place
The sovereign of the woodland race,
Upraised by Vánars, fleet and strong,
Who bore the glittering load along.
On high above his royal head

A paly canopy was spread,
And chouries white in many a hand
The forehead of the monarch fanned,
And shell and drum and song and shout
Pealed round him as the king passed out.
About the monarch went a throng
Of Vánar warriors brave and strong,
As onward to the mountain shade
Where Ráma dwelt his way he made.
Soon as the lovely spot he viewed
Where Ráma lived in solitude,
The Vánar monarch, far-renowned,
With Lakshmaṇ, lightly stepped to ground,
And to the son of Raghu went
Joining his raised hands reverent.
As their great leader raised his hands,
So suppliant stood the Vánar bands.
Well pleased the son of Raghu saw
Those legions, hushed in reverent awe,
Stand silent like the tranquil floods
That raise their hands of lotus buds.
But Ráma, when the king, to greet
His friend, had bowed him at his feet,
Raised him who ruled the Vánar race,
And held him in a close embrace:
Then, when his arms he had unknit,
Besought him by his side to sit,
And thus with gentle words the best
Of men the Vánar king addressed:
'The prince who well his days divides,
And knows aright the times and tides
To follow duty, joy, or gain,
He, only he, deserves to reign.
But he who wealth and virtue leaves,

And every hour to pleasure cleaves,
Falls from his bliss like him who wakes
From slumber on a branch that breaks.
True king is he who smites his foes,
And favour to his servants shows,
And of that fruit makes timely use
Which virtue, wealth, and joy produce.
The hour is come that bids thee rise
To aid me in my enterprise.
Then call thy nobles to debate,
And with their help deliberate.'

'Lost was my power,' the king replied,
'All strength had fled, all hope had died;
The Vánars owned another lord;
But by thy grace was all restored.
All this, O conqueror of the foe,
To thee and Lakshman's aid I owe;
And his should be the villain's shame
Who durst deny the sacred claim.
These Vánar chiefs of noblest birth
Have at my bidding roamed the earth,
And brought from distant regions all
Our legions at their monarch's call:
Fierce bears with monkey troops combined,
And apes of every varied kind,
Terrific in their forms, who dwell
In grove and wood and bosky dell:
The bright Gandharvas' brood, the seed
Of Gods,[1] they change their shapes at need.
Each with his legions in array,
Hither, O Prince, they make their way.
They come: and tens of millions swell

[1] See Book I. Canto XVI.

To numbers that no tongue may tell.[1]
For thee their armies will unite
With chiefs, Mahendra's peers in might.
From Meru and from Vindhya's chain
They come like clouds that bring the rain.
These round thee to the war will go,
To smite to earth thy demon foe;
Will slay the Rákshas and restore
Thy consort when the fight is o'er.'

[1] The numbers are unmanageable in English verse. The poet speaks of hundreds of *arbudas*; and an *arbuda* is a hundred millions.

CANTO XXXIX.

THE VÁNAR HOST.

Then Ráma, best of all who guide
Their steps by duty, thus replied:
'What marvel if Lord Indra send
The kindly rain, O faithful friend?
If, thousand-rayed, the God of Day
Drive every darksome cloud away?
Or, rising high, the Lord of Night
Flood the broad heaven with silver light?
What marvel, King, that one like thee
The glory of his friends should be?
No marvel, O my lord, that thou
Hast shown thy noble nature now.
Thy heart, Sugríva, well I know:
Naught from thy lips but truth may flow.
With thee for friend and champion all
My foes beneath my arm will fall.
The Rákshas, when my queen he stole,
Brought sure destruction on his soul,
Like Anuhláda[1] who beguiled
Queen Śachí called Puloma's child.
Yes, near, Sugríva, is the day
When I my demon foe shall slay,

[1] Anuhláda or Anuhráda is one of the four sons of the mighty Hiraṇyakaśipu, an Asur or a Daitya son of Kaśyapa and Diti and killed by Vishṇu in his incarnation of the Man-Lion *Narasinha*. According to the Bhágavata Puráṇa the Daitya or Asur Hiraṇyakaśipu and Hiraṇyaksha his brother, both killed by Vishṇu, were born again as Rávaṇ and Kumbhakarṇa his brother."

As conquering Indra in his ire
Slew Queen Paulomí's haughty sire.'[1]
He ceased: thick clouds of dust rose high
To every quarter of the sky:
The very sun grew faint and pale
Behind the darkly-gathering veil.
The mighty clouds that hung o'erhead
From east to west thick darkness spread,
And earth to her foundations shook
With hill and forest, lake and brook.
Then hidden was the ground beneath
Fierce warriors armed with fearful teeth,
Hosts numberless, each lord in size
A match for him who rules the skies:
From many a sea and distant hill,
From rock and river, lake and rill.
Some like the morning sun were bright,
Some, like the moon, were silver white:
These green as lotus fibres, those
White-coated from their native snows.[2]
Then Śatabali came in view
Girt by a countless retinue.
Like some gold mountain high in air
Tárá's illustrious sire[3] was there.
There Rumá's father,[4] far-renowned,
With tens of thousands ranged around.
There, tinted like the tender green

[1] Puloma, a demon, was the father-in-law of Indra who destroyed him in order to avert an imprecation. Paulomí is a patronymic denoting Śachí the daughter of Puloma.

[2] "Observe the variety of colours which the poem attributes to all these inhabitants of the different mountainous regions, some white, others yellow &c. Such different colours were perhaps peculiar and distinctive characteristics of those various races." GORRESIO.

[3] Sushen.

[4] Tára.

Of lotus filaments, was seen,
Compassed by countless legions, one
Whose face was as the morning sun,
Hanúmán's father good and great,
Kesarí[1], wisest in debate.
There the proud king Gaváksha, feared
For his strong warrior arm, appeared.
There Dhúmra, mighty lord, the dread
Of foes, his ursine legions led.
There Panas, first for warlike fame,
With twenty million warriors came.
There glorious Níla, dark of hue,
Arrayed his countless troops in view.
There moved lord Gavaya brave and bold,
Resplendent like a hill of gold,
And near him Darímukha stood
With millions from the hill and wood.
And Dwivid famed for strength and speed,
And Mainda, both of Aśvin seed.
There Gaja, strong and glorious, led
The countless troops around him spread,
And Jámbaván[2] the king whose sway
The bears delighted to obey,

[1] Kesarí was the husband of Hanumán's mother, and is here called his father.

[2] "I here unite under one heading two animals of very diverse nature and race, but which from some gross resemblances, probably helped by an equivoque in the language, are closely affiliated in the Hindoo myth... ... a reddish colour of the skin, want of symmetry and ungainliness of form, strength in hugging with the fore paws or arms, the faculty of climbing, shortness of tail (?), sensuality, capacity of instruction in dancing and in music, are all characteristics which more or less distinguish and meet in bears as well as in monkeys. In the *Rámáyaṇam*, the wise Jámbavant, the Odysseus of the expedition of Lanká, is called now king of the bears (rikshapárthivah), now great monkey *(Mahákapih)*. De Gubernatis: *Zoological Mythology*. Vol. II. p. 97.

With swarming myriads onward pressed
True to his lord Sugríva's hest;
And princely Ruman, dear to fame,
Led millions whom no hosts could tame.
All these and many a chief beside[1]
Came onward fierce in warlike pride.
They covered all the plain, and still
Pressed forward over wood and hill.
In rows for many a league around
They rested on the grassy ground;
Or to Sugríva made their way,
Like clouds about the Lord of Day,
And to the king their proud heads bent
In power and might preëminent.
Sugríva then to Ráma sped,
And raised his reverent hands, and said
That every chief from coast to coast
Was present with his warrior host.

[1] Gandhamádana, Angad, Tára, Indrajánu, Rambha, Durmukha, Hanumán, Nala, Darímukha, Śarabha, Kumuda, Vahni.

CANTO XL.

THE ARMY OF THE EAST.

With practised eye the king reviewed
The Vánars' countless multitude,
And, joying that his hest was done,
Thus spake to Raghu's mighty son:
'See, all the Vánar hosts who fear
My sovereign might are gathered here.
Chiefs strong as Indra's self, who speed
Where'er they list, these armies lead.
Fierce and terrific to the view
As Daityas or the Dánav[1] crew,
Famed in all lands for souls afire
With lofty thoughts, they never tire.
O'er hill and vale they wander free,
And islets of the distant sea.
And all these gathered myriads, all
Will serve thee, Ráma, at thy call.
Whate'er thy heart advises, say:
Thy mandates will the host obey.'
Then answered Ráma, as he pressed
The Vánar monarch to his breast:
'O search for my lost Sítá, strive
To find her if she still survive:
And in thy wondrous wisdom trace
Fierce Rávaṇ to his dwelling-place.
And when by toil and search we know

[1] Daityas and Dánavas are fiends and enemies of the Gods, like the Titans of Greek mythology.

Where Sítá lies and where the foe,
With thee, dear friend, will I devise
Fit means to end the enterprise.
Not mine, not Lakshmaṇ's is the power
To guide us in the doubtful hour.
Thou, sovereign of the Vánars, thou
Must be our hope and leader now.'
He ceased: at King Sugríva's call
Near came a Vánar strong and tall,
Huge as a towering mountain, loud
As some tremendous thunder cloud,
A prince who warlike legions led:
To him his sovereign turned and said:
'Go, take ten thousand[1] of our race
Well trained in lore of time and place,
And search the eastern region; through
Groves, woods, and hills thy way pursue.
There seek for Sítá, trace the spot
Where Rávaṇ hides, and weary not.
Search for the captive in the caves
Of mountains, and by woods and waves.
To Surjú,[2] Kauśikí,[3] repair,
Bhagírath's daughter[4] fresh and fair.
Search mighty Yámun's[5] peak, explore
Swift Yamuná's[6] delightful shore,

---

[1] I reduce the unwieldy numbers of the original to more modest figures.

[2] Sarayú now Sarjú is the river on which Ayodhyá was built.

[3] Kauśikí is a river which flows through Behar, commonly called Kosi.

[4] Bhagírath's daughter is Gangá or the Ganges. The legend is told at length in Vol. I. Canto XLIV. *The Descent of Gangá.*

[5] A mountain not identified.

[6] The Jumna. The river is personified as the twin sister of Yama, and hence regarded as the daughter of the Sun.

Sarasvatí[1] and Sindhu's[2] tide,
And rapid Śoṇa's[3] pebbly side.
Then roam afar by Mahí's,[4] bed
Where Kálamahí's groves are spread.
Go where the silken tissue shines,
Go to the land of silver mines.[5]
Visit each isle and mountain steep
And city circled by the deep,
And distant villages that high
About the peaks of Mandar lie.
Speed over Yavadwípa's land,[6]
And see Mount Śiśir[7] proudly stand
Uplifting to the skies his head
By Gods and Dánavs visited.
Search each ravine and mountain pass,
Each tangled thicket deep in grass.
Search every cave with utmost care
If haply Ráma's queen be there.
Then pass beyond the sounding sea
Where heavenly beings wander free,
And Śoṇa's[8] waters swift and strong

---

[1] The Sarasvatí (corruptly called Suraooty) is supposed to join the Ganges and Jumna at Prayág or Allahabad. It rises in the mountains bounding the north-east part of the province of Dehli, and running in a south-westerly direction becomes lost in the sands of the great desert.

[2] The Sindhu is the Indus, the Sanskrit *s* becoming *h* in Persian and being in this instance dropped by the Greeks.

[3] The Sone which rises in the district of Nagpore and falls into the Ganges above Patna.

[4] Mahí is a river rising in Malwa and falling into the gulf of Cambay after a westerly course of 280 miles.

[5] There is nothing to show what parts of the country the poet intended to denote as silk-producing and silver-producing.

[6] Yavadwípa means the island of Yava, wherever that may be.

[7] Śiśir is said to be a mountain ridge projecting from the base of Meru on the south. WILSON's *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, ed. Hall, Vol. II. p. 117.

[8] This appears to be some mythical stream and not the well-known Sone. The name means red-coloured.

With ruddy billows foam along.
Search where his shelving banks descend,
Search where the hanging woods extend:
Try if the pathless thickets screen
The robber and the captive queen.
Search where the torrent floods that rend
The mountain to the plains descend:
Search dark abysses where they rave,
Search mountain slope and wood and cave.
Then on with rapid feet, and gain
The islands of the fearful main
Where, tortured by the tempest's lash,
Against rude rocks the billows dash:
An ocean like a sable cloud,
Whose margent monstrous serpents crowd:
An ocean rising with a roar
To beat upon an iron shore.
On, onward still! your feet shall tread
Shores of the sea whose waves are red,
Where spreading wide your eyes shall see
The guilt-tormenting cotton tree,[1]
And the wild spot where Garuḍ[2] ḍwells
Which gems adorn and ocean shells,
High as Kailása, nobly decked,
Wrought by the heavenly architect.[3]
Huge giants named Mandehas[4] there

[1] A fabulous thorny rod of the cotton tree used for torturing the wicked in hell. The tree gives its name, Sálmalí, to one of the seven Dwípas or great divisions of the known continent; and also to a hell where the wicked are tormented with the prickles of the tree.

[2] The king of the feathered creation.

[3] Viśvakarmá, the Mulciber of the Indian heaven.

[4] "The terrific fiends named Mandehas attempt to devour the sun for Brahmá denounced this curse upon them, that without the power to perish they should die every day (and rovive by night) and therefore a fierce contest occurs (daily) between them and the sun."
WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol II. p. 250.

In each foul shape they love to wear,
Numbing the soul with terror's chill,
Hang from the summit of the hill:
When darts the sun his earliest beam
They plunge them in the ocean stream,
New vigour from his rays obtain,
And hang upon the rocks again.
Speed onward still: your steps shall be
At length beside the Milky Sea
Whose every ripple as it curls
Gleams glorious with its wealth of pearls.
Amid that sea like pale clouds spread
The white Mount Rishabh[1] rears his head.
About the mountain's glorious waist
Woods redolent of bloom are braced.
A lake where lotuses unfold
Their silver buds with threads of gold,
Sudarśan ever bright and fair
Where white swans sport, lies gleaming there,
The wandering Kinnar's[2] dear resort,
Where heavenly nymphs and Yakshas[3] sport.
On! leave the Milky Sea behind:
Another flood your search shall find,
A waste of waters, wild and drear,
That chills each living heart with fear.
There see the horse's awful head,
Wrath-born, that flames in Ocean's bed.[4]

---

[1] Said in the *Vishṇu Puráṇa* to be a ridge projecting from the base of Meru to the north.

[2] Kinnars are centaurs reversed, beings with equine heads and human bodies.

[3] Yakshas are demi-gods attendant on Kuvera the God of wealth.

[4] Aurva was one of the descendants of Bhrigu. From his wrath proceeded a flame that threatened to destroy the world, had not Aurva cast it into the ocean where it remained concealed, and having the face of a horse. The legend is told in the *Mahábhárat*, I. 6802.

There rises up a fearful cry
From the sea things that move thereby,
When, helpless, powerless for flight,
They gaze upon the horrid sight.
Pass to the northern shore, and then
Beyond the flood three leagues and ten
Your wondering glances will behold
Mount Játarúpa[1] bright with gold.
There like the young moon pale of hue
The monstrous serpent[2] will ye view,
The earth's supporter, whose bright eyes
Resemble lotus leaves in size.
He rests upon the mountain's brow,
And all the Gods before him bow.
Ananta with a thousand heads
His length in robes of azure spreads.
A triple-headed palm of gold—
Meet standard for the lofty-souled—
Springs towering from the mountain's crest
Beneath whose shade he loves to rest,
So that in eastern realms each God
May use it as a measuring-rod.
Beyond, with burning gold aglow,
The eastern steep his peaks will show,
Which in unrivalled glory rise
A hundred leagues to pierce the skies,
And all the neighbouring air is bright
With golden trees that clothe the height.
A lofty peak uprises there
Ten leagues in height and one league square,
Saumanas, wrought of glistering gold,

[1] The word Játarúpa means gold.

[2] The celebrated mythological serpent king Śesha, called also Ananta or the infinite, represented as bearing the earth on one of his thousand heads.

Ne'er to be loosened from its hold.
There his first step Lord Vishṇu placed
When through the universe he paced,
And with his second lightly pressed
The loftiest peak of Meru's crest.
When north of Jambudwíp[1] the sun
A portion of his course has run,
And hangs above this mountain height,
Then creatures see the genial light.
Vaikhánases,[2] saints far renowned,
And Bálakhilyas[3] love the ground
Where in their glory half divine,
Touched by the morning glow, they shine.
The light that flashes from that steep
Illumines all Sudarśandwíp,[4]
And on each creature, as it glows,
The sight and strength of life bestows.
Search well that mountain's woody side,
If Rávaṇ there his captive hide.
The rising sun, the golden hill
The air with growing splendours fill,
Till flashes from the east the red
Of morning with the light they shed.
This, where the sun begins his state,
Is earth and heaven's most eastern gate.
Through all the mountain forest seek

[1] Jambudwípa is in the centre of the seven great *dwípas* or continents into which the world is divided, and in the centre of Jambudwípa is the golden mountain Meru 84,000 yojans high, and crowned by the great city of Brahmá. See WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 110.

[2] Vaikhánases are a race of hermit saints said to have sprung from the nails of Prajápati.

[3] "The wife of Kratu, Samnati, brought forth the sixty thousand Válakhilyas, pigmy sages, no bigger than a joint of the thumb, chaste, pious, resplendent as the rays of the Sun." WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*.

[4] The continent in which Sudarśan or Meru stands, *i. e.* Jambudwíp.

By waterfall and cave and peak.
Search every nook and bosky dell,
If Rávaṇ there with Sítá dwell.
There, Vánars, there your steps must stay:
No farther eastward can ye stray.
Beyond no sun, no moon gives light,
But all is sunk in endless night.
Thus far, O Vánar lords, may you
O'er sea and land your search pursue.
But wild and dark and known to none
Is the drear space beyond the sun.
That mountain whence the sun ascends
Your long and weary journey ends.[1]
Now go, and in a month return,
And let success my praises earn.
He who beyond the month shall stay
Will with his life the forfeit pay.'

[1] The names of some historical peoples which occur in this Canto and in the Cantos describing the south and north will be found in the ADDITIONAL NOTES. They are bare lists, not susceptible of a metrical version.

CANTO XLI.

THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH.

He gathered next a chosen band
For service in the southern land.
He summoned Níla son of Fire,
And, offspring of the eternal Sire,
Jámbaván bold and strong and tall,
And Hanumán, the best of all,
And many a valiant lord beside,[1]
With Angad for their chief and guide.
'Go forth,' he cried, 'with all this host
Exploring to the southern coast:
The thousand peaks that Vindhya shows
Where every tree and creeper grows:
Where Narmadá's[2] sweet waters run,
And serpents bask them in the sun:
Where Krishṇaveṇí's[3] currents flee,
And sparkles fair Godávarí.[4]
Through Mekhal[5] pass and Utkal's[6] land:
Go where Daśárṇa's[7] cities stand.

---

[1] Suhotra, Śarári, Saragulma, Gaja, Gaváksha, Gavaya, Susheṇa, Gandhamádana, Ulkámukha, and Ananga.

[2] The modern Nerbudda.

[3] Krishṇaveṇí is mentioned in the *Vishṇu Puráṇa* as "the deep Krishṇaveṇí" but there appears to be no clue to its identification.

[4] The modern Godavery.

[5] The Mekhalas or Mekalas according to the Puráṇas live in the Vindhya hills, but here they appear among the peoples of the south.

[6] Utkal is still the native name of Orissa.

[7] The land of the people of the 'ten forts.' Professor Hall in a note on WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 160 says: "The oral traditions

Avantí[1] seek, of high renown,
And Abravaṇtí's[2] glorious town.
Search every hill and brook and cave
Where Daṇdak's woods their branches wave.
Ayomukh's[3] woody hill explore
Whose sides are bright with richest ore,
Lifting his glorious head on high
From bloomy groves that round him lie.
Search well his forests where the breeze
Blows fragrant from the sandal trees.
Then will you see Káverí's[4] stream
Whose pleasant waters glance and gleam,
And to the lovely banks entice
The sportive maids of Paradise.
High on the top of Malaya's[5] hill,
In holy musing, calm and still,
Sits, radiant as the Lord of Light,
Agastya,[6] noblest anchorite.
Soon as that lofty-thoughted lord
His high permission shall accord,
Pass Támraparṇí's[7] flood whose isles
Are loved by basking crocodiles.
The sandal woods that fringe her side
Those islets and her waters hide;

---

of the vicinity to this day assign the name of Daśárṇá to a region lying to the east of the District of Chundeyree."

[1] Avantí is one of the ancient names of the celebrated Ujjayin or Oujein in Central India.

[2] Not identified.

[3] Ayomukh means iron faced. The mountain is not identified.

[4] The Káverí or modern Cauvery is well known and has always borne the same appellation, being the Chaberis of Ptolemy.

[5] One of the seven principal mountain chains: the southern portion of the Western Ghúts.

[6] Agastya is the great sage who has already frequently appeared as Ráma's friend and benefactor.

[7] Támraparṇí is a river rising in Malaya.

While, like an amorous matron, she
Speeds to her own dear lord the sea.
Thence hasting on your way behold
The Páṇḍyas'[1] gates of pearl and gold.
Then, with your task maturely planned,
On ocean's shore your feet will stand.
Where, by Agastya's high decree,
Mahendra,[2] planted in the sea,
With tinted peaks against the tide
Rises in solitary pride,
And glorious in his golden glow
Spurns back the waves that beat below.
Fair mountain, bright with creepers' bloom
And every tint that trees assume,
Where Yaksha, God, and heavenly maid
Meet wandering in the lovely shade,
At changing moon and solemn tide
By Indra's presence glorified.
One hundred leagues in fair extent
An island[3] fronts the continent:
No man may tread its glitering shore:
With utmost heed that isle explore,
For the fair country owns the sway
Of Rávaṇ whom we burn to slay.
A mighty monster stands to keep
The passage of the southern deep.
Lifting her awful arms on high
She grasps e'en shadows as they fly.
Speed through that isle, and onward still

---

[1] The Páṇḍyas are a people of the Deccan.

[2] Mahendra is the chain of hills that extends from Orissa and the northern Sircars to Gondwána, part of which near Ganjam is still called Mahendra Malay or hills of Mahendra.

[3] Lankā, Sinhaladvípa, Sarandib, or Ceylon.

Where in mid sea the Flowery Hill [1]
Raises on high his bloomy head
By saints and angels visited.
There, with a hundred gleaming peaks
Bright as the sun, the sky he seeks.
One glorious peak the Lord of Day
Gilds ever with his loving ray;
Thereon ne'er yet the glances fell
Of thankless wretch or infidel.
Bow to that hill in reverence due,
And then once more your search pursue.
Beyond that glorious mountain hie,
And Súryaván, [2] proud hill, is nigh.
Your rapid course yet farther bend
Where Vaidyut's [3] airy peaks ascend.
There trees of noblest sort, profuse
Of wealth, their kindly gifts produce.
Their precious fruits, O Vánars, taste,
The honey sip, and onward haste.
Next will ye see Mount Kunjar rise,
Who cheers with beauty hearts and eyes.
There is Agastya's [4] mansion, decked
By heaven's all-moulding architect.
Near Bhogavatí [5] stands, the place
Where dwell the hosts of serpent race:
A broad-wayed city, walled and barred,
Which watchful legions keep and guard,

---

[1] The Flowery Hill of course is mythical.

[2] The whole of the geography south of Lanká is of course mythical. Súryaván means Sunny.

[3] Vaidyut means connected with lightning.

[4] Agastya is here placed far to the south of Lanká. Earlier in this Canto he was said to dwell on Malaya.

[5] Bhogavatí has been frequently mentioned: it is the capital of the serpent Gods or demons, and usually represented as being in the regions under the earth.

The fiercest of the serpent youth,
Each awful for his venomed tooth:
And throned in his imperial hall
Is Vásuki [1] who rules them all.
Explore the serpent city well,
Search town and tower and citadel,
And scan each field and wood that lies
Around it, with your watchful eyes.
Beyond that spot your way pursue:
A noble mountain shall ye view,
Named Rishabh, like a mighty bull,
With gems made bright and beautiful.
All trees of sandal flourish there
Of heavenly fragrance, rich and rare.
But, though they tempt your longing eyes,
Avoid to touch them, and be wise.
For Rohitas, a guardian band
Of fierce Gandharvas, round them stand,
Who five bright sovereign lords [2] obey,
In glory like the God of Day.
Here by good deeds a home is won,
With shapes like fire, the moon, the sun.
Here they who merit heaven by worth
Dwell on the confines of the earth.
There stay: beyond it, dark and drear,
Lies the departed spirits' sphere,
And, girt with darkness, far from bliss,
Is Yama's sad metropolis.[3]
So far, my lords, o'er land and sea
Your destined course is plain and free.

---

[1] Vásuki is according to some accounts the king of the Nágas or serpent Gods.

[2] Śailúsha, Gramiṇí, Siksha, Suka, Babhru.

[3] The distant south beyond the confines of the earth is the home of departed spirits and the city of Yama the God of Death.

Beyond your steps you may not set,
Where living thing ne'er journeyed yet.
With utmost care these realms survey,
And all you meet upon the way.
And, when the lady's course is traced,
Back to your king, O Vánars, haste.
And he who tells me he has seen,
After long search, the Maithil queen,
Shall gain a noble guerdon: he
In power and bliss shall equal me.
Dear as my very life, above
His fellows in his master's love;
I call him, yea though stained with crime
My kinsman from that happy time.'

CANTO XLII.

THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

Then to Sushen Sugríva bent,
And thus addressed him reverent:
'Two hundred thousand of our best
With thee, my lord, shall seek the west.
Explore Suráshṭra's [1] distant plain,
Explore Váhlíka's [2] wild domain,
And all the pleasant brooks that flee
Through mountains to the western sea.
Search clustering groves on mountain heights,
And woods the home of anchorites.
Search where the breezy hills are high,
Search where the desert regions lie.
Search all the western land beset
With woody mountains like a net.
The country's farthest limit reach,
And stand upon the ocean beach.
There wander through the groves of palm
Where the soft air is full of balm.
Through grassy dell and dark ravine
Seek Rávaṇ and the Maithil queen.
Go visit Somagiri's [3] steep
Where Sindhu [4] mingles with the deep.
There lions, borne on swift wings, roam
The levels of their mountain home,

[1] Suráshṭra, the 'good country,' is the modern Surat.
[2] A country north-west of Afghanistan, Balkh.
[3] The Moon-mountain here is mythical.
[4] Sindhu is the Indus.

And elephants and monsters bear,
Caught from the ocean, to their lair.
You Vánars, changing forms at will,
With rapid search must scour the hill,
And his sky-kissing peak of gold
Where loveliest trees their blooms unfold.
There golden-peaked, ablaze with light,
Uprises Páriyátra's [1] height
Where wild Gandharvas, fierce and fell,
In bands of countless myriads dwell.
Pluck ye no fruit within the wood;
Beware the impious neighbourhood,
Where, very mighty, strong, and hard
To overcome, the fruit they guard.
Yet search for Janak's daughter still,
For Vánars there need fear no ill.
Near, bright as turkis, Vajra [2] named,
There stands a hill of diamond framed,
Soaring a hundred leagues in pride,
With trees and creepers glorified.
Search there each cave and dark abyss
By waterfall and precipice.
Far in that sea the wild waves beat
On Chakraván's [3] firm-rooted feet,
Where the great discus, [4] thousand-rayed,
By Viśvakarmá's [5] art was made.
When Panchajan [6] the fiend was slain,

[1] Páriyátra, or as more usually written Páripátra, is the central or western portion of the Vindhya chain which skirts the province of Malwa.

[2] Vajra means both diamond and thunderbolt, the two substances being supposed to be identical.

[3] Chakraván means the discus-bearer.

[4] The discus is the favourite weapon of Vishṇu.

[5] The Indian Hephaistos or Vulcan.

[6] Panchajan was a demon who lived in the sea in the form of a conch shell. WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, V. 21.

And Hayagríva,[1] fierce in vain,
Thence taking shell and discus went
Lord Vishṇu, God preëminent.
On! sixty thousand hills of gold
With wondering eyes shall ye behold,
Where in his glory every one
Is brilliant as the morning sun.
Full in the midst King Meru,[2] best
Of mountains, lifts his lofty crest,
On whom of yore, as all have heard,
The sun well-pleased this boon conferred:
'On thee, O King, on thee and thine
Light, day and night, shall ever shine.
Gandharvas, Gods who love thee well
And on thy sacred summits dwell,
Undimmed in lustre, bright and fair,
The golden sheen shall ever share.'
The Viśvas,[3] Vasus,[4] they who ride

[1] Hayagríva, Horse-necked, is the name of a Daitya who at the dissolution of the universe caused by Brahmá's sleep, seized and carried off the Vedas. Vishṇu slew him and recovered the sacred treasures.

[2] Meru stands in the centre of Jambudwípa and consequently of the earth. "The sun travels round the world, keeping Meru always on his right. To the spectator who fronts him, therefore, as he rises Meru must be always on the north; and as the sun's rays do not penetrate beyond the centre of the mountain, the regions beyond, or to the north of it must be in darkness, whilst those on the south of it must be in light: north and south being relative, not absolute, terms, depending on the position of the spectator with regard to the Sun and Meru." WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 243, Note.

[3] The Viśvadevas are a class of deities to whom sacrifices should be daily offered, as part of the ordinary worship of the householder. According to the *Váyu Puráṇa* this is a privilege conferred on them by Brahmá and the Pitris as a reward for religious austerities practised by them upon Himálaya.

[4] The eight Vasus were originally personifications like other Vedic deities, of natural phenomena, such as Fire, Wind &c. Their appellations are variously given by different authorities.

The tempest,[1] every God beside,
Draw nigh to Meru's lofty crest
When evening darkens in the west,
And to the parting Lord of Day
The homage of their worship pay,
Ere yet a while, unseen of all,
Behind Mount Asta's[2] peaks he fall.
Wrought by the heavenly artist's care
A glorious palace glitters there,
And round about it sweet birds sing
Where the gay trees are blossoming:
The home of Varuṇ[3] high souled-lord,
Wrist-girded with his deadly cord.[4]
With ten tall stems, a palm between
Meru and Asta's hill is seen:
Pure silver from the base it springs,
And far and wide its lustre flings.
Seek Rávaṇ and the dame by brook,
In pathless glen, in leafy nook.
On Meru's crest a hermit lives
Bright with the light that penance gives:
Sávarṇi[5] is he named, renowned
As Brahmá's peer, with glory crowned.
There bowing down in reverence speak
And ask him of the dame you seek.
Thus far the splendid Lord of Day
Pursues through heaven his ceaseless way,
Shedding on every spot his light;

[1] The Maruts or Storm-Gods, frequently addressed and worshipped as the attendants and allies of Indra.

[2] The mountain behind which the sun sets.

[3] One of the oldest and mightiest of the Vedic deities; in later mythology regarded as the God of the sea.

[4] The knotted noose with which he seizes and punishes transgressors.

[5] Sávarṇi is a Manu, offspring of the Sun by Chháyá.

Then sinks behind Mount Asta's height.
Thus far advance: the sunless sea
Beyond is all unknown to me.
Sushen of mighty arm, long tried
In peril, shall your legions guide.
Receive his words with high respect,
And ne'er his lightest wish neglect.
He is my consort's sire, and hence
Deserves the utmost reverence.'

CANTO XLIII.

THE ARMY OF THE NORTH.

Forth went the legions of the west:
And wise Sugríva then addressed
Śatabal, summoned from the crowd,
To whom the sovereign cried aloud:
'Go forth, O Vánar chief, go forth,
Explore the regions of the north.
Thy host a hundred thousand be,
And Yama's sons[1] attend on thee.
With dauntless courage, strength, and skill
Search every river, wood, and hill.
Through every land in order go
Right onward to the Hills of Snow.
Search mid the peaks that shine afar,
In woods of Lodh and Deodár.[2]
Search if with Janak's daughter, screened
By sheltering rocks, there lie the fiend.
The holy grounds of Soma tread
By Gods and minstrels visited.
Reach Kála's mount, and flats that lie
Among the peaks that tower on high.
Then leave that hill that gleams with ore,
And fair Sudarśan's heights explore.
Then on to Devasakhá[3] hie,

[1] The poet has not said who the sons of Yama are.

[2] The Lodhra or Lodh (Symplocos Racemosa) and the Devadáru or Deodar are well-known trees.

[3] The hills mentioned are not identifiable. Soma means the Moon, Kála, black; Sudarśan, fair to see; and Devasakhá, friend of the Gods.

Loved by the children of the sky.
A dreary land you then will see
Without a hill or brook or tree,
A hundread leagues, bare, wild, and dread,
In lifeless desolation, spread.
Pursue your onward way, and haste
Through the dire horrors of the waste
Until triumphant with delight
You reach Kailása's glittering height.
There stands a palace decked with gold,
For King Kuvera[1] wrought of old,
A home the heavenly artist planned
And fashioned with his cunning hand.
There lotuses adorn the flood
With full-blown flower and opening bud,
Where swans and mallards float, and gay
Apsarases[2] come down to play.
There King Vaiśravaṇ's[3] self, the lord
By all the universe adored,
Who golden gifts to mortals sends,
Lives with the Guhyakas[4] his friends.
Search every cavern in the steep,
And green glens where the moonbeams sleep,
If haply in that distant ground
The robber and the dame be found.
Then on to Krauncha's hill,[5] and through
His fearful pass your way pursue:
Though dark and terrible the vale

[1] The God of Wealth.

[2] The nymphs of Paradise.

[3] Kuvera the son of Viśravas.

[4] A class of demigods who, like the Yakshas, are the attendants of Kuvera, and the guardians of his treasures.

[5] Situated in the eastern part of the Himálaya chain, on the north of Assam. The mountain was torn asunder and the pass formed by the War-God Kártikeya and Paraśuráma.

Your wonted courage must not fail.
There through abyss and cavern seek,
On lofty ridge, and mountain peak.
On, on! pursue your journey still
By valley, lake, and towering hill.
Reach the North Kurus' land, where rest
The holy spirits of the blest:
Where golden buds of lilies gleam
Resplendent on the silver stream,
And leaves of azure turkis throw
Soft splendour on the waves below.
Bright as the sun at early morn
Fair pools that happy clime adorn,
Where shine the loveliest flowers on stems
Of crystal and all valued gems.
Blue lotuses through all the land
The glories of their blooms expand,
And the resplendent earth is strown
With peerless pearl and precious stone.
There stately trees can scarce uphold
The burthen of their fruits of gold,
And ever flaunt their gay attire
Of flower and leaf like flames of fire.
All there sweet lives untroubled spend
In bliss and joy that know not end,
While pearl-decked maidens laugh, or sing
To music of the silvery string.[1]
Still on your forward journey keep,

[1] "The Uttara Kurus, it should be remarked, may have been a real people, as they are mentioned in the Aitarcya Bráhmaṇa, VIII. 14..... "Wherefore the several nations who dwell in this nothern quarter, beyond the Himavat, the Uttara Kurus and the Uttara Madras are consecrated to glorious dominion, and people term them the glorious. In another passage of the same work, however, the Uttara Kurus are treated as belonging to the domain of mythology." MUIR'S *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. I. p. 494. See ADDITIONAL NOTES.

And rest you by the northern deep,
Where springing from the billows high
Mount Somagiri[1] seeks the sky,
And lightens with perpetual glow
The sunless realm that lies below.
There, present through all life's extent,
Dwells Brahmá Lord preëminent,
And round the great God, manifest
In Rudra[2] forms high sages rest.
Then turn, O Vánars: search no more,
Nor tempt the sunless, boundless shore.'

[1] The Moon-mountain.

[2] The Rudras are the same as the storm winds, more usually called Maruts, and are often associated with Indra. In the later mythology the Rudras are regarded as inferior manifestations of Śiva, and most of their names are also names of Śiva.

CANTO XLIV.

THE RING.

But special counselling he gave
To Hanumán the wise and brave:
To him on whom his soul relied,
With friendly words the monarch cried:
'O best of Vánars, naught can stay
By land or sea thy rapid way,
Who through the air thy flight canst bend,
And to the Immortals' home ascend.
All realms, I ween, are known to thee
With every mountain, lake, and sea.
In strength and speed which naught can tire
Thou, worthy rival of thy sire
The mighty monarch of the wind,
Where'er thou wilt a way canst find.
Exert thy power, O swift and strong,
Bring back the lady lost so long,
For time and place, O thou most wise,
Lie open to thy searching eyes.'
When Ráma heard that special hest
To Hanumán above the rest,
He from the monarch's favour drew
Hope of success and trust anew
That he on whom his lord relied,
In toil and peril trained and tried,
Would to a happy issue bring
The task commanded by the king.
He gave the ring that bore his name,

A token for the captive dame,
That the sad lady in her woe
The missive of her lord might know.
' This ring', he said, ' my wife will see,
Nor fear an envoy sent by me. .
Thy valour and thy skill combined,
Thy resolute and vigorous mind,
And King Sugríva's high behest,
With joyful hopes inspire my breast'.

CANTO XLV.

THE DEPARTURE.

Away, away the Vánars sped
Like locusts o'er the land outspread.
To northern realms where rising high
The King of Mountains cleaves the sky,
Fierce Śatabal with vast array
Of Vánar warriors led the way.
Far southward, as his lord decreed,
Wise Hanumán, the Wind-God's seed,
With Angad his swift way pursued,
And Tára's warlike multitude.
Strong Vinata with all his band
Betook him to the eastern land,
And brave Sushen in eager quest
Sped swiftly to the gloomy west.
Each Vánar chieftain sought with speed
The quarter by his king decreed,
While from his legions rose on high
The shout and boast and battle cry:
'We will restore the dame and beat
The robber down beneath our feet.
My arm alone shall win the day
From Rávaṇ met in single fray,
Shall rob the robber of his life,
And rescue Ráma's captive wife
All trembling in her fear and woe.
Here, comrades, rest: no farther go:
For I will vanquish hell, and she

Shall by this arm again be free.
The rooted mountains will I rend,
The mightiest trees will break and bend,
Earth to her deep foundations cleave,
And make the calm sea throb and heave.
A hundred leagues from steep to steep
In desperate bound my feet shall leap.
My steps shall tread unchecked and free
Through woods, o'er land and hill and sea,
Range as they list from flood to fell,
And wander through the depths of hell.'

CANTO XLVI.

SUGRÍVA'S TALE.

'How, King,' cried Ráma, 'didst thou gain
Thy lore of sea and hill and plain?'
'I told thee how,' Sugríva said,
'From Báli's arm Máyáví fled[1]
To Malaya's hill, and strove to save
His life by hiding in the cave.
I told how Báli sought, to kill
His foe, the hollow of the hill;
Nor need I, King, again unfold
The wondrous tale already told.
Then, wandering forth, my way I took
By many a town and wood and brook.
I roamed the earth from place to place,
Till, like a mirror's polished face,
The whole broad disk, that lies between
Its farthest bounds, mine eyes had seen.
I wandered first to eastern skies
Where fairest trees rejoiced mine eyes,
And many a cave and wooded hill
Where lilies robed the lake and rill.
There metal dyes that hill[2] adorn
Whence springs the sun to light the morn.
There, too, I viewed the Milky Sea,
Where nymphs of heaven delight to be.
Then to the south I made my way

[1] Canto IX.
[2] Udayagiri or the hill from which the sun rises.

From regions of the rising day,
And roamed o'er Vindhya, where the breeze
Is odorous of sandal trees.
Still in my fear I found no rest:
I sought the regions of the west,
And gazed on Asta,[1] where the sun
Sinks when his daily course is run.
Then from that noblest hill I fled
And to the nothern country sped,
Saw Himaván,[2] and Meru's steep,
And stood beside the northern deep.
But when, by Báli's might oppressed,
E'en in those wilds I could not rest,
Came Hanumán the wise and brave,
And thus his prudent counsel gave:
'I told thee how Matanga[3] cursed
Thy tyrant, that his head should burst
In pieces, should he dare invade
The precincts of that tranquil shade.
There may we dwell in peace and be
From thy oppressor's malice free.'
We went to Rishyamúka's hill,
And spent our days secure from ill
Where, with that curse upon his head,
The cruel Báli durst not tread.'

[1] Asta is the mountain behind which the sun sets.
[2] Himálaya, the Hills of Snow.
[3] Canto XI.

CANTO XLVII.

THE RETURN.

Thus forth in quest of Sítá went
The legions King Sugríva sent.
To many a distant town they hied
By many a lake and river's side.
As their great sovereign's order taught,
Through valleys, plains, and groves they sought.
They toiled unresting through the day:
At night upon the ground they lay
Where the tall trees, whose branches swayed
Beneath their fruit, gave pleasant shade.
Then, when a weary month was spent,
Back to Prasravaṇ's hill they went,
And stood with faces of despair
Before their king Sugríva there.
Thus, having wandered through the east,
Great Vinata his labours ceased,
And weary of the fruitless pain
Returned to meet the king again.
Brave Śatabali to the north
Had led his Vánar legions forth.
Now to Sugríva back he sped
With all his host dispirited.
Suṣheṇ the western realms had sought,
And homeward now his legions brought.
All to Sugríva came, where still
He sat with Ráma on the hill,
Before their sovereign humbly bent

And thus addressed him reverent:
'On every hill our steps have been,
By wood and cave and deep ravine;
And all the wandering brooks we know
Throughout the land that seaward flow.
Our feet by thy command have traced
The tangled thicket and the waste,
And dens and dingles hard to pass
For creeping plants and matted grass.
Well have we searched with toil and pain,
And monstrous creatures have we slain.
But Hanumán of noblest mind
The Maithil lady yet will find;
For to his quarter of the sky[1]
The robber fiend was seen to fly.'

[1] Hanumán was the leader of the army of the south which was under the nominal command of Angad the heir-apparent.

CANTO XLVIII.

THE ASUR'S DEATH.

But Hanumán still onward pressed
With Tára, Angad, and the rest.
Through Vindhya's pathless glens he sped
And left no spot unvisited.
He gazed from every mountain height,
He sought each cavern dark as night,
And wandered through the bloomy shade
By pool and river and cascade.
But, though they sought in evey place,
Of Sítá yet they found no trace.
On fruit and woodland berries fed
Through many a lonely wild they sped,
And reached at last, untouched by fear,
A desert terrible and drear:
A fruitless waste, a land of gloom
Where trees were bare of leaf and bloom;
Where every scanty stream was dried,
And niggard earth her roots denied.
No elephants through all the ground,
No buffaloes or deer are found.
There roams no tiger, pard, or bear,
No creature of the wood is there.
No bird displays his glittering wings,
No tree, no shrub, no creeper springs.
There rise no lilies from the flood,
Resplendent with their flower and bud,
Where the delighted bees may throng

About the fragrance with their song.
There lived a hermit Kaṇḍu named,
For truth and wealth of penance famed,
Whom fervent zeal and holy rite
Had dowered with all-surpassing might.
His little son, a ten year child—
So chanced it—perished in the wild.
His death with fury stirred the sage,
Who cursed the forest in his rage,
Doomed from that hour to shelter none,
A waste for bird and beast to shun.
They searched by every forest edge,
They searched each cave and mountain ledge,
And thickets whence the water fell
Wandering through the tangled dell.
Striving to do Sugríva's will
They roamed along each leafy rill.
But vain were all endeavours, vain
The careful search, the toil and pain.
Through one dark grove they scarce could wind,
So thick were creepers intertwined.
There as they struggled through the wood
Before their eyes an Asur [1] stood.
High as a towering hill, his pride
The very Gods in heaven defied.
When on the fiend their glances fell
Each braced him for the combat well.
The demon raised his arm on high,
And rushed upon them with a cry.
Him Angad smote,—for, sure, he thought
This was the fiend they long had sought.
From his huge mouth by Angad felled,
The blood in rushing torrents welled,

[1] The Bengal recension—Gorresio's edition—calls this Asur or demon the son of Márícha.

As, like a mountain from his base
Uptorn, he dropped upon his face.
Thus fell the mighty fiend: and they
Through the thick wood pursued their way;
Then, weary with the toil, reclined
Where leafy boughs to shade them twined.

CANTO XLIX.

ANGAD'S SPEECH.

Then Angad spake: 'We Vanars well
Have searched each valley, cave, and dell,
And hill, and brook, and dark recess,
And tangled wood, and wilderness.
But all in vain: no eye has seen
The robber or the Maithil queen.
A dreary time has passed away,
And stern is he we all obey.
Come, cast your grief and sloth aside:
Again be every effort tried;
So haply may our toil attain
The sweet success that follows pain.
Laborious effort, toil, and skill,
The firm resolve, the constant will
Secure at last the ends we seek:
Hence, O my friends, I boldly speak.
Once more then, noble hearts, once more
Let us to-day this wood explore,
And, languor and despair subdued,
Purchase success with toil renewed.
Sugríva is a king austere,
And Ráma's wrath we needs must fear.
Come, Vánars, if ye think it wise,
And do the thing that I advise'.

Then Gandhamádan thus replied
With lips that toil and thirst had dried:
'Obey his words, for wise and true

Is all that he has counselled you.
Come, let your hosts their toil renew
And search each grove and desert through,
Each towering hill and forest glade,
By lake and brook and white cascade,
Till every spot, as our great lord
Commanded, be again explored.'
  Uprose the Vánars one and all,
Obedient to the chieftain's call,
And o'er the southern region sped
Where Vindhya's tangled forests spread.
They clomb that hill that towers on high
Like a huge cloud in autumn's sky,
Where many a cavern yawns, and streaks
Of radiant silver deck the peaks.
In eager search they wandered through
The forests where the Lodh trees grew,
Where the dark leaves were thick and green,
But found not Ráma's darling queen.
Then faint with toil, their hearts depressed,
Descending from the mountain's crest,
Their weary limbs a while to ease
They lay beneath the spreading trees.

CANTO L.

THE ENCHANTED CAVE.

Angad and Tára by his side,
Again rose Hanumán and tried
Each mountain cavern, dark and deep,
And stony pass and wooded steep,
The lion's and the tiger's home,
By rushing torrents white with foam.
Then with new ardour, south and west,
O'er Vindhya's height the search they pressed.
The day prescribed was near, and they
Still wandered on their weary way.
They reached the southern land beset
With woody mountains like a net.
At length a mighty cave they spied
That opened in a mountain's side,
Where many a verdant creeper grew
And o'er the mouth its tendrils threw.
Thence issued crane, and swan, and drake,
And trooping birds that love the lake.
The Vánars rushed within to cool
Their fevered lips in spring or pool.
Vast was the cavern, dark and dread,
Where not a ray of light was shed;
Yet not the more their eyesight failed,
Their courage sank or valour quailed.
On through the gloom the Vánars pressed
With hunger, thirst, and toil distressed,
Poor helpless wanderers, sad, forlorn,

With wasted faces wan and worn.
At length, when life seemed lost for aye,
They saw a splendour as of day,
A wondrous forest, fair and bright,
Where golden trees shot flamy light.
And lotus-covered pools were there
With pleasant waters fresh and fair,
And streams their rippling currents rolled
By seats of silver and of gold.
Fair houses reared their stately height
Of burnished gold and lazulite,
And glorious was the lustre thrown
Through lattices of precious stone.
And there were flowers and fruit on stems
Of coral decked with rarest gems,
And emeràld leaves on silver trees,
And honeycomb and golden bees.
Then as the Vánars nearer drew,
A holy woman met their view.
Around her form was duly tied
A garment of the blackdeer's hide.[1]
Pure votaress, she shone with light
Of fervent zeal and holy rite.
Then Hanumán before the rest
With reverent words the dame addressed:
'Who art thou? say; and who is lord
Of this vast cave with treasures stored?'

[1] The skin of the black antelope was the ascetic's proper garb.

CANTO LI.

SVAYAMPRABHÁ.

'Assailed by thirst and hunger, dame,
Within a gloomy vault we came.
We saw the cavern opening wide,
And straight within its depths we hied.
But utterly amazed are we
At all the marvels that we see.
Whose are the golden trees that gleam
With splendour like the morning's beam?
These cates of noblest sort? these roots?
This wondrous store of rarest fruits?
Whose are these calm and cool retreats,
These silver homes and golden seats,
And lattices of precious stones?
Who is the happy lord that owns
The golden trees, of rarest scent,
Neath loads of fruit and blossom bent?
Who, strong in holy zeal, had power
To deck the streams with richest dower,
And bade the lilies bright with gold
The glory of their blooms unfold,
Where fish in living gold below
The sheen of changing colours show?
Thine is the holy power, I ween,
That beautified the wondrous scene;
But if another's, lady, deign
To tell us, and the whole explain.'
To him the lady of the cave

In words like these her answer gave:
'Skilled Maya framed in days of old
This magic wood of growing gold.
The chief artificer in place
Was he of all the Dánav race.
He, for his wise enchantments famed,
This glorious dwelling planned and framed.
He for a thousand years endured
The sternest penance, and secured
From Brahmá of all boons the best,
The knowledge Uśanas[1] possessed.
Lord, by that boon, of all his will,
He fashioned all with perfect skill;
And, with his blissful state content,
In this vast grove a season spent.
By Indra's jealous bolt he fell
For loving Hemá's[2] charms too well.
And Brahmá on that nymph bestowed
The treasures of this fair abode,
Wherein her tranquil days to spend
In happiness that ne'er may end.
Sprung of a lineage old and high,
Merusávarṇi's[3] daughter, I
Guard ever for that heavenly dame
This home, Svayamprabhá[4] my name,—

[1] Uśanas is the name of a sage mentioned in the Vedas. In the epic poems he is identified with Śukra, the regent of the planet Venus, and described as the preceptor of the Asuras or Daityas, and possessor of vast knowledge.

[2] Hemá is one of the nymphs of Paradise.

[3] Merusávarṇi is a general name for the last four of the fourteen Manus.

[4] Svayamprabhá, the "self-luminous" is according to DE GUBERNATIS the moon: "In the *Svayamprabhá*, too, we meet with the moon as a good fairy who, from the golden palace which she reserves for her friend Hemá (the golden one,) is during a month the guide, in the vast cavern of Hanumant and his companions, who have lost their way in the search

For I have loved the lady long,
So skilled in arts of dance and song.
But say what cause your steps has led
The mazes of this grove to tread.
How, strangers, did ye chance to spy
The wood concealed from wanderer's eye?
Tell clearly why ye come; but first
Eat of this fruit and quench your thirst.'

---

of the dawn Sitâ." This is not quite accurate: Hanumán and his companions wander for a month in the cavern without a guide, and then Svayamprabhá leads them out.

CANTO LII.

THE EXIT.

'Ráma,' he cried, 'a prince whose sway
All peoples of the earth obey,
To Daṇḍak's tangled forest came
With his brave brother and his dame.
From that dark shade of forest boughs
The giant Rávaṇ stole his spouse.
Our king Sugríva's orders send
These Vánars forth to aid his friend,
That so the lady be restored
Uninjured to her sorrowing lord.
With Angad and the rest this band
Has wandered through the southern land,
With careful search in every place
The lady and the fiend to trace.
We roamed the southern region o'er,
And stood upon the ocean's shore.
By hunger pressed our strength gave way;
Beneath the spreading trees we lay,
And cried, worn out with toil and woe,
'No farther, comrades, can we go.'
Then as our sad eyes looked around
We spied an opening in the ground,
Where all was gloomy dark behind
The creeping plants that o'er it twined.
Forth trooping from the dark recess
Came swans and mallards numberless,
With drops upon their shining wings

As newly bathed where water springs.
'On, comrades, to the cave,' I cried,
And all within the portal hied.
Each clasping fast another's hand
Far onward pressed the Vánar band;
And still, as thirst and hunger drove,
We traced the mazes of the grove.
Here thou with hospitable care
Hast fed us with the noblest fare,
Preserving us, about to die,
With this thy plentiful supply.
But how, O pious lady, say,
May we thy gracious boon repay?'
He ceased: the ascetic dame replied:
'Well, Vánars, am I satisfied.
A life of holy works I lead,
And from your hands no service need.'
Then spake again the Vánar chief:
'We came to thee and found relief.
Now listen to a new distress,
And aid us, holy votaress.
Our wanderings in this vasty cave
Exhaust the time Sugríva gave.
Once more then, lady, grant release,
And let thy suppliants go in peace
Again upon their errand sped,
For King Sugríva's ire we dread.
And the great task our sovereign set,
Alas, is unaccomplished yet.'
Thus Hanumán their leader prayed,
And thus the dame her answer made:
'Scarce may the living find their way
Returning hence to light of day;
But I will free you through the might

Of penance, fast, and holy rite.
Close for a while your eyes, or ne'er
May you return to upper air.'
She ceased: the Vánars all obeyed;
Their fingers on their eyes they laid,
And, ere a moment's time had fled,
Were through the mazy cavern led.
Again the gracious lady spoke,
And joy in every bosom woke:
'Lo, here again is Vindhya's hill,
Whose valleys trees and creepers fill;
And, by the margin of the sea,
Prasravaṇ where you fain would be.'
With blessings then she bade adieu,
And swift within the cave withdrew.

CANTO LIII.

ANGAD'S COUNSEL.

They looked upon the boundless main,
The awful seat of Varuṇ's reign,
And heard his waters roar and rave
Terrific with each crested wave.
Then, in the depths of sorrow drowned,
They sat upon the bosky ground,
And sadly, as they pondered, grieved
For days gone by and naught achieved.
Pain pierced them through with sharper sting
When, gazing on the trees of spring,
They saw each waving bough that showed
The treasures of its glorious load;
And helpless, fainting with the weight
Of woe they sank disconsolate.
Then, lion-shouldered, stout and strong,
The noblest of the Vánar throng,
Angad the prince imperial rose,
And, deeply stricken by the woes
That his impetuous spirit broke,
Thus gently to the chieftains spoke:
'Mark ye not, Vánars, that the day
Our monarch fixed has passed away?
The month is lost in toil and pain,
And now, my friends, what hopes remain?
On you, in lore of counsel tried,
Our king Sugríva most relied.
Your hearts, with strong affection fraught,

His weal in every labour sought,
And the true valour of your band
Was blazoned wide in every land.
Forth on the toilsome search you sped,
By me—for so he willed it—led.
To us, of every hope bereft,
Death is the only refuge left.
For none a happy life may see
Who fails to do our king's decree.
Come, let us all from food abstain,
And perish thus, since hope is vain.
Stern is our king and swift to ire,
Imperious, proud, and fierce like fire,
And ne'er will pardon us the crime
Of fruitless search and wasted time.
Far better thus to end our lives,
And leave our wealth, our homes and wives,
Leave our dear little ones and all,
Than by his vengeful hand to fall.
Think not Sugríva's wrath will spare
Me Báli's son, imperial heir:
For Raghu's royal son, not he,
To this high place anointed me.
Sugríva, long my bitter foe,
With eager hand will strike the blow,
And, mindful of the old offence,
Will slay me now for negligence,
Nor will my pitying friends have power
To save me in the deadly hour.
No—here, O chieftains, will I lie
By ocean's marge, and fast and die.'

They heard the royal prince declare
The purpose of his fixt despair;
And all, by common terror moved,

His speech in these sad words approved:
'Sugríva's heart is hard and stern,
And Ráma's thoughts for Sítá yearn.
Our forfeit lives will surely pay
For idle search and long delay,
And our fierce king will bid us die
The favour of his friend to buy.'
Then Tára softly spake to cheer
The Vánars' hearts oppressed by fear:
'Despair no more, your doubts dispel:
Come in this ample cavern dwell.
There may we live in blissful ease
Mid springs and fruit and bloomy trees,
Secure from every foe's assault,
For magic framed the wondrous vault.
Protected there we need not fear
Though Ráma and our king come near;
Nor dread e'en him who batters down
The portals of the foeman's town.'[1]

[1] Purandara, the destroyer of cities; the cities being the clouds which the God of the firmament bursts open with his thunderbolts, to release the waters imprisoned in these fortresses of the demons of drought.

CANTO LIV.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

But Hanumán, while Tára, best
Of splendid chiefs, his thought expressed,
Perceived that Báli's princely son
A kingdom for himself had won.[1]
His keen eye marked in him combined
The warrior's arm, the ruler's mind,
And every noble gift should grace
The happy sovereign of his race:
Marked how he grew with ripening age
More glorious and bold and sage,—
Like the young moon that night by night
Shines on with ever waxing light,—
Brave as his royal father, wise
As he who counsels in the skies: [2]
Marked how, forwearied with the quest,
He heeded not his liege's hest,
But Tára's every word obeyed
Like Indra still by Śukra [3] swayed.
Then with his prudent speech he tried
To better thoughts the prince to guide,
And by division's skilful art

[1] Perceived that Angad had secured, through the love of the Vánars, the reversion of Sugríva's kingdom; or, as another commentator explains it, perceived that Angad had obtained a new kingdom in the enchanted cave which the Vánars, through love of him, would consent to occupy.

[2] Váchaspati, Lord of Speech, the Preceptor of the Gods.

[3] Śukra is the regent of the planet Venus, and the preceptor of the Daityas.

The Vánars and the youth to part:
'Illustrious Angad, thou in fight
Hast far surpassed thy father's might,
Most worthy, like thy sire of old,
The empire of our race to hold.
The Vánars' fickle people range
From wish to wish and welcome change.
Their wives and babes they will not leave,
And to their new-made sovereign cleave.
No art, no gifts will draw away
The Vánars from Sugríva's sway,
Through hope of wealth, through fear of pain
Still faithful will they all remain.
Thou fondly hopest in this cave
The vengeance of the foe to brave.
But Lakshmaṇ's arm a shower will send
Of deadly shafts those walls to rend.
Like Indra's bolts his shafts have power
To cleave the mountain like a flower.
O Angad, mark my counsel well:
If in this cave thou choose to dwell,
These Vánar hosts with one accord
Will quit thee for their lawful lord,
And turn again with thirsty eyes
To wife and babe and all they prize.
Thou in the lonely cavern left
Of followers and friends bereft,
Wilt be in all thy woe, alas,
Weak as a blade of trembling grass;
And Lakshmaṇ's arrows, keen and fierce
From his strong bow, thy heart will pierce.
But if in lowly reverence meek
Sugríva's court with us thou seek,
He, as thy birth demands, will share

The kingdom with the royal heir.
Thy loving kinsman, true and wise,
Looks on thee still with favouring eyes.
Firm in his promise, pure is he,
And ne'er will vex or injure thee.
He loves thy mother, lives for her
A faithful friend and worshipper.
That mother's love thou mayst not spurn:
Her only child, return, return.'

CANTO LV.

ANGAD'S REPLY.

'What truth or justice canst thou find,'
Cried Angad, 'in Sugríva's mind?
Where is his high and generous soul,
His purity and self-control?
How is he worthy of our trust,
Righteous, and true, and wise, and just,
Who, shrinking not from sin and shame,
Durst take his living brother's dame?
Who, when, in stress of mortal strife
His noble brother fought for life,
Against the valiant warrior barred
The portal which he stood to guard?
Can he be grateful—he who took
The hand of Ráma, and forsook
That friend who saved him in his woes,
To whom his life and fame he owes?
Ah no! his heart is cold and mean.
What bids him search for Ráma's queen?
Not honour's law, not friendship's debt,
But angry Lakshmaṇ's timely threat.
No prudent heart will ever place
Its trust in one so false and base,
Who heeds not friendship, kith or kin,
Who scorns the law and cleaves to sin.
But true or false, whate'er he be,
One consequence I clearly see:
Me, in my youth anointed heir

Against his wish, he will not spare;
But strike with eager hand the blow
That rids him of a household foe.
Shall I of power and friends despoiled,
In all my purpose crossed and foiled,—
Shall I Kishkindhá seek, and wait,
Like some poor helpless thing, my fate?
The cruel wretch through lust of sway
Will seize upon his hapless prey,
And to a prison's secret gloom
The remnant of my years will doom.
'Tis better far to fast and die
Than hopeless bound in chains to lie.
Your steps, O Vánars, homeward bend,
And leave me here my life to end.
Better to die of hunger here
Than meet at home the fate I fear.
Go, bow you at Sugríva's feet,
And in my name the monarch greet.
Before the sons of Raghu bend,
And give the greeting that I send.
Greet kindly Rumá too, for she
A son's affection claims from me,
And gently calm with friendly care
My mother Tárá's wild despair;
Or when she hears her darling's fate
The queen will die disconsolate.'
Thus Angad bade the chiefs adieu:
Then on the ground his limbs he threw
Where sacred Darbha[1] grass was spread,
And wept as every hope had fled.

[1] The name of various kinds of grass used at sacrificial ceremonies, especially of the Kuśa grass, Poa cynosuroides, which was used to strew the ground in preparing for a sacrifice, the officiating Brahmans being purified by sitting on it.

The moving words of Angad drew
Down aged cheeks the piteous dew.
And, as the chieftains' eyes grew dim,
They swore to stay and die with him.
On holy grass whose every blade
Was duly, pointing southward, laid,
The Vánars sat them down and bent
Their faces to the orient,
While 'Here, O comrades, let us die
With Angad,' was the general cry.

CANTO LVI.

SAMPÁTI.

Then came the vultures' mighty king
Where sat the Vánars sorrowing,—
Sampáti,[1] best of birds that fly
On sounding pinions through the sky,
Jaṭáyus' brother, famed of old,
Most glorious and strong and bold.
Upon the slope of Vindhya's hill
He saw the Vánars calm and still.
These words he uttered while the sight
Filled his fierce spirit with delight:
'Behold how Fate with changeless laws
Within his toils the sinner draws,
And brings me, after long delay,
A rich and noble feast to-day,
These Vánars who are doomed to die
My hungry maw to satisfy.'
He spoke no more: and Angad heard
The menace of the mighty bird;
And thus, while anguish filled his breast,
The noble Hanumán addressed:
'Vivasvat's[2] son has sought this place
For vengeance on the Vánar race.
See, Yama, wroth for Sítá's sake,
Is come our guilty lives to take.
Our king's decree is left undone,

[1] Sampáti is the eldest son of the celebrated Garuḍa the king of birds.

[2] Vivasvat or the Sun is the father of Yama the God of Death.

And naught achieved for Raghu's son.
In duty have we failed, and hence
Comes punishment for dire offence.
Have we not heard the marvels wrought
By King Jaṭáyus,[1] how he fought
With Rávaṇ's might, and, nobly brave,
Perished, the Maithil queen to save?
There is no living creature, none,
But loves to die for Raghu's son,
And in long toils and dangers we
Have placed our lives in jeopardy.
Blest is Jaṭáyus, he who gave
His life the Maithil queen to save,
And proved his love for Ráma well
When by the giant's hand he fell.
Now raised to bliss and high renown
He fears not fierce Sugríva's frown.
Alas, alas! what miseries spring
From that rash promise of the king![2]
His own sad death, and Ráma sent
With Lakshmaṇ forth to banishment:
The Maithil lady borne away:
Jaṭáyus slain in mortal fray:
The fall of Báli when the dart
Of Ráma quivered in his heart:
And, after toil and pain and care,
Our misery and deep despair.'

He ceased: the feathered monarch heard
His heart with ruth and wonder stirred:
'Whose is that voice,' the vulture cried,
'That tells me how Jaṭáyus died,
And shakes my inmost soul with woe

[1] Book III, Canto LI.

[2] Daśaratha's rash oath and fatal promise to his wife Kaikeyí.

For a loved brother's overthrow?
After long days at lengh I hear
The glorious name of one so dear.
Once more, O Vánar chieftains, tell
How King Jaṭáyus fought and fell.
But first your aid, I pray you, lend,
And from this peak will I descend.
The sun has burnt my wings, and I
No longer have the power to fly.'

CANTO LVII.

ANGAD'S SPEECH.

Though grief and woe his utterance broke,
They trusted not the words he spoke;
But, looking still for secret guile,
Reflected in their hearts a while:
'If on our mangled limbs he feed,
We gain the death ourselves decreed.'
Then rose the Vánar chiefs, and lent
Their arms to aid the bird's descent;
And Angad spake: 'There lived of yore
A noble Vánar king who bore
The name of Riksharajas, great
And brave and strong and fortunate.
His sons were like their father: fame
Knows Báli and Sugríva's name.
Praised in all lands, a glorious king
Was Báli, and from him I spring.
Brave Ráma, Daśaratha's heir,
A glorious prince beyond compare,
His sire and duty's law obeyed,
And sought the depths of Daṇḍaks' shade.
Sítá his well-beloved dame,
And Lakshmaṇ, with the wanderer came.
A giant watched his hour, and stole
The sweet delight of Ráma's soul.
Jaṭáyus, Daśaratha's friend,
Swift succour to the dame would lend.
Fierce Rávaṇ from his car he felled,

And for a time the prize withheld.
But bleeding, weak with years, and tired,
Beneath the demon's blows expired,
Due rites at Ráma's hands obtained,
And bliss that ne'er shall minish, gained.
Then Ráma with Sugríva made
A covenant for mutual aid,
And Báli, to the field defied,
By conquering Ráma's arrow died.
Sugríva then, by Ráma's grace,
Was monarch of the Vánar race.
By his command a mighty host
Seeks Ráma's queen from coast to coast.
Sent forth by him, in every spot
We looked for her, but find her not.
Vain is the toil, as though by night
We sought to find the Day-God's light.
In lands unknown at length we found
A spacious cavern under ground,
Whose vaults that stretch beneath the hill
Were formed by Maya's magic skill.
Through the dark maze our steps were bent,
And wandering there a month we spent,
And lost, in fruitless error, thus
The days our king allotted us.
Thus we though faithful have transgressed,
And failed to keep our lord's behest.
No chance of safety can we see,
No lingering hope of life have we.
Sugríva's wrath and Ráma's hate
Press on our souls with grievous weight:
And we, because 'tis vain to fly,
Resolve at length to fast and die.'

CANTO LVIII.

TIDINGS OF SÍTÁ.

The piteous tears his eye bedewed
As thus his speech the bird renewed:
'Alas my brother, slain in fight
By Rávaṇ's unresisted might!
I, old and wingless, weak and worn,
O'er his sad fate can only mourn.
Fled is my youth: in life's decline
My former strength no more is mine.
Once on the day when Vritra[1] died,
We brothers, in ambitious pride,
Sought, mounting with adventurous flight,
The Day-God garlanded with light.
On, ever on we urged our way
Where fields of ether round us lay,
Till, by the fervent heat assailed,
My brother's pinions flagged and failed.
I marked his sinking strength, and spread
My stronger wings to screen his head,
Till, all my feathers burnt away,
On Vindhya's hill I fell and lay.
There in my lone and helpless state
I heard not of my brother's fate.'

[1] Vritra,' the coverer, hider, obstructer (of rain)' is the name of the Vedic personification of an imaginary malignant influence or demon of darkness and drought supposed to take possession of the clouds, causing them to obstruct the clearness of the sky and keep back the waters. Indra is represented as battling with this evil influence, and the pent-up clouds being practically represented as mountains or castles are shattered by his thunderbolt and made to open their receptacles.

Thus King Sampáti spoke and sighed:
And royal Angad thus replied:
'If, brother of Jaṭáyus, thou
Hast heard the tale I told but now,
Obedient to mine earnest prayer
The dwelling of that fiend declare.
O, say where cursed Rávaṇ dwells,
Whom folly to his death impels.'
He ceased. Again Sampáti spoke,
And hope in every breast awoke:
'Though lost my wings, and strength decayed,
Yet shall my words lend Ráma aid.
I know the worlds where Vishṇu trod,[1]
I know the realm of Ocean's God;
How Asurs fought with heavenly foes,
And Amrit from the churning rose.[2]
A mighty task before me lies,
To prosper Ráma's enterprise,
A task too hard for one whom length
Of days has rifled of his strength.
I saw the cruel Rávaṇ bear
A gentle lady through the air.
Bright was her form, and fresh and young,
And sparkling gems about her hung.
'O Ráma, Ráma!' cried the dame,
And shrieked in terror Lakshmaṇ's name,
As, struggling in the giant's hold,
She dropped her gauds of gems and gold.
Like sun-light on a mountain shone
The silken garments she had on,
And glistened o'er his swarthy form
As lightning flashes through the storm.

[1] Frequent mention has been made of the three steps of Vishṇu typifying the rising, culmination, and setting of the sun.

[2] For the *Churning of the Sea.* See Book I. 45.

That giant Rávaṇ, famed of old,
Is brother of the Lord of Gold.[1]
The southern ocean roars and swells
Round Lanká, where the robber dwells
In his fair city nobly planned
And built by Viśvakarmá's[2] hand.
Within his bower securely barred,
With monsters round her for a guard,
Still in her silken vesture clad
Lies Sítá, and her heart is sad.
A hundred leagues your course must be
Beyond this margin of the sea.
Still to the south your way pursue,
And there the giant Rávaṇ view.
Then up, O Vánars, and away!
For by my heavenly lore I say,
There will you see the lady's face,
And hither soon your steps retrace.
In the first field of air are borne
The doves and birds that feed on corn.
The second field supports the crows
And birds whose food on branches grows.
Along the third in balanced flight
Sail the keen osprey and the kite.
Swift through the fourth the falcon springs,
The fifth the slower vulture wings.
Up to the sixth the gay swans rise,
Where royal Vainateya[3] flies.
We too, O chiefs, of vulture race,
Our line from Vinatá may trace,
Condemned, because we wrought a deed
Of shame, on flesh and blood to feed.

[1] Kuvera, the God of Wealth.
[2] The Architect of the Gods.
[3] Garuḍa, son of Vinatá, the sovereign of the birds.

But all Suparṇa's[1] wondrous powers
And length of keenest sight are ours,
That we a hundred leagues away
Through fields of air descry our prey.
Now from this spot my gazing eye
Can Rávaṇ and the dame descry.
Devise some plan to overleap
This barrier of the briny deep.
Find the Videhan lady there,
And joyous to your home repair.
Me too, O Vánars, to the side
Of Varuṇ's[2] home the ocean, guide,
Where due libations shall be paid
To my great-hearted brother's shade.'

[1] 'The well-winged one,' Garuḍa.
[2] The God of the Sea.

CANTO LIX.

SAMPÁTI'S STORY.

They heard his counsel to the close,
Then swiftly to their feet they rose;
And Jámbaván with joyous breast
The vulture king again addressed:
'Where, where is Sítá? who has seen,
Who borne away the Maithil queen?
Who would the lightning flight withstand
Of arrows shot by Lakshman's hand?'
Again Sampáti spoke to cheer
The Vánars as they bent to hear:
'Now listen, and my words shall show
What of the Maithil dame I know,
And in what distant prison lies
The lady of the long dark eyes.
Scorched by the fiery God of Day,
High on this mighty hill I lay.
A long and weary time had passed,
And strength and life were failing fast.
Yet, ere the breath had left my frame,
My son, my dear Supárśva, came.
Each morn and eve he brought me food,
And filial care my life renewed.
But serpents still are swift to ire,
Gandharvas slaves to soft desire,
And we, imperial vultures, need
A full supply our maws to feed.
Once he returned at close of day,

Stood by my side, but brought no prey.
He looked upon my ravenous eye,
Heard my complaint and made reply:
'Borne on swift wings ere day was light
I stood upon Mahendra's[1] height,
And, far below, the sea I viewed
And birds in countless multitude.
Before mine eyes a giant flew
Whose monstrous form was dark of hue,
And struggling in his grasp was borne
A lady radiant as the morn.
Swift to the south his course he bent,
And cleft the yielding element.
The holy spirits of the air
Came round me as I marvelled there,
And cried, as their bright legions met:
'O say, is Sítá living yet?'
Thus cried the saints and told the name
Of him who held the struggling dame.
Then while mine eye with eager look
Pursued the path the robber took,
I marked the lady's streaming hair,
And heard her cry of wild despair.
I saw her silken vesture rent
And stripped of every ornament.
Thus, O my father, fled the time:
Forgive, I pray, the heedless crime.'
In vain the mournful tale I heard
My pitying heart to fury stirred.
What could a helpless bird of air,
Reft of his boasted pinions, dare?
Yet can I aid with all that will
And words can do, and friendly skill.'

[1] Mahendra is a chain of mountains generally identified with part of the Ghâts of the Peninsula.

CANTO LX.

SAMPÁTI'S STORY.

Then from the flood Sampáti paid
Due offerings to his brother's shade.
He bathed him when the rites were done,
And spake again to Báli's son:
'Now listen, Prince, while I relate
How first I learned the lády's fate.
Burnt by the sun's resistless might
I fell and lay on Vindhya's height.
Seven nights in deadly swoon I passed,
But struggling life returned at last.
Around I bent my wondering view,
But every spot was strange and new.
I scanned the sea with eager ken,
And rock and brook and lake and glen.
I saw gay trees their branches wave,
And creepers mantling o'er the cave.
I heard the wild birds' joyous song,
And waters as they foamed along,
And knew the lovely hill must be
Mount Vindhya by the southern sea.
Revered by heavenly beings, stood
Near where I lay, a sacred wood,
Where great Niśákar dwelt of yore
And pains of awful penance bore.
Eight thousand seasons winged their flight
Over the toiling anchorite—
Upon that hill my days were spent,—

And then to heaven the hermit went.
At last, with long and hard assay,
Down from that height I made my way,
And wandered through the mountain pass
Rough with the spikes of Darbha grass.
I with my misery worn and faint
Was eager to behold the saint;
For often with Jaṭáyus I
Had sought his home in days gone by.
As nearer to the grove I drew
The breeze with cooling fragrance blew,
And not a tree that was not fair
With richest flower and fruit was there.
With anxious heart a while I stayed
Beneath the trees' delightful shade,
And soon the holy hermit, bright
With fervent penance, came in sight.
Behind him bears and lions, tame
As those who know their feeder, came,
And tigers, deer, and snakes pursued
His steps, a wondrous multitude,
And turned obeisant when the sage
Had reached his shady hermitage.
Then came Niśákar to my side
And looked with wondering eyes, and cried:
'I knew thee not, so dire a change
Has made thy form and feature strange.
Where are thy glossy feathers? where
The rapid wings that cleft the air?
Two vulture brothers once I knew:
Each form at will could they endue.
They of the vulture race were kings,
And flew with Mátariśva's[1] wings.

[1] Mátariśva is identified with Váyu, the wind.

In human shape they loved to greet
Their hermit friend, and clasp his feet.
The younger was Jaṭáyus, thou
The elder whom I gaze on now.
Say, has disease or foeman's hate
Reduced thee from thy high estate?'

CANTO LXI.

SAMPÁTI'S STORY.

'Ah me! o'erwhelmed with shame and weak
With wounds,' I cried, 'I scarce can speak.
My hapless brother once and I
Our strength of flight resolved to try,
And by our foolish pride impelled
Our way through realms of ether held.
We vowed before the saints who tread
The wilds about Kailása's head,
That we with following wings would chase
The swift sun to his resting place.
Up on our soaring pinions through
The fields of cloudless air we flew.
Beneath us far, and far away,
Like chariot wheels bright cities lay,
Whence in wild snatches rose the song
Of women mid the gay-clad throng,
With sounds of sweetest music blent
And many a tinkling ornament.
Then as our rapid wings we strained
The pathway of the sun we gained.
Beneath us all the earth was seen
Clad in her garb of tender green,
And every river in her bed
Meandered like a silver thread.
We looked on Meru far below,
And Vindhya and the Lord of Snow,
Like elephants that bend to cool

Their fever in a lilied pool.
But fervent heat and toil o'ercame
The vigour of each yielding frame.
Our weary hearts began to quail,
And wildered sense to reel and fail.
We knew not, fainting and distressed,
The north or south or east or west.
With a great strain mine eyes I turned
Where the fierce sun before me burned,
And seemed to my astonished eyes
The equal of the earth in size.[1]
At length, o'erpowered, Jaṭáyus fell
Without a word to say farewell,
And when to earth I saw him hie
I followed headlong from the sky.[2]
With sheltering wings I intervened
And from the sun his body screened,
But lost, for heedless folly doomed,
My pinions which the heat consumed.
In Janasthán, I hear them say,
My hapless brother fell and lay.
I, pinionless and faint and weak,
Dropped upon Vindhya's woody peak.
Now with my swift wings burnt away,
Reft of my brother and my sway,
From this tall mountain's summit I
Will cast me headlong down and die.'

[1] Of course not equal to the whole earth, says the Commentator, but equal to Janasthán.

[2] This appears to be the Indian form of the stories of Phaethon and Dædalus and Icarus.

CANTO LXII.

SAMPÁTI'S STORY.

'As to the saint I thus complained
My bitter tears fell unrestrained.
He pondered for a while, then broke
The silence, and thus calmly spoke:
'Forth from thy sides again shall spring,
O royal bird, each withered wing,
And all thine ancient power and might
Return to thee with strength of sight.
A noble deed has been foretold
In prophecy pronounced of old:
Nor dark to me are future things,
Seen by the light which penance brings.
A glorious king shall rise and reign,
The pride of old Ikshváku's strain.
A good and valiant prince, his heir,
Shall the dear name of Ráma bear.
With his brave brother Lakshman he
An exile in the woods shall be,
Where Rávan, whom no God may slay,'
Shall steal his darling wife away.
In vain the captive will be wooed
With proffered love and dainty food.
She will not hear, she will not taste:
But, lest her beauty wane and waste,
Lord Indra's self will come to her

[1] According to the promise given him by Brahmá. See Book I. Canto XIV.

With heavenly food, and minister.
Then envoys of the Vánar race
By Ráma sent will seek this place.
To them, O roamer of the air,
The lady's fate shalt thou declare.
Thou must not move—so maimed thou art—
Thou canst not from this spot depart.
Await the day and moment due,
And thy burnt wings will sprout anew.
I might this day the boon bestow
And bid again thy pinions grow,
But wait until thy saving deed
The nations from their fear have freed.
Then for this glorious aid of thine
The princes of Ikshváku's line,
And Gods above and saints below
Eternal gratitude shall owe.
Fain would mine aged eyes behold
That pair of whom my lips have told,
Yet wearied here I must not stay,
But leave my frame and pass away."

CANTO LXIII.

SAMPÁTI'S STORY.

'With this and many a speech beside
My failing heart he fortified,
With glorious hope my breast inspired,
And to his holy home retired.
I scaled the mountain height, to view
The region round, and looked for you.
In ceaseless watchings night and day
A hundred seasons passed away,
And by the sage's words consoled
I wait the hour and chance foretold.
But since Niśákar sought the skies,
And cast away all earthly ties,
Full many a care and doubt has pressed
With grievous weight upon my breast.
But for the saint who turned aside
My purpose I had surely died.
Those hopeful words the hermit spake,
That bid me live for Ráma's sake,
Dispel my anguish as the light
Of lamp and torch disperse the night.'
He ceased: and in the Vánars' view
Forth from his side young pinions grew,
And boundless rapture filled his breast
As thus the chieftains he addressed:
'Joy, joy! the pinions, which the Lord
Of Day consumed, are now restored

Through the dear grace and boundless might
Of that illustrious anchorite.
The fire of youth within me burns,
And all my wonted strength returns.
Onward, ye Vánars, toil and strive,
And you shall find the dame alive.
Look on these new-found wings, and hence
Be strong in surest confidence.'
Swift from the crag he sprang to try
His pinions in his native sky.
His words the chieftains' doubts had stilled,
And every heart with courage filled.[1]

[1] In the Bengal recension the fourth Book ends here, the remaining cantos being placed in the fifth.

CANTO LXIV.

THE SEA.

Shouts of triumphant joy outrang
As to their feet the Vánars sprang;
And, on the mighty task intent,
Swift to the sea their steps they bent.
They stood and gazed upon the deep,
Whose billows with a roar and leap
On the sea banks were wildly hurled,—
The mirror of the mighty world.
There on the strand the Vánars stayed
And with sad eyes the deep surveyed.
Here, as in play, his billows rose,
And there he slumbered in repose.
Here leapt the boisterous waters, high
As mountains, menacing the sky,
And wild infernal forms between
The ridges of the waves were seen.
They saw the billows rave and swell,
And their sad spirits sank and fell;
For ocean in their deep despair
Seemed boundless as the fields of air.
Then noble Angad spake to cheer
The Vánars and dispel their fear:
'Faint not: despair should never find
Admittance to a noble mind.
Despair, a serpent's mortal bite,
Benumbs the hero's power and might.'

Then passed the weary night, and all
Assembled at their prince's call,
And every lord of high estate
Was gathered round him for debate.
Bright was the chieftains' glorious band
Round Angad on the ocean strand,
As when the mighty Storm-Gods meet
Round Indra on his golden seat.
Then princely Angad looked on each,
And thus began his prudent speech:
'What chief of all our host will leap
A hundred leagues across the deep?
Who, O illustrious Vánars, who
Will make Sugríva's promise true,
And from our weight of fear set free
The leaders of our band and me?
To whom, O warriors, shall we owe
A sweet release from pain and woe,
And proud success, and happy lives
With our dear children and our wives,
Again permitted by his grace
To look with joy on Ráma's face,
And noble Lakshmaṇ, and our lord
The king, to our sweet homes restored?'
Thus to the gathered lords he spoke;
But no reply the silence broke.
Then with a sterner voice he cried:
'O chiefs, the nation's boast and pride,
Whom valour strength and power adorn,
Of most illustrious lineage born,
Where'er you will you force a way,
And none your rapid course can stay.
Now come, your several powers declare,
And who this desperate leap will dare?

CANTO LXV.

THE COUNCIL.

But none of all the host was found
To clear the sea with desperate bound,
Though each, as Angad bade, declared
His proper power and what he dared.[1]
Then spake good Jámbaván the sage,
Chief of them all for reverend age:
'I, Vánar chieftains, long ago
Limbs light to leap could likewise show,
But now on frame and spirit weighs
The burthen of my length of days.
Still task like this I may not slight,
When Ráma and our king unite.
So listen while I tell, O friends,
What lingering strength mine age attends.
If my poor leap may aught avail,
Of ninety leagues, I will not fail.
Far other strength in youth's fresh prime
I boasted, in the olden time,
When, at Prahláda's[2] solemn rite,
I circled in my rapid flight
Lord Vishṇu, everlasting God,
When through the universe he trod.

[1] Each chief comes forward and says how far he can leap. Gaja says he can leap ten yojans, Gaváksha can leap twenty, Gavaya thirty, and so on up to ninety.

[2] Prahláda, the son of Hiraṇyakaśipu, was a pious Daitya remarkable for his devotion to Vishṇu, and was on this account persecuted by his father.

But now my limbs are weak and old,
My youth is fled, its fire is cold,
And these exhausted nerves to strain
In such a task were idle pain.'
Then Angad due obeisance paid,
And to the chief his answer made:
'Then I, ye noble Vánars, I
Myself the mighty leap will try;
Although perchance the power I lack
To leap from Lanká's island back.'
Thus the impetuous chieftain cried,
And Jámbaván the sage replied:
'Whate'er thy power and might may be,
This task, O Prince, is not for thee.
Kings go not forth themselves, but send
The servants who their hest attend.
Thou art the darling and the boast,
The honoured lord of all the host.
In thee the root, O Angad, lies
Of our appointed enterprise;
And thee, on whom our hopes depend,
Our care must cherish and defend.'
Then Báli's noble son replied:
'Needs must I go, whate'er betide,
For, if no chief this exploit dare,
What waits us all save blank despair,—
Upon the ground again to lie
In hopeless misery, fast, and die?
For not a hope of life I see
If we neglect our king's decree.'
Then spoke the aged chief again:
'Nay, our attempt shall not be vain,
For to the task will I incite
A chieftain of sufficient might.'

CANTO LXVI.

HANUMÁN.

The chieftain turned his glances where
The legions sat in mute despair;
And then to Hanumán, the best
Of Vánar lords, these words addressed:
'Why still, and silent, and apart,
O hero of the dauntless heart?
Thou keepest treasured in thy mind
The laws that rule the Vánar kind,
Strong as our king Sugríva, brave
As Ráma's self to slay or save.
Through every land thy praise is heard,
Famous as that illustrious bird,
Arishṭanemi's son,[1] the king
Of every fowl that plies the wing.
Oft have I seen the monarch sweep
With sounding pinions o'er the deep,
And in his mighty talons bear
Huge serpents struggling through the air.
Thy arms, O hero, match in might
The ample wings he spreads for flight;
And thou with him mayst well compare
In power to do, in heart to dare.
Why, rich in wisdom, power, and skill,
O hero, art thou lingering still?

[1] The Bengal recension calls him Arishṭanemi's brother. "The commentator says "Arishṭanemi is Aruṇa." Aruṇa the charioteer of the sun is the son of Kaśyapa and Vinatá and by consequence brother of Garuḍa called Vainateya from Vinatá his mother." GORRESIO.

An Apsaras,[1] the fairest found
Of nymphs for heavenly charms renowned,
Sweet Punjikasthalá, became
A noble Vánar's wedded dame.
Her heavenly title heard no more,
Anjaná was the name she bore,
When, cursed by Gods, from heaven she fell
In Vánar form on earth to dwell,
New-born in mortal shape the child
Of Kunjar monarch of the wild.
In youthful beauty wondrous fair,
A crown of flowers about her hair,
In silken robes of richest dye
She roamed the hills that kiss the sky.
Once in her tinted garments dressed
She stood upon the mountain crest.
The God of Wind beside her came,
And breathed upon the lovely dame,
And as he fanned her robe aside
The wondrous beauty that he eyed
In rounded lines of breast and limb
And neck and shoulder ravished him;
And captured by her peerless charms
He strained her in his amorous arms.
Then to the eager God she cried
In trembling accents, terrified:
'Whose impious love has wronged a spouse
So constant to her nuptial vows?'
He heard, and thus his answer made:
'O, be not troubled, nor afraid.
But trust, and thou shalt know ere long
My love has done thee, sweet, no wrong.
So strong and brave and wise shall be

[1] A nymph of Paradise.

The glorious child I give to thee.
Might shall be his that naught can tire,
And limbs to spring as springs his sire.'
Thus spoke the God: the conquered dame
Rejoiced in heart nor feared the shame.
Down in a cave beneath the earth
The happy mother gave thee birth.
Once o'er the summit of the wood
Before thine eyes the new sun stood.
Thou sprangest up in haste to seize
What seemed the fruitage of the trees.
Up leapt the child, a wondrous bound,
Three hundred leagues above the ground,
And, though the angered Day-God shot
His fierce beams on him, feared him not.
Then from the hand of Indra came
A red bolt winged with wrath and flame.
The child fell smitten on a rock,
His cheek was shattered by the shock,
Named Hanumán [1] thenceforth by all
In memory of the fearful fall.
The wandering Wind-God saw thee lie
With bleeding cheek and drooping eye,
And stirred to anger by thy woe
Forbade each scented breeze to blow.
The breath of all the worlds was stilled,
And the sad Gods with terror filled
Prayed to the Wind, to calm the ire
And soothe the sorrow of the sire.
His fiery wrath no longer glowed,
And Brahmá's self the boon bestowed
That in the brunt of battle none
Should slay with steel the Wind-God's son.

[1] Hanu or Hanú means jaw. Hanumán or Hanúmán means properly one with a large jaw.

Lord Indra, sovereign of the skies,
Bent on thee all his thousand eyes,
And swore that ne'er the bolt which he
Hurls from the heaven should injure thee.
'Tis thine, O mighty chief, to share
The Wind-God's power, his son and heir.
Sprung from that glorious father thou,
And thou alone, canst aid us now.
This earth of yore, through all her climes,
I circled one-and-twenty times,
And gathered, as the God sdecreed,
Great store of herbs from hill and mead,
Which, scattered o'er the troubled wave,
The Amrit to the toilers gave.
But now my days are wellnigh told,
My strength is gone, my limbs are old,
And thou, the bravest and the best,
Art the sure hope of all the rest.
Now, mighty chief, the task assay:
Thy matchless power and strength display.
Rise up, O prince, our second king,
And o'er the flood of ocean spring.
So shall the glorious exploit vie
With his who stepped through earth and sky.'[1]

He spoke: the younger chieftain heard,
His soul to vigorous effort stirred,
And stood before their joyous eyes
Dilated in gigantic size.

[1] Vishṇu, the God of the Three Steps.

CANTO LXVII.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

Soon as his stature they beheld,
Their fear and sorrow were dispelled;
And joyous praises loud and long
Rang out from all the Vánar throng.
On the great chief their eyes they bent
In rapture and astonishment,
As, when his conquering foot he raised,
The Gods upon Náráyaṇ[1] gazed.
He stood amid the joyous crowd,
Bent to the chiefs, and cried aloud:
'The Wind-God, Fire's eternal friend,
Whose blasts the mountain summits rend,
With boundless force that none may stay,
Takes where he lists his viewless way.
Sprung from that glorious father, I
In power and speed with him may vie,
A thousand times with airy leap
Can circle loftiest Meru's steep:
With my fierce arms can stir the sea
Till from their bed the waters flee
And rush at my command to drown
This land with grove and tower and town.
I through the fields of air can spring
Far swifter than the feathered king,
And leap before him as he flies

[1] Náráyaṇ, 'He who moved upon the waters,' is Vishṇu. The allusion is to the famous three steps of that God.

On sounding pinions through the skies.
I can pursue the Lord of Light
Uprising from the eastern height,
And reach him ere his course be sped
With burning beams engarlanded.
I will dry up the mighty main,
Shatter the rocks and rend the plain.
O'er earth and ocean will I bound,
And every flower that grows on ground,
And bloom of climbing plants shall show
Strewn on the ground, the way I go,
Bright as the lustrous path that lies
Athwart the region of the skies.[1]
The Maithil lady will I find,—
Thus speaks mine own prophetic mind,—
And cast in hideous ruin down
The shattered walls of Lankâ's town.'

Still on the chief in rapt surprise
The Vánar legions bent their eyes,
And thus again sage Jámbaván
Addressed the glorious Hanumán:
'Son of the Wind, thy promise cheers
The Vánars' hearts, and calms their fears,
Who, rescued from their dire distress,
With prospering vows thy way will bless.
The holy saints their favour lend,
And all our chiefs the deed commend
Urging thee forward on thy way:
Arise then, and the task assay.
Thou art our only refuge; we,
Our lives and all, depend on thee.'

Then sprang the Wind-God's son, the best
Of Vánars, on Mahendra's crest,

[1] The Milky Way.

And the great mountain rocked and swayed
By that unusual weight dismayed,
As reels an elephant beneath
The lion's spring and rending teeth.
The shady wood that crowned him shook,
The trembling birds the boughs forsook,
And ape and pard and lion fled
From brake and lair disquieted.

BOOK V.[1]

CANTO I.

HANUMÁN'S LEAP.

Thus Rávaṇ's foe resolved to trace
The captive to her hiding-place
Through airy pathways overhead
Which heavenly minstrels visited.
With straining nerve and eager brows,
Like some strong husband of the cows,
In ready might he stood prepared
For the bold task his soul had dared.
O'er gem-like grass that flashed and glowed
The Vánar like a lion strode.
Roused by the thunder of his tread,
The beasts to shady coverts fled.
Tall trees he crushed or hurled aside,
And every bird was terrified.
Around him loveliest lilies grew,
Pale pink, and red, and white, and blue,
And tints of many a metal lent
The light of varied ornament.
Gandharvas, changing forms at will,
And Yakshas roamed the lovely hill,

[1] This Book is called Sundar or the Beautiful. To a European taste it is the most intolerably tedious of the whole poem, abounding in repetition, overloaded description, and long and useless speeches which impede the action of the poem. Manifest interpolations of whole Cantos also occur. I have omitted none of the action of the Book, but have occasionally omitted long passages of common-place description, lamentation, and long stories which have been again and again repeated.

And countless Serpent-Gods were seen
Where flowers and grass were fresh and green.
As some resplendent serpent takes
His pastime in the best of lakes,
So on the mountain's woody height
The Vánar wandered with delight.
Then, standing on the flowery sod,
He paid his vows to saint and God.
Swayambhu[1] and the Sun he prayed,
And the swift Wind to lend him aid,
And Indra, sovereign of the skies,
To bless his hardy enterprise.
Then once again the chief addressed
The Vánars from the mountain crest:
'Swift as a shaft from Ráma's bow
To Rávaṇ's city will I go,
And if she be not there will fly
And seek the lady in the sky;
Or, if in heaven she be not found,
Will hither bring the giant bound.'

He ceased; and mustering his might
Sprang downward from the mountain height,
While, shattered by each mighty limb,
The trees unrooted followed him.
The shadow on the ocean cast
By his vast form, as on he passed,
Flew like a ship before the gale
When the strong breeze has filled the sail,
And where his course the Vánar held
The sea beneath him raged and swelled.
Then Gods and all the heavenly train
Poured flowerets down in gentle rain;
Their voices glad Gandharvas raised,

[1] Brahmá the Self-Existent.

And saints in heaven the Vánar praised.
Fain would the Sea his succour lend
And Raghu's noble son befriend.
He, moved by zeal for Ráma's sake,
The hill Mainâka [1] thus bespake:
'O strong Mainâka, heaven's decree
In days of old appointed thee
To be the Asurs' bar, and keep
The rebels in the lowest deep.
Thou guardest those whom heaven has cursed
Lest from their prison-house they burst,
And standest by the gates of hell
Their limitary sentinel.
To thee is given the power to spread
Or spring above thy watery bed.
Now, best of noble mountains, rise
And do the thing that I advise.
E'en now above thy buried crest
Flies mighty Hanumán, the best
Of Vánars, moved for Ráma's sake
A wondrous deed to undertake.
Lift up thy head that he may stay
And rest him on his weary way.'
He heard, and from his watery shroud,
As bursts the sun from autumn cloud,
Rose swiftly, crowned with plant and tree,
And stood above the foamy sea.[2]
There with his lofty peaks upraised
Bright as a hundred suns he blazed,
And crest and crag of burnished gold
Flashed on the flood that round him rolled.

[1] Mainâka was the son of Himálaya and Menâ or Menaká.

[2] Thus Milton makes the hills of heaven self-moving at command:
'At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious.'

The Vánar thought the mountain rose
A hostile bar to interpose,
And, like a wind-swept cloud, o'erthrew
The glittering mountain as he flew.
Then from the falling hill rang out
A warning voice and joyful shout.
Again he raised him high in air
To meet the flying Vánar there,
And standing on his topmost peak
In human form began to speak:[1]
'Best of the Vánars' noblest line,
A mighty task, O chief, is thine.
Here for a while, I pray thee, light
And rest upon the breezy height.
A prince of Raghu's line was he
Who gave his glory to the Sea,[2]
Who now to Ráma's envoy shows
High honour for the debt he owes.
He bade me lift my buried head
Uprising from my watery bed,
And woo the Vánar chief to rest
A moment on my glittering crest.
Refresh thy weary limbs, and eat
My mountain fruits for they are sweet.
I too, O chieftain, know thee well;
Three worlds thy famous virtues tell;
And none, I ween, with thee may vie
Who spring impetuous through the sky.
To every guest, though mean and low,
The wise respect and honour show;

[1] The spirit of the mountain is separable from the mountain. Himálaya has also been represented as standing in human form on one of his own peaks.

[2] Ságar or the Sea is said to have derived its name from Sagar. The story is fully told in Book I. Cantos XLII., XLIII., and XLIV.

And how shall I neglect thee, how
Slight the great guest so near me now?
Son of the Wind, 'tis thine to share
The might of him who shakes the air;
And,—for he loves his offspring,—he
Is honoured when I honour thee.
Of yore, when Krita's age [1] was new,
The little hills and mountains flew
Where'er they listed, borne on wings
More rapid than the feathered king's.[2]
But mighty terror came on all
The Gods and saints who feared their fall,
And Indra in his anger rent
Their pinions with the bolts he sent.
When in his ruthless fury he
Levelled his flashing bolt at me,
The great-souled Wind inclined to save,
And laid me neath the ocean's wave.
Thus by the favour of thy sire
I kept my cherished wings entire;
And for this deed of kindness done
I honour thee his noble son.
O come, thy weary limbs relieve,
And honour due from me receive.'
'I may not rest,' the Vánar cried;
'I must not stay or turn aside.
Yet pleased am I, thou noblest hill,
And as the deed accept thy will.'

Thus as he spoke he lightly pressed
With his broad hand the mountain's crest,

[1] Krita is the first of the four ages of the world, the golden age, also called Satya.

[2] *Parvata* means a mountain and in the Vedas a cloud. Hence in later mythology the mountains have taken the place of the clouds as the objects of the attacks of Indra the Sun-God. The feathered king is Garuda.

Then bounded upward to the height
Of heaven, rejoicing in his might,
And through the fields of boundless blue,
The pathway of his father, flew.
Gods, saints, and heavenly bards beheld
That flight that none had paralleled,
Then to the Nágas' mother [1] came
And thus addressed the sun-bright dame:
'See, Hanumán with venturous leap
Would spring across the mighty deep,—
A Vánar prince, the Wind-God's seed:
Come, Surasá, his course impede.
In Rákshas form thy shape disguise,
Terrific, like a hill in size:
Let thy red eyes with fury glow,
And high as heaven thy body grow.
With fearful tusks the chief defy,
That we his power and strength may try.
He will with guile thy hold elude,
Or own thy might, by thee subdued.'

Pleased with the grateful honours paid,
The godlike dame their words obeyed.
Clad in a shape of terror she
Sprang from the middle of the sea,
And, with fierce accents that appalled
All creatures, to the Vánar called:
'Come, prince of Vánars, doomed to be
My food this day by heaven's decree.
Such boon from ages long ago
To Brahmá's favouring will I owe.'

She ceased, and Hanumán replied,

[1] "The children of Surasá were a thousand mighty many-headed serpents, traversing the sky."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 73.

By shape and threat unterrified:
'Brave Ráma with his Maithil spouse
Lodged in the shade of Daṇḍak's boughs.
Thence Rávaṇ king of giants stole
Sítá the joy of Ráma's soul.
By Ráma's high behest to her
I go a willing messenger;
And never shouldst thou hinder one
Who toils for Daśaratha's son.
First captive Sítá will I see,
And him who sent and waits for me,
Then come and to thy will submit,
Yea, by my truth I promise it.'
'Nay, hope not thus thy life to save;
Not such the boon that Brahmá gave.
Enter my mouth,' was her reply,
'Then forward on thy journey hie!'[1]
'Stretch, wider stretch thy jaws,' exclaimed
The Vánar chief, to ire inflamed;
And, as the Rákṣhas near him drew,
Ten leagues in height his stature grew.
Then straight, her threatening jaws between,
A gulf of twenty leagues was seen.
To fifty leagues he waxed, and still
Her mouth grew wider at her will.
Then smaller than a thumb became,
Shrunk by his power, the Vánar's frame.[2]
He leaped within, and turning round
Sprang through the portal at a bound.
Then hung in air a moment, while

[1] She means, says the commentator, pursue thy journey if thou can.

[2] If Milton's spirits are allowed the power of infinite self-extension and compression the same must be conceded to Válmíki's supernatural beings. Given the power as in Milton the result in Válmíki is perfectly consistent.

He thus addressed her with a smile:
'O Daksha's child,[1] farewell at last!
For I within thy mouth have passed.
Thou hast the gift of Brahmá's grace:
I go, the Maithil queen to trace.'
Then, to her former shape restored,
She thus addressed the Vánar lord:
'Then forward to the task, and may
Success and joy attend thy way!
Go, and the rescued lady bring
In triumph to her lord and king.'

Then hosts of spirits as they gazed
The daring of the Vánar praised.
Through the broad fields of ether, fast
As Garuḍ's royal self, he passed,
The region of the cloud and rain,
Loved by the gay Gandharva train,
Where mid the birds that came and went
Shone Indra's glorious bow unbent,
And like a host of wandering stars
Flashed the high Gods' celestial cars.
Fierce Sinhiká[2] who joyed in ill
And changed her form to work her will,
Descried him on his airy way
And marked the Vánar for her prey.
'This day at length,' the demon cried,
'My hunger shall be satisfied,'

[1] "Daksha is the son of Brahmá and one of the Prajápatis or divine progenitors. He had sixty daughters, twenty-seven of whom married to Kaśyapa produced, according to one of the Indian cosmogonies, all mundane beings. Does the epithet, Descendent of Daksha, given to Surasá, mean that she is one of those daughters? I think not. This epithet is perhaps an appellation common to all created beings as having sprung from Daksha." GORRESIO.

[2] Sinhiká is the mother of Ráhu the dragon's head or ascending node, the chief agent in eclipses.

And at his passing shadow caught
Delighted with the cheering thought.
The Vánar felt the power that stayed
And held him as she grasped his shade,
Like some tall ship upon the main
That struggles with the wind in vain.
Below, above, his eye he bent
And scanned the sea and firmament.
High from the briny deep upreared
The monster's hideous form appeared.
'Sugríva's tale,' he cried,' is true:
This is the demon dire to view
Of whom the Vánar monarch told,
Whose grasp a passing shade can hold.'
Then, as a cloud in rain-time grows,
His form, dilating, swelled and rose.
Wide as the space from heaven to hell
Her jaws she opened with a yell,
And rushed upon her fancied prey
With cloud-like roar to seize and slay.
The Vánar swift as thought compressed
His borrowed bulk of limb and chest,
And stood with one quick bound inside
The monstrous mouth she opened wide.
Hid like the moon when Ráhu [1] draws
The orb within his ravening jaws.
Within that ample cavern pent
The demon's form he tore and rent,
And, from the mangled carcass freed,
Came forth again with thought-like speed.[2]

[1] Ráhu is the demon who causes eclipses by attempting to swallow the sun and moon.

[2] According to De Gubernatis, the author of the very learned, ingenious, and interesting though too fanciful *Zoological Mythology*, Hanumán here represents the sun entering into and escaping from a

Thus with his skill the fiend he slew,
Then to his wonted stature grew.
The spirits saw the demon die,
And hailed the Vánar from the sky:
'Well hast thou fought a wondrous fight
Nor spared the fiend's terrific might.
On, on! perform the blameless deed,
And in thine every wish succeed.
Ne'er can they fail in whom combine
Such valour, thought, and skill as thine.'

Pleased with their praises as they sang,
Again through fields of air he sprang.
And now, his travail wellnigh done,
The distant shore was almost won.
Before him on the margent stood
In long dark line a waving wood,
And the fair island, bright and green
With flowers and trees, was clearly seen,
And every babbling brook that gave
Her lord the sea a tribute wave.
He lighted down on Lamba's peak
Which tinted metals stain and streak,
And looked where Lanká's splendid town
Shone on the mountain like a crown.

cloud. The biblical Jonah, according to him, typifies the same phenomenon. Sá'dí, speaking of sunset, says *Yúnas andar-i dihán-i máhí shud:* Jonas was within the fish's mouth. See ADDITIONAL NOTES.

CANTO II.

LANKÁ.

The glorious sight a while he viewed,
Then to the town his way pursued.
Around the Vánar as he went
Breathed from the wood delicious scent,
And the soft grass beneath his feet
With gem-like flowers was bright and sweet.
Still as the Vánar nearer drew
More clearly rose the town to view.
The palm her fan-like leaves displayed,
Priyálas[1] lent their pleasant shade,
And mid the lower greenery far
Conspicuous rose the Kovidár.[2]
A thousand trees mid flowers that glowed
Hung down their fruit's delicious load,[3]
And in their crests that rocked and swayed
Sweet birds delightful music made.
And there were pleasant pools whereon
The glories of the lotus shone;
And gleams of sparkling fountains, stirred
By many a joyous water-bird.
Around, in lovely gardens grew
Blooms sweet of scent and bright of hue,
And Lanká, seat of Rávaṇ's sway,
Before the wondering Vánar lay:

[1] The Buchanania Latifolia.

[2] The Bauhinia Variegata.

[3] Through the power that Rávaṇ's stern mortifications had won for him his trees bore flowers and fruit simultaneously.

With stately domes and turrets tall,
Encircled by a golden wall,
And moats whose waters were aglow
With lily blossoms bright below:
For Sítá's sake defended well
With bolt and bar and sentinel,
And Rákshases who roamed in bands
With ready bows in eager hands.
He saw the stately mansions rise
Like pale-hued clouds in autumn skies;
Where noble streets were broad and bright,
And banners waved on every height.
Her gates were glorious to behold,
Rich with the shine of burnished gold:
A lovely city planned and decked
By heaven's creative architect,[1]
Fairest of earthly cities meet
To be the Gods' celestial seat.
The Vánar by the northern gate
Thus in his heart began debate:
'Our mightiest host would strive in vain
To take this city on the main;
A city that may well defy
The chosen warriors of the sky;
A city never to be won
E'en by the arm of Raghu's son.
Here is no hope by guile to win
The hostile hearts of those within.
'Twere vain to war, or bribe, or sow
Dissension mid the Vánar foe.
But now my search must I pursue
Until the Maithil queen I view;
And, when I find the captive dame,

[1] Viśvakarmá is the architect of the Gods.

Make victory mine only aim.
But, if I wear my present shape,
How shall I enter and escape
The Rákshas troops, their guards and spies,
And sleepless watch of cruel eyes?
The fiends of giant race who hold
This mighty town are strong and bold;
And I must labour to elude
The fiercely watchful multitude.
I in a shape to mock their sight
Must steal within the town by night,
Blind with my art the demons' eyes,
And thus achieve my enterprise.
How may I see, myself unseen
Of the fierce king, the captive queen,
And meet her in some lonely place,
With none beside her, face to face?'
When the bright sun had left the skies
The Vánar dwarfed his mighty size,
And, in the straitest bounds restrained,
The bigness of a cat retained.[1]
Then, when the moon's soft light was spread,
Within the city's walls he sped.

[1] So in Paradise Lost Satan when he has stealthily entered the garden of Eden assumes the form of a cormorant.

CANTO III.

THE GUARDIAN GODDESS.

There from the circling rampart's height
He gazed upon the wondrous sight;
Broad gates with burnished gold displayed,
And courts with turkises inlaid;
With gleaming silver, gems, and rows
Of crystal stairs and porticoes.
In semblance of a Rákshas dame
The city's guardian Goddess came,—
For she with glances sure and keen
The entrance of a foe had seen,—
And thus with fury in her eye
Addressed him with an angry cry:
'Who art thou? what has led thee, say,
Within these walls to find thy way?
Thou mayst not enter here in spite
Of Rávaṇ and his warriors' might.'
'And who art thou?' the Vánar cried,
By form and frown unterrified;
'Why hast thou met me by the gate,
And chid me thus infuriate?'
He ceased: and Lanká made reply:
'The guardian of the town am I,
Who watch for ever to fulfil
My lord the Rákshas monarch's will.
But thou shalt fall this hour, and deep
Shall be thy never-ending sleep.'
Again he spake: 'In spite of thee

This golden city will I see,
Her gates and towers, and all the pride
Of street and square from side to side,
And freely wander where I please
Amid her groves of flowering trees;
On all her beauties sate mine eye,
Then, as I came, will homeward hie.'
Swift with an angry roar she smote
With her huge hand the Vánar's throat.
The smitten Vánar, rage-impelled,
With fist upraised the monster felled;
But quick repented, stirred with shame
And pity for a vanquished dame,
When with her senses troubled, weak
With terror, thus she strove to speak:
'O spare me thou whose arm is strong:
O spare me, and forgive the wrong.
The brave that law will ne'er transgress
That spares a woman's helplessness.
Hear, best of Vánars, brave and bold,
What Brahmá's self of yore foretold:
'Beware,' he said, 'the fatal hour
When thou shalt own a Vánar's power.
Then is the giants' day of fear,
For terror and defeat are near.'
Now, Vánar chief, o'ercome by thee,
I own the truth of heaven's decree.
For Sítá's sake will ruin fall
On Rávaṇ, and his town, and all.'

CANTO IV.

WITHIN THE CITY.

The guardian goddess thus subdued,
The Vánar chief his way pursued,
And reached the broad imperial street
Where fresh-blown flowers were bright and sweet.
The city seemed a fairer sky
Where cloud-like houses rose on high,
Whence the soft sound of tabors came
Through many a latticed window frame,
And ever and anon rang out
The merry laugh and joyous shout.
From house to house the Vánar went
And marked each varied ornament,
Where leaves and blossoms deftly strung
About the crystal columns hung.
Then soft and full and sweet and clear
The song of women charmed his ear,
And, blending with their dulcet tones,
Their anklets' chime and tinkling zones.
He heard the Rákshas minstrels sing
The praises of their matchless king;
And softly through the evening air
Came murmurings of text and prayer.
Here moved a priest with tonsured head,
And there an eager envoy sped,
Mid crowds with hair in matted twine
Clothed in the skins of deer and kine,—
Whose only arms, which none might blame,

Were blades of grass and holy flame.[1]
There savage warriors roamed in bands
With clubs and maces in their hands,
Sŏme dwarfish forms, some huge of size,
With single ears and single eyes.
Some shone in glittering mail arrayed
With bow and mace and flashing blade;
Fiends of all shapes and every hue,
Some fierce and foul, some fair to view.
He saw the grisly legions wait
In strictest watch at Rávaṇ's gate,
Whose palace on the mountain crest
Rose proudly towering o'er the rest,
Fenced with high ramparts from the foe,
And lotus-covered moats below.
But Hanumán, unhindered, found
Quick passage through the guarded bound,
Mid elephants of noblest breed,
And gilded car and neighing steed.

[1] Priests who fought only with the weapons of religion, the sacred grass used like the verbena of the Romans at sacred rites and the consecrated fire to consume the offering of ghee.

CANTO VI.[1]

THE COURT.

The palace gates were guarded well
By many a Rákshas sentinel,
And far within, concealed from view,
Were dames and female retinue
For charm of form and face renowned;
Whose tinkling armlets made a sound,
Clashed by the wearers in their glee,

[1] I omit Canto V. which corresponds to chapter XI. in Gorresio's edition. That scholar justly observes: "The eleventh chapter, Description of Evening, is certainly the work of the Rhapsodists and an interpolation of later date. The chapter might be omitted without any injury to the action of the poem, and besides the metre, style, conceits and images differ from the general tenour of the poem; and that continual repetition of the same sounds at the end of each hemistich which is not exactly rime, but assonance, reveals the artificial labour of a more recent age." The following sample will probably be enough. I am unable to show the difference of style in a translation:

Fair shone the moon, as if to lend
His cheering light to guide a friend,
And, circled by the starry host,
Looked down upon the wild sea-coast.
The Vánar chieftain raised his eyes,
And saw him sailing through the skies
Like a bright swan who joys to take
His pastime on a silver lake:
Fair moon that calms the mourner's pain,
Heaves up the waters of the main,
And o'er the life beneath him throws
A tender light of soft repose.
The charm that clings to Mandar's hill,
Gleams in the sea when winds are still,
And decks the lily's opening flower,
Showed in that moon her sweetest power.

Like music of a distant sea.
The hall beyond the palace gate,
Rich with each badge of royal state,
Where lines of noble courtiers stood,
Showed like a lion-guarded wood.
There the wild music rose and fell
Of drum and tabor and of shell,
Through chambers at each holy tide
By solemn worship sanctified.
Through grove and garden, undismayed,
From house to house the Vánar strayed,
And still his wondering glances bent
On terrace, dome, and battlement:
Then with a light and rapid tread
Prahasta's[1] home he visited,
And Kumbhakarṇa's[2] courtyard where
A cloudy pile rose high in air;
And, wandering o'er the hill, explored
The garden of each Rákshas lord.
Each court and grove he wandered through,
Then nigh to Rávaṇ's palace drew.
She-demons watched it foul of face,
Each armed with sword and spear and mace,
And warrior fiends of every hue,
A strange and fearful retinue.
There elephants in many a row,
The terror of the stricken foe,
Huge as Airávat,[3] deftly trained
In battle-fields, stood ready chained.
Fair litters on the ground were set
Adorned with gems and golden net.
Gay bloomy creepers clothed the walls;

[1] One of the Rákshas lords.
[2] The brother of Rávaṇ.
[3] Indra's elephant.

Green bowers were there and picture halls,
And chambers made for soft delight.
Broad banners waved on every height,
And from the roof like Mandar's hill
The peacock's cry came loud and shrill.[1]

[1] Rávaṇ's palace appears to have occupied the whole extent of ground, and to have contained within its outer walls the mansions of all the great Rákshas chiefs. Rávaṇ's own dwelling seems to have been situated within the enchanted chariot Pushpak: but the description is involved and confused, and it is difficult to say whether the chariot was inside the palace or the palace inside the chariot.

CANTO VII.

RÁVAṆ'S PALACE.

He passed within the walls and gazed
On gems and gold that round him blazed,
And many a latticed window bright
With turkis and with lazulite.
Through porch and ante-rooms he passed
Each richer, fairer than the last;
And spacious halls where lances lay,
And bows and shells, in fair array:
A glorious house that matched in show
All Paradise displayed below.
Upon the polished floor were spread
Fresh buds and blossoms white and red,
And women shone, a lovely crowd,
As lightning flashes through a cloud:
A palace splendid as the sky
Which moon and planets glorify:
Like earth whose towering hills unfold
Their zones and streaks of glittering gold;
Where waving on the mountain brows
The tall trees bend their laden boughs,
And every bough and tender spray
With a bright load of bloom is gay,
And every flower the breeze has bent
Fills all the region with its scent.
Near the tall palace pale of hue
Shone lovely lakes where lilies blew,
And lotuses with flower and bud

Gleamed on the bosom of the flood.
There shone with gems that flashed afar
The marvel of the Flower-named [1] car,
Mid wondrous dwellings still confessed
Supreme and nobler than the rest.
Thereon with wondrous art designed
Were turkis birds of varied kind,
And many a sculptured serpent rolled
His twisted coil in burnished gold.
And steeds were there of noblest form
With flying feet as fleet as storm:
And elephants with deftest skill
Stood sculptured by a silver rill,
Each bearing on his trunk a wreath
Of lilies from the flood beneath.
There Lakshmí, [2] beauty's heavenly queen,
Wrought by the artist's skill, was seen
Beside a flower-clad pool to stand
Holding a lotus in her hand.

[1] Pushpak from *pushpa* a flower. The car has been mentioned before in Rávan's expedition to carry off Sítá, Book III, Canto XXXV.

[2] Lakshmi is the wife of Vishnu and the Goddess of Beauty and Felicity. She rose, like Aphrodite, from the foam of the sea. For an account of her birth and beauty, see Book I. Canto XLV.

CANTO VIII.

THE ENCHANTED CAR.

There gleamed the car with wealth untold
Of precious gems and burnished gold;
Nor could the Wind-God's son withdraw
His rapt gaze from the sight he saw,
By Viśvakarmá's [1] self proclaimed
The noblest work his hand had framed.
Uplifted in the air it glowed
Bright as the sun's diurnal road.
The eye might scan the wondrous frame
And vainly seek one spot to blame,
So fine was every part and fair
With gems inlaid with lavish care.
No precious stones so rich adorn
The cars wherein the Gods are borne.
Prize of the all-resistless might
That sprang from pain and penance rite,[2]
Obedient to the master's will
It moved o'er wood and towering hill,
A glorious marvel well designed
By Viśvakarmá's artist mind,
Adorned with every fair device
That decks the cars of Paradise.
Swift moving as the master chose

[1] Viśvakarmá is the architect of the Gods, the Hephæstos or Mulciber of the Indian heaven.

[2] Rávaṇ in the resistless power which his long austerities had endowed him with, had conquered his brother Kuvera the God of Gold and taken from him his greatest treasure this enchanted car.

It flew through air or sank or rose,[1]
And in its fleetness left behind
The fury of the rushing wind:
Méet mansion for the good and great,
The holy, wise, and fortunate.
Throughout the chariot's vast extent
Were chambers wide and excellent,
All pure and lovely to the eyes
As moonlight shed from cloudless skies.
Fierce goblins, rovers of the night
Who cleft the clouds with swiftest flight,
In countless hosts that chariot drew,
With earrings clashing as they flew.

[1] Like Milton's heavenly car:
'Itself instinct with spirit.'

CANTO IX.

THE LADIES' BOWER.

Where stately mansions rose around,
A palace fairer still he found,
Whose royal height and splendour showed
Where Rávaṇ's self, the king, abode.
A chosen band with bow and sword
Guarded the palace of their lord,
Where Rákshas dames of noble race,
And many a princess fair of face
Whom Rávaṇ's arm had torn away
From vanquished kings, in slumber lay.
There jewelled arches high o'erhead
An ever-changing lustre shed
From ruby, pearl, and every gem
On golden pillars under them.
Delicious came the tempered air
That breathed a heavenly summer there,
Stealing through bloomy trees that bore
Each pleasant fruit in endless store.
No check was there from jealous guard,
No door was fast, no portal barred;
Only a sweet air breathed to meet
The stranger, as a host should greet
A wanderer of his kith and kin
And woo his weary steps within.
He stood within a spacious hall
With fretted roof and painted wall,
The giant Rávaṇ's boast and pride,

Loved even as a lovely bride.
'Twere long to tell each marvel there,
The crystal floor, the jewelled stair,
The gold, the silver, and the shine
Of chrysolite and almandine.
There breathed the fairest blooms of spring;
There flashed the proud swan's silver wing,
The splendour of whose feathers broke
Through fragrant wreaths of aloe smoke.
'Tis Indra's heaven,' the Vánar cried,
Gazing in joy from side to side;
'The home of all the Gods is this,
The mansion of eternal bliss.'
There were the softest carpets spread,
Delightful to the sight and tread,
Where many a lovely woman lay
O'ercome by sleep, fatigued with play.
The wine no longer cheered the feast,
The sound of revelry had ceased.
The tinkling feet no longer stirred,
No chiming of a zone was heard.
So when each bird has sought her nest,
And swans are mute and wild bees rest,
Sleep the fair lilies on the lake
Till the sun's kiss shall bid them wake.
Like the calm field of winter's sky
Which stars unnumbered glorify,
So shone and glowed the sumptuous room
With living stars that chased the gloom.
'These are the stars,' the chieftain cried,
'In autumn nights that earth-ward glide,
In brighter forms to reappear
And shine in matchless lustre here.'
With wondering eyes a while he viewed

Each graceful form and attitude.
One lady's head was backward thrown,
Bare was her arm and loose her zone.
The garland that her brow had graced
Hung closely round another's waist.
Here gleamed two little feet all bare
Of anklets that had sparkled there.
Here lay a queenly dame at rest
In all her glorious garments dressed.
There slept another whose small hand
Had loosened every tie and band.
In careless grace another lay
With gems and jewels cast away,
Like a young creeper when the tread
Of the wild elephant has spread
Confusion and destruction round,
And cast it flowerless to the ground.
Here lay a slumberer still as death,
Save only that her balmy breath
Raised ever and anon the lace
That floated o'er her sleeping face.
There, sunk in sleep, an amorous maid
Her sweet head on a mirror laid,
Like a fair lily bending till
Her petals rest upon the rill.
Another black-eyed damsel pressed
Her lute upon her heaving breast,
As though her loving arms were twined
Round him for whom her bosom pined.
Another pretty sleeper round
A silver vase her arms had wound,
That seemed, so fresh and fair and young,
A wreath of flowers that o'er it hung.
In sweet disorder lay a throng

Weary of dance and play and song,
Where heedless girls had sunk to rest
One pillowed on another's breast,
Her tender cheek half seen beneath
Red roses of the falling wreath,
The while her long soft hair concealed
The beauties that her friend revealed.
With limbs at random interlaced
Round arm and leg and throat and waist,
That wreath of women lay asleep
Like blossoms in a careless heap.

CANTO X.

RÁVAṆ ASLEEP.

Apart a dais of crystal rose
With couches spread for soft repose,
Adorned with gold and gems of price
Meet for the halls of Paradise.
A canopy was o'er them spread
Pale as the light the moonbeams shed,
And female figures,[1] deftly planned,
The faces of the sleepers fanned.
There on a splendid couch, asleep
On softest skins of deer and sheep,
Dark as a cloud that dims the day
The monarch of the giants lay,
Perfumed with sandal's precious scent
And gay with golden ornament.
His fiery eyes in slumber closed,
In glittering robes the king reposed
Like Mandar's mighty hill asleep
With flowery trees that clothe his steep.
Near and more near the Vánar drew
The monarch of the fiends to view,
And saw the giant stretched supine
Fatigued with play and drunk with wine,
While, shaking all the monstrous frame,
His breath like hissing serpents' came.
With gold and glittering bracelets gay

[1] Women, says Válmíki. But the Commentator says that automatic figures only are meant. Women would have seen Hanumán and given the alarm.

His mighty arms extended lay
Huge as the towering shafts that bear
The flag of Indra high in air.
Scars by Airávat's tusk impressed
Showed red upon his shaggy breast,
And on his shoulders were displayed
The dints the thunder-bolt had made.[1]
The spouses of the giant king
Around their lord were slumbering,
And, gay with sparkling earrings, shone
Fair as the moon to look upon.
There by her husband's side was seen
Mandodarí the favourite queen,
The beauty of whose youthful face
Beamed a soft glory through the place.
The Vánar marked the dame more fair
Than all the royal ladies there,
And thought, 'These rarest beauties speak
The matchless dame I come to seek.
Peerless in grace and splendour, she
The Maithil queen must surely be.'

[1] Rávaṇ had fought against Indra and the Gods, and his body was still scarred by the wounds inflicted by the tusks of Indra's elephant and by the fiery bolts of the Thunderer.

CANTO XI.

THE BANQUET HALL.

But soon the baseless thought was spurned,
And longing hope again returned:
"No: Rāma's wife is none of these,
No careless dame that lives at ease.
Her widowed heart has ceased to care
For dress and sleep and dainty fare.
She near a lover ne'er would lie
Though Indra wooed her from the sky.
Her own, her only lord, whom none
Can match in heaven, is Raghu's son.'
Then to the banquet hall intent
On strictest search his steps he bent.
He passed within the door, and found
Fair women sleeping on the ground,
Where wearied with the song, perchance,
The merry game, the wanton dance,
Each girl with wine and sleep oppressed
Had sunk her drooping head to rest.
That spacious hall from side to side
With noblest fare was well supplied,
There quarters of the boar, and here
Roast of the buffalo and deer.
There on gold plate, untouched as yet,
The peacock and the hen were set.
There deftly mixed with salt and curd
Was meat of many a beast and bird,
Of kid and porcupine and hare,

And dainties of the sea and air.
There wrought of gold, ablaze with shine
Of precious stones, were cups of wine.
Through court and bower and banquet hall
The Vánar passed and viewed them all;
From end to end, in every spot,
For Sítá searched, but found her not.

CANTO XII.

THE SEARCH RENEWED.

Again the Vánar chief began
Each chamber, bower, and hall to scan.
In vain: he found not her he sought,
And pondered thus in bitter thought:
'Ah me, the Maithil queen is slain:
She, ever true and free from stain,
The fiend's entreaty has denied,
And by his cruel hand has died.
Or has she sunk, by terror killed,
When first she saw the palace filled
With female monsters evil-mienèd
Who wait upon the robber fiend?
No battle fought, no might displayed,
In vain this anxious search is made;
Nor shall my steps, made slow by shame,
Because I failed to find the dame,
Back to our lord the king be bent,
For he is swift to punishment.
In every bower my feet have been,
The dames of Rávaṇ have I seen;
But Ráma's spouse I seek in vain,
And all my toil is fruitless pain.
How shall I meet the Vánar band
I left upon the ocean strand?
How, when they bid me speak, proclaim
These tidings of defeat and shame?
How shall I look on Angad's eye?

What words will Jámbaván reply?
Yet dauntless hearts will never fail
To win success though foes assail,
And I this sorrow will subdue
And search the palace through and through,
Exploring with my cautious tread
Each spot as yet unvisited.'

Again he turned him to explore
Each chamber, hall, and corridor,
And arbour bright with scented bloom,
And lodge and cell and picture-room.
With eager eye and noiseless feet
He passed through many a cool retreat
Where women lay in slumber drowned;
But Sítá still was nowhere found.

CANTO XIII.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

Then rapid as the lightning's flame
From Rávaṇ's halls the Vánar came.
Each lingering hope was cold and dead,
And thus within his heart he said:
'Alas, my fruitless search is done:
Long have I toiled for Raghu's son;
And yet with all my care have seen
No traces of the ravished queen.
It may be, while the giant through
The lone air with his captive flew,
The Maithil lady, tender-souled,
Slipped struggling from the robber's hold,
And the wild sea is rolling now
O'er Sítá of the beauteous brow.
Or did she perish of alarm
When circled by the monster's arm?
Or crushed, unable to withstand
The pressure of that monstrous hand?
Or when she spurned his suit with scorn,
Her tender limbs were rent and torn,
And she, her virtue unsubdued,
Was slaughtered for the giant's food.
Shall I to Raghu's son relate
His well-beloved consort's fate,
My crime the same if I reveal
The mournful story or conceal?
If with no happier tale to tell

I seek our mountain citadel,
How shall I face our lord the king,
And meet his angry questioning?
How shall I greet my friends, and brook
The muttered taunt, the scornful look?
How to the son of Raghu go
And kill him with my tale of woe?
For sure the mournful tale I bear
Will strike him dead with wild despair.
And Lakshman, ever fond and true,
Will, undivided, perish too.
Bharat will learn his brother's fate,
And die of grief disconsolate,
And sad Śatrughna with a cry
Of anguish on his corpse will die.
Our king Sugríva, ever found
True to each bond in honour bound,
Will mourn the pledge he vainly gave,
And die with him he could not save.
Then Rumá his devoted wife
For her dead lord will leave her life,
And Tárá, widowed and forlorn,
Will die in anguish, sorrow-worn.
On Angad too the blow will fall
Killing the hope and joy of all.
The ruin of their prince and king
The Vánars' souls with woe will wring,
And each, o'erwhelmed with dark despair,
Will beat his head and rend his hair.
Each, graced and honoured long, will miss
His careless life of easy bliss,
In happy troops will play no more
On breezy rock and shady shore,
But with his darling wife and child

Will seek the mountain top, and wild
With hopeless desolation, throw
Himself, his wife, and babe, below.
Ah no: unless the dame I find
I ne'er will meet my Vánar kind.
Here rather in some distant dell
A lonely hermit will I dwell,
Where roots and berries will supply
My humble wants until I die;
Or on the shore will raise a pyre
And perish in the kindled fire.
Or I will strictly fast until
With slow decay my life I kill,
And ravening dogs and birds of air
The limbs of Hanumán shall tear.
Here will I die, but never bring
Destruction on my race and king.
But still unsearched one grove I see
With many a bright Aśoka tree.
There will I enter in, and through
The tangled shade my search renew.
Be glory to the host on high,
The Sun and Moon who light the sky,
The Vasus[1] and the Maruts'[2] train,
Ádityas[3] and the Aśvins[4] twain.
So may I win success, and bring
The lady back with triumphing.'

[1] The Vasus are a class of eight deities, originally personifications of natural phenomena.

[2] The Maruts are the winds or Storm-Gods.

[3] The Ádityas were originally seven deities of the heavenly sphere of whom Varuṇa is the chief. The name Áditya was afterwards given to any God, especially to Súrya the Sun.

[4] The Aśvins are the Heavenly Twins, the Castor and Pollux of the Hindus.

SATARA HIGH SCHOOL

CANTO XIV.

THE AŚOKA GROVE.

He cleared the barrier at a bound:
He stood within the pleasant ground,
And with delighted eyes surveyed
The climbing plants and varied shade.
He saw unnumbered trees unfold
The treasures of their pendent gold,
As, searching for the Maithil queen,
He strayed through alleys soft and green;
And when a spray he bent or broke
Some little bird that slept awoke.
Whene'er the breeze of morning blew,
Where'er a startled peacock flew,
The gaily coloured branches shed
Their flowery rain upon his head
That clung around the Vánar till
He seemed a blossom-covered hill.[1]
The earth, on whose fair bosom lay
The flowers that fell from every spray,
Was glorious as a lovely maid
In all her brightest robes arrayed.
He saw the breath of morning shake
The lilies on the rippling lake
Whose waves a pleasant lapping made
On crystal steps with gems inlaid.
Then roaming through the enchanted ground,

[1] The poet forgets that Hanumán has reduced himself to the size of a cat.

A pleasant hill the Vánar found,
And grottoes in the living stone
With grass and flowery trees o'ergrown.
Through rocks and boughs a brawling rill
Leapt from the bosom of the hill,
Like a proud beauty when she flies
From her love's arms with angry eyes.
He clomb a tree that near him grew
And leafy shade around him threw.
'Hence,' thought the Vánar, 'shall I see
The Maithil dame, if here she be.
These lovely trees, this cool retreat
Will surely tempt her wandering feet.
Here the sad queen will roam apart,
And dream of Ráma in her heart.'

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY

CANTO XV.

SÍTÁ.

Fair as Kailása white with snow
He saw a palace flash and glow,
A crystal pavement gem-inlaid,
And coral steps and colonnade,
And glittering towers that kissed the skies,
Whose dazzling splendour charmed his eyes.
There pallid, with neglected dress,
Watched close by fiend and giantess,
Her sweet face thin with constant flow
Of tears, with fasting and with woe;
Pale as the young moon's crescent when
The first faint light returns to men:
Dim as the flame when clouds of smoke
The latent glory hide and choke;
Like Rohiṇí the queen of stars
Oppressed by the red planet Mars;
From her dear friends and husband torn,
Amid the cruel fiends, forlorn,
Who fierce-eyed watch around her kept,
A tender woman sat and wept.
Her sobs, her sighs, her mournful mien,
Her glorious eyes, proclaimed the queen.
'This, this is she,' the Vánar cried,
'Fair as the moon and lotus-eyed,
I saw the giant Rávaṇ bear
A captive through the fields of air.
Such was the beauty of the dame;

Her form, her lips, her eyes the same.
This peerless queen whom I behold
Is Ráma's wife with limbs of gold.
Best of the sons of men is he,
And worthy of her lord is she.'

CANTO XVI.

HANUMÁN'S LAMENT.

Then, all his thoughts on Sítá bent,
The Vánar chieftain made lament:
'The queen to Ráma's soul endeared,
By Lakshman's pious heart revered,
Lies here,—for none may strive with Fate,—
A captive, sad and desolate.
The brothers' might full well she knows,
And bravely bears the storm of woes,
As swelling Gangá in the rains
The rush of every flood sustains.
Her lord, for her, fierce Báli slew,
Virádha's monstrous might o'erthrew.
For her the fourteen thousand slain
In Janasthán bedewed the plain.
And if for her Ikshváku's son
Destroyed the world 'twere nobly done.
This, this is she, so far renowned,
Who sprang from out the furrowed ground,[1]
Child of the high-souled king whose sway
The men of Mithilá obey:
The glorious lady wooed and won
By Daśaratha's noblest son;
And now these sad eyes look on her
Mid hostile fiends a prisoner.
From home and every bliss she fled

[1] Sítá 'not of woman born,' was found by King Janak as he was turning up the ground in preparation for a sacrifice. See Book II. Canto CXVIII.

By wifely love and duty led,
And, heedless of a wanderer's woes,
A life in lonely forests chose.
This, this is she so fair of mould,
Whose limbs are bright as burnished gold,
Whose voice was ever soft and mild,
Who sweetly spoke and sweetly smiled.
O, what is Ráma's misery! how
He longs to see his darling now!
Pining for one of her fond looks
As one athirst for water-brooks.
Absorbed in woe the lady sees
No Rákshas guard, no blooming trees.
Her eyes are with her thoughts, and they
Are fixed on Ráma far away.'

CANTO XVII.

SÍTÁ'S GUARD.

His pitying eyes with tears bedewed,
The weeping queen again he viewed,
And saw around the prisoner stand
Her demon guard, a fearful band:
Some earless, some with ears that hung
Low as their feet and loosely swung:
Some fierce with single ears and eyes,
Some dwarfish, some of monstrous size:
Some with their dark necks long and thin
With hair upon the knotty skin:
Some with wild locks, some bald and bare,
Some covered o'er with bristly hair:
Some tall and straight, some bowed and bent
With every foul disfigurement;
All black and fierce with eyes of fire,
Ruthless and stern and swift to ire:
Some with the jackal's jaw and nose,
Some faced like boars and buffaloes:
Some with the heads of goats and kine,
Of elephants, and dogs, and swine:
With lions' lips and horses' brows,
They walked with feet of mules and cows:[1]

[1] Somewhat similarly has Ariosto described the band of monsters at the gate of the city of Alcina:

"Non fu veduta mai piú strana torma,
Piú monstruosi volti e peggio fatti;
Alcun dal collo in giú d'uomini han forma,
Con viso altri di simie, altri di gatti;
Stampano alcun con pié caprigni l'orma;
Alcuni son centauri agili ed atti"

Orlando Furioso, Canto VI.

Swords, maces, clubs, and spears they bore
In hideous hands that reeked with gore,
And, never sated, turned afresh
To bowls of wine and piles of flesh.
Such were the awful guards who stood
Round Sítá in that lovely wood,
While in her lonely sorrow she
Wept sadly neath a spreading tree.
He watched the spouse of Ráma there
Regardless of her tangled hair,
Her jewels stripped from neck and limb,
Decked only with her love of him.

CANTO XVIII.

RÁVAṆ.

While from his shelter in the boughs
The Vánar looked on Ráma's spouse,
He heard the gathered giants raise
The solemn hymn of prayer and praise,—
Priests skilled in rite and ritual, who
The Vedas and their branches[1] knew.
Then, as loud strains of music broke
His sleep, the giant monarch woke.
Swift to his heart the thought returned
Of the fair queen for whom he burned;
Nor could the amorous fiend control
The passion that absorbed his soul.
In all his brightest garb arrayed
He hastened to that lovely shade,
Where glowed each choicest flower and fruit,
And the sweet birds were never mute,
And tall deer bent their heads to drink
On the fair streamlet's grassy brink.
Near that Aśoka grove he drew,—
A hundred dames his retinue,
Like Indra with the thousand eyes
Girt with the beauties of the skies.
Some walked beside their lord to hold

[1] The six *Angas* or subordinate branches of the Vedas are 1. *Śikshá*, the science of proper articulation and pronunciation: 2. *Chhandas*, metre: 3. *Vyákaraṇa*, linguistic analysis or grammar: 4. *Nirukta*, explanation of difficult Vedic words: 5. *Jyotisha*, Astronomy, or rather the Vedic Calendar: 6. *Kalpa*, ceremonial.

The chouries, fans, and lamps of gold,
And others purest water bore
In golden urns, and paced before.
Some carried, piled on golden plates,
Delicious food of dainty cates;
Some wine in massive bowls whereon
The fairest gems resplendent shone.
Some by the monarch's side displayed,
Wrought like a swan, a silken shade;
Another beauty walked behind,
The sceptre to her care assigned.
Around the monarch gleamed the crowd
As lightnings flash about a cloud,
And each made music as she went
With zone and tinkling ornament.
Attended thus in royal state
The monarch reached the garden gate,
While gold and silver torches, fed
With scented oil a soft light shed.[1]
He, while the flame of fierce desire
Burnt in his eyes like kindled fire,
Seemed Love incarnate in his pride,
His bow and arrows laid aside.[2]
His robe, from spot and blemish free
Like Amrit foamy from the sea,[3]
Hung down in many a loosened fold
Inwrought with flowers and bright with gold.

---

[1] There appears to be some confusion of time here. It was already morning when Hanumán entered the grove, and the torches would be needless.

[2] Rávaṇ is one of those beings who can "limb them as they will" and can of course assume the loveliest form to please human eyes as well as the terrific shape that suits the king of the Rákshases.

[3] White and lovely as the Amrit or nectar recovered from the depths of the Milky Sea when churned by the assembled Gods. See Book I. Canto XLV.

The Vánar from his station viewed,
Amazed, the wondrous multitude,
Where, in the centre of that ring
Of noblest women, stood the king,
As stands the full moon fair to view,
Girt by his starry retinue.

CANTO XIX.

SÍTÁ'S FEAR.

Then o'er the lady's soul and frame
A sudden fear and trembling came,
When, glowing in his youthful pride,
She saw the monarch by her side.
Silent she sat, her eyes depressed,
Her soft arms folded o'er her breast,
And,—all she could,—her beauties screened
From the bold gazes of the fiend.
There where the wild she-demons kept
Their watch around, she sighed and wept.
Then, like a severed bough, she lay
Prone on the bare earth in dismay,
The while her thoughts on love's fleet wings
Flew to her lord the best of kings.
She fell upon the ground, and there
Lay struggling with her wild despair,
Sad as a lady born again
To misery and woe and pain,
Now doomed to grief and low estate,
Once noble fair and delicate:
Like faded light of holy lore,
Like Hope when all her dreams are o'er:
Like ruined power and rank debased,
Like majesty of kings disgraced:
Like worship foiled by erring slips,
The moon that labours in eclipse:
A pool with all her lilies dead,

An army when its king has fled:
So sad and hopeless, wan and worn,
She lay among the fiends forlorn.

CANTO XX.

RÁVAṆ'S WOOING.

With amorous look and soft address
The fiend began his suit to press:
'Why wouldst thou, lady lotus-eyed,
From my fond glance those beauties hide?
Mine eager suit no more repel;
But love me, for I love thee well.
Dismiss, sweet dame, dismiss thy fear;
No giant and no man is near.
Ours is the right by force to seize
What dames soe'er our fancy please.[1]
But I with rude hands will not touch
A lady whom I love so much.
Fear not, dear queen: no fear is nigh:
Come, on thy lover's love rely.
Some little sign of favour show,
Nor lie enamoured of thy woe.
Those limbs upon the cold earth laid,
Those tresses twined in single braid,[2]
The fast and woe that wear thy frame,
Beseem not thee, O beauteous dame.

[1] Rávaṇ in his magic car carrying off the most beautiful women reminds us of the magician in *Orlando Furioso*, possessor of the flying horse:

"Volando talor s'alza ne le stelle,
E poi quasi talor la terra rade;
E ne porta con lui tutte le belle
Donne che trova per quelle contrade."

[2] Indian women twisted their long hair in a single braid as a sign of mourning for their absent husbands.

For thee the fairest wreaths were meant,
The sandal and the aloe's scent,
Rich ornaments and pearls of price,
And vesture meet for Paradise.
With dainty cates shouldst thou be fed,
And rest upon a sumptuous bed.
All festive joys to thee belong,
The music, and the dance and song.
Rise, pearl of women, rise and deck
With gems and chains thine arms and neck.
Shall not the dame I love be seen
In vesture worthy of a queen?
Methinks when thy sweet form was made
His hand the wise Creator stayed;
For never more could he design
A beauty meet to rival thine.
Come, let us love while yet we may,
For youth will fly and charms decay.
Come, cast thy grief and fear aside,
And be my love, my chosen bride.
The gems and jewels that my hand
Has reft from every plundered land,—
To thee I give them all this day,
And at thy feet my kingdom lay.
The broad rich earth will I o'errun,
And leave no town unconquered, none;
Then of the whole an offering make
To Janak,[1] dear, for thy sweet sake.
In all the world no power I see
Of God or man can strive with me.
Of old the Gods and Asurs set
In terrible array I met:
Their scattered hosts to earth I beat,

[1] Janak, king of Mithilá, was Sítá's father.

And trod their flags beneath my feet.
Come, taste of bliss and drink thy fill,
And rule the slave who serves thy will.
Think not of wretched Ráma: he
Is less than nothing now to thee.
Stript of his glory, poor, dethroned,
A wanderer by his friends disowned,
On the cold earth he lays his head,
Or is with toil and misery dead.
And if perchance he lingers yet,
His eyes on thee shall ne'er be set.
Could he, that mighty monarch, who
Was named Hiraṇyakasipu,
Could he who wore the garb of gold
Win Glory back from Indra's hold?[1]
O lady of the lovely smile,
Whose eyes the sternest heart beguile,
In all thy radiant beauty dressed
My heart and soul thou ravishest.
What though thy robe is soiled and worn,
And no bright gems thy limbs adorn,
Thou unadorned art dearer far
Than all my loveliest consorts are.
My royal home is bright and fair;
A thousand beauties meet me there.
But come, my glorious love, and be
The queen of all those dames and me.'

[1] Hiraṇyakaśipu was a king of the Daityas celebrated for his blasphemous impieties. When his pious son Prahláda praised Vishṇu the Daitya tried to kill him, when the God appeared in the incarnation of the man-lion and tore the tyrant to pieces.

CANTO XXI.

SÍTÁ'S SCORN.

She thought upon her lord and sighed,
And thus in gentle tones replied:
'Beseems thee not, O King, to woo
A matron, to her husband true.
Thus vainly one might hope by sin
And evil deeds success to win.
Shall I, so highly born, disgrace
My husband's house, my royal race?
Shall I, a true and loyal dame,
Defile my soul with deed of shame?'

Then on the king her back she turned,
And answered thus the prayer she spurned:
'Turn, Rávaṇ, turn thee from thy sin;
Seek virtue's paths and walk therein.
To others dames be honour shown;
Protect them as thou wouldst thine own.
Taught by thyself, from wrong abstain
Which, wrought on thee, thy heart would pain.[1]
Beware: this lawless love of thine
Will ruin thee and all thy line;
And for thy sin, thy sin alone,
Will Lankâ perish overthrown.
Dream not that wealth and power can sway

[1] Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee, is a precept frequently occurring in the old Indian poems.

This charity is to embrace not human beings only, but bird and beast as well: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

My heart from duty's path to stray.
Linked like the Day-God and his shine,
I am my lord's and he is mine.
Repent thee of thine impious deed;
To Ráma's side his consort lead.
Be wise: the hero's friendship gain,
Nor perish in his fury slain.
Go, ask the God of Death to spare,
Or red bolt flashing through the air.
But look in vain for spell or charm
To stay my Ráma's vengeful arm.
Thou, when the hero bends his bow,
Shalt hear the clang that heralds woe,
Loud as the clash when clouds are rent
And Indra's bolt to earth is sent.
Then shall his furious shafts be sped,
Each like a snake with fiery head,
And in their flight shall hiss and flame
Marked with the mighty archer's name.[1]
Then in the fiery deluge all
Thy giants round their king shall fall.'

[1] It was the custom of Indian warriors to mark their arrows with their ciphers or names, and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour to give an enemy the satisfaction of knowing who had shot at him. This passage however contains, if my memory serves me well, the first mention in the poem of this practice, and as arrows have been so frequently mentioned and described with almost every conceivable epithet, its occurrence here seems suspicious. No mention of, or allusion to writing has hitherto occurred in the poem.

CANTO XXII.

RÁVAṆ'S THREAT.

Then anger swelled in Rávaṇ's breast,
Who fiercely thus the dame addressed:
Tis ever thus: in vain we sue
To woman, and her favour woo.
A lover's humble words impel
Her wayward spirit to rebel.
The love of thee that fills my soul
Still keeps my anger in control,
As charioteers with bit and rein
The swerving of the steed restrain.
The love that rules me bids me spare
Thy forfeit life, O thou most fair.
For this, O Sítá, have I borne
The keen reproach, the bitter scorn,
And the fond love thou boastest yet
For that poor wandering anchoret;
Else had the words which thou hast said
Brought death upon thy guilty head.
Two months, fair dame, I grant thee still
To bend thee to thy lover's will.
If when that respite time is fled
Thou still refuse to share my bed,
My cooks shall mince thy limbs with steel
And serve thee for my morning meal.'[1]

The minstrel daughters of the skies
Looked on her woe with pitying eyes,

[1] This threat in the same words occurs in Book III. Canto LVI.

And sun-bright children of the Gods[1]
Consoled the queen with smiles and nods.
She saw, and with her heart at ease,
Addressed the fiend in words like these:
'Hast thou no friend to love thee, none
In all this isle to bid thee shun
The ruin which thy crime will bring
On thee and thine, O impious King?
Who in all worlds save thee could woo
Me, Ráma's consort pure and true,
As though he tempted with his love
Queen Śachí[2] on her throne above?
How canst thou hope, vile wretch, to fly
The vengeance that e'en now is nigh,
When thou hast dared, untouched by shame,
To press thy suit on Ráma's dame?
Where woods are thick and grass is high
A lion and a hare may lie;
My Ráma is the lion, thou
Art the poor hare beneath the bough.
Thou railest at the lord of men,
But wilt not stand within his ken.
What! is that eye unstricken yet
Whose impious glance on me was set?
Still moves that tongue that would not spare
The wife of Daśaratha's heir?'

Then, hissing like a furious snake,
The fiend again to Sítá spake:
'Deaf to all prayers and threats art thou,
Devoted to thy senseless vow.
No longer respite will I give,
And thou this day shalt cease to live;

[1] Rávaṇ carried off and kept in his palace not only earthly princesses but the daughters of Gods and Gandharvas.

[2] The wife of Indra.

For I, as sunlight kills the morn,
Will slay thee for thy scathe and scorn.'
The Rákshas guard was summoned: all
The monstrous crew obeyed the call,
And hastened to the king to take
The orders which he fiercely spake:
'See that ye guard her well, and tame,
Like some wild thing, the stubborn dame,
Until her haughty soul be bent
By mingled threat and blandishment.'[1]
The monsters heard: away he strode,
And passed within his queens' abode.

[1] These four lines have occured before. Book III. Canto LVI.

CANTO XXIII.

THE DEMONS' THREATS.

Then round the helpless Sítá drew
With fiery eyes the hideous crew,
And thus assailed her, all and each,
With insult, taunt, and threatening speech:
'What! can it be thou prizest not
This happy chance, this glorious lot,
To be the chosen wife of one
So strong and great, Pulastya's son?
Pulastya—thus have sages told—
Is mid the Lords of Life[1] enrolled.
Lord Brahmá's mind-born son was he,
Fourth of that glorious company.
Viśravas from Pulastya sprang,—
Through all the worlds his glory rang.
And of Viśravas, large-eyed dame!
Our king the mighty Rávaṇ came.
His happy consort thou mayst be:
Scorn not the words we say to thee.'
One awful demon, fiery-eyed,
Stood by the Maithil queen and cried:
'Come and be his, if thou art wise,
Who smote the sovereign of the skies,
And made the thirty Gods and three,[2]
O'ercome in furious battle, flee.

[1] Prajápatis are the ten lords of created beings first created by Brahmá; somewhat like the Demiurgi of the Gnostics.

[2] "This is the number of the Vedic divinities mentioned in the Rig-veda. In Ashṭaka I. Súkta XXXIV. the Rishi Hiraṇyastúpa invoking the Aśvins says: Á Násatyá tribhirekádaśairiha devebhiryá-

Thy lover turns away with scorn
From wives whom grace and youth adorn.
Thou art his chosen consort, thou
Shalt be his pride and darling now.'
Another, Vikatá by name,
In words like these addressed the dame:
The king whose blows, in fury dealt,
The Nágas[1] and Gandharvas[2] felt,
In battle's fiercest brunt subdued,
Has stood by thee and humbly wooed.
And wilt thou in thy folly miss
The glory of a love like this?
Scared by his eye the sun grows chill,
The wanderer wind is hushed and still.
The rains at his command descend,
And trees with new-blown blossoms bend.
His word the hosts of demons fear,
And wilt thou, dame, refuse to hear?
Be counselled; with his will comply,
Or, lady, thou shalt surely die.'

tam: "O Násatyas (Aśvins) come hither with the thrice eleven Gods." And in Súkta XLV. the Rishi Praskanva addressing his hymn to Agni (ignis, fire), thus invokes him:" Lord of the red steeds, propitiated by our prayers lead hither the thirty-three Gods." This number must certainly have been the actual number in the early days of the Vedic religion; although it appears probable enough that the thirty-three Vedic divinities could not then be found co-ordinated in so systematic a way as they were arranged more recently by the authors of the Upanishads. In the later ages of Brahmanism the number went on increasing without measure by successive mythical and religious creations which peopled the Indian Olympus with abstract beings of every kind. But through lasting veneration of the word of the Veda the custom remained of giving the name of "the thirty-three Gods" to the immense phalanx of the multiplied deities." GORRESIO.

[1] Serpent-Gods who dwell in the regions under the earth.

[2] In the mythology of the epics the Gandharvas are the heavenly singers or musicians who form the orchestra at the banquets of the Gods, and they belong to the heaven of Indra in whose battles they share.

CANTO XXIV.

SÍTÁ'S REPLY.

Still with reproaches rough and rude
Those fiends the gentle queen pursued:
'What! can so fair a life displease,
To dwell with him in joyous ease?
Dwell in his bowers a happy queen
In silk and gold and jewels' sheen?
Still must thy woman fancy cling
To Ráma and reject our king?
Die in thy folly, or forget
That wretched wandering anchoret.
Come, Sítá, in luxurious bowers
Spend with our lord thy happy hours;
The mighty lord who makes his own
The treasures of the worlds o'erthrown.'
Then, as a tear bedewed her eye,
The hapless lady made reply:
'I loathe, with heart and soul detest
The shameful life your words suggest.
Eat, if you will, this mortal frame:
My soul rejects the sin and shame.
A homeless wanderer though he be,
In him my lord, my life I see,
And, till my earthly days be done,
Will cling to great Ikshváku's son.'
Then with fierce eyes on Sítá set
They cried again with taunt and threat:
Each licking with her fiery tongue

The lip that to her bosom hung,
And menacing the lady's life
With axe, or spear or murderous knife:
'Hear, Sítá, and our words obey,
Or perish by our hands to-day.
Thy love for Raghu's son forsake,
And Rávaṇ for thy husband take,
Or we will rend thy limbs apart
And banquet on thy quivering heart.
Now from her body strike the head,
And tell the king the dame is dead.
Then by our lord's commandment she
A banquet for our band shall be.
Come, let the wine be quickly brought
That frees each heart from saddening thought.
Then to the western gate repair,
And we will dance and revel there.'

CANTO XXV.

SÍTÁ'S LAMENT.

On the bare earth the lady sank,
And trembling from their presence shrank,
Like a strayed fawn, when night is dark,
And hungry wolves around her bark.
Then to a shady tree she crept,
And thought upon her lord and wept.
By fear and bitter woe oppressed
She bathed the beauties of her breast
With her hot tears' incessant flow,
And found no respite from her woe.
As shakes a plantain in the breeze
She shook, and fell on trembling knees;
While at each demon's furious look
Her cheek its native hue forsook.
She lay and wept and made her moan
In sorrow's saddest undertone,
And, wild with grief, with fear appalled,
On Ráma and his brother called:
'O dear Kausalyá,[1] 'hear me cry!
Sweet Queen Sumitrá, list my sigh!
True is the saw the wise declare:
Death comes not to relieve despair.
'Tis vain for dame or man to pray;
Death will not hear before his day;
Since I, from Ráma's sight debarred,

[1] The mother of Ráma.
[2] The mother of Lakshmaṇ.

And tortured by my cruel guard,
Still live in hopeless woe to grieve
And loathe the life I may not leave.
Here, like a poor deserted thing,
My limbs upon the ground I fling,
And, like a bark beneath the blast,
Shall sink oppressed with woes at last.
Ah, blest are they, supremely blest,
Whose eyes upon my lord may rest;
Who mark his lion port, and hear
His gentle speech that charms the ear.
Alas, what antenatal crime,
What trespass of forgotten time
Weighs on my soul, and bids me bow
Beneath this load of misery now?'

CANTO XXVI.

SÍTÁ'S LAMENT.

'I Ráma's wife, on that sad day,
By Rávaṇ's arm was borne away,
Seized, while I sat and feared no ill,
By him who wears each form at will.
A helpless captive, left forlorn
To demons' threats and taunts and scorn,
Here for my lord I weep and sigh,
And worn with woe would gladly die.
For what is life to me afar
From Ráma of the mighty car?
The robber in his fruitless sin
Would hope his captive's love to win.
My meaner foot shall never touch
The demon whom I loathe so much.
The senseless fool! he knows me not,
Nor the proud soul his love would blot.
Yea, limb from limb will I be rent,
But never to his prayer consent;
Be burnt and perish in the fire,
But never meet his base desire.
My lord was grateful, true and wise,
And looked on woe with pitying eyes;
But now, recoiling from the strife,
He pities not his captive wife.
Alone in Janasthán he slew
The thousands of the Rákshas crew.
His arm was strong, his heart was brave,

Why comes he not to free and save?
Why blame my lord in vain surmise?
He knows not where his lady lies.
O, if he knew, o'er land and sea
His feet were swift to set me free;
This Lankâ, girdled by the deep,
Would fall consumed, a shapeless heap,
And from each ruined home would rise
A Rákshas widow's groans and cries.'

CANTO XXVII.

TRIJAṬÁ'S DREAM.

Their threats unfeared, their counsel spurned,
The demons' breasts with fury burned.
Some sought the giant king, to bear
The tale of Sítá's fixt despair.
With threats and taunts renewed the rest
Around the weeping lady pressed.
But Trijaṭá, of softer mould,
A Rákshas matron wise and old,
With pity for the captive moved,
In words like these the fiends reproved:
'Me, me,' she cried, 'eat me, but spare
The spouse of Daśaratha's heir.
Last night I dreamt a dream; and still
The fear and awe my bosom chill;
For in that dream I saw foreshown
Our race by Ráma's hand o'erthrown.
I saw a chariot high in air,
Of ivory exceeding fair.
A hundred steeds that chariot drew
As swiftly through the clouds it flew,
And, clothed in white, with wreaths that shone,
The sons of Raghu rode thereon.
I looked and saw this lady here,
Clad in the purest white, appear
High on the snow-white hill whose feet
The angry waves of ocean beat.
And she and Ráma met at last

Like light and sun when night is past.
Again I saw them side by side:
On Rávaṇ's car they seemed to ride,
And with the princely Lakshmaṇ flee
To northern realms beyond the sea.
Then Rávaṇ, shaved and shorn, besmeared
With oil from head to foot, appeared.
He quaffed, he raved: his robes were red:
Fierce was his eye, and bare his head.
I saw him from his chariot thrust;
I saw him rolling in the dust.
A woman came and dragged away
The stricken giant where he lay,
And on a car which asses drew
The monarch of our race she threw.
He rose erect, he danced and laughed,
With thirsty lips the oil he quaffed,
Then with wild eyes and streaming mouth
Sped on the chariot to the south.[1]
Then, dropping oil from every limb,
His sons the princes followed him,
And Kumbhakarṇa,[2] shaved and shorn,
Was southward on a camel borne.
Then royal Lanká reeled and fell
With gate and tower and citadel.
This ancient city, far-renowned:
All life within her walls was drowned;
And the wild waves of ocean rolled
O'er Lanká and her streets of gold.
Warned by these signs I bid you fly;
Or by the hand of Ráma die,
Whose vengeance will not spare the life

[1] In the south is the region of Yama the God of Death, the place of departed spirits.

[2] Kumbhakarṇa was one of Rávaṇ's brothers.

Of one who vexed his faithful wife.
Your bitter taunts and threats forgo:
Comfort the lady in her woe,
And humbly pray her to forgive;
For so you may be spared and live.'

CANTO XXX.[1]

HANUMÁN'S DELIBERATION.

The Vánar watched concealed: each word
Of Sítá and the fiends he heard,
And in a maze of anxious thought
His quick-conceiving bosom wrought:
'At length my watchful eyes have seen,
Pursued so long, the Maithil queen,
Sought by our Vánar hosts in vain
From east to west, from main to main.
A cautious spy have I explored
The palace of the Rákshas lord,
And throughly learned, concealed from sight,
The giant monarch's power and might.
And now my task must be to cheer
The royal dame who sorrows here.
For if I go, and soothe her not,
A captive in this distant spot,
She, when she finds no comfort nigh,
Will sink beneath her woes and die.

[1] I omit the 28th and 29th Cantos as an unmistakeable interpolation. Instead of advancing the story it goes back to Canto XVII. containing a lamentation of Sítá after Rávaṇ has left her, and describes the auspicious signs sent to cheer her, the throbbing of her left eye, arm, and side. The Canto is found in the Bengal recension. Gorresio translates it, and observes: "I think that Chapter XXVIII.—The Auspicious Signs—is an addition, a later interpolation by the Rhapsodists. It has no bond of connexion either with what precedes or follows it, and may be struck out not only without injury to, but positively to the advantage of the poem. The metre in which this chapter is written differs from that which is generally adopted in the course of the poem."

How shall my tale, if unconsoled
I leave her, be to Ráma told?
How shall I answer Raghu's son,
'No message from my darling, none?'?
The husband's wrath, to fury fanned,
Will scorch me lifeless where I stand.
Or if I urge my lord the king
To Lanká's isle his hosts to bring,
In vain will be his zeal, in vain
The toil, the danger, and the pain.
Yea, this occasion must I seize
That from her guard the lady frees,[1]
To win her ear with soft address
And whisper hope in dire distress.
Shall I, a puny Vánar, choose
The Sanskrit men delight to use?
If, as a man of Bráhman kind,
I speak the tongue by rules refined,
The lady, yielding to her fears,
Will think 'tis Rávaṇ's voice she hears.
I must assume-my only plan—
The language of a common[2] man.
Yet, if the lady sees me nigh,
In terror she will start and cry;

[1] The guards are still in the grove, but they are asleep; and Sitá has crept to a tree at some distance from them.

[2] "As the reason assigned in these passages for not addressing Sítá in Sanskrit such as a Bráhman would use is not that she would not understand it, but that it would alarm her and be unsuitable to the speaker, we must take them as indicating that Sanskrit, if not spoken by women of the upper classes at the time when the Rámáyaṇa was written (whenever that may have been), was at least understood by them, and was commonly spoken by men of the priestly class, and other educated persons. By the Sanskrit proper to an [ordinary] man, alluded to in the second passage, may perhaps be understood not a language in which words different from Sanskrit were used, but the employment of formal and elaborate diction." MUIR'S *Sanskrit Texts*, Part II. p. 166.

And all the demon band, alarmed,
Will come with various weapons armed,
With their wild shouts the grove will fill,
And strive to take me, or to kill.
And, at my death or capture, dies
The hope of Ráma's enterprise.
For none can leap, save only me,
A hundred leagues across the sea.
It is a sin in me, I own,
To talk with Janak's child alone.
Yet greater is the sin if I
Be silent, and the lady die.
First I will utter Ráma's name,
And laud the hero's gifts and fame.
Perchance the name she holds so dear
Will soothe the faithful lady's fear.'

CANTO XXXI.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

Then in sweet accents low and mild
The Vánar spoke to Janak's child:
'A noble king, by sin unstained,
The mighty Daśaratha reigned.
Lord of the warrior's car and steed,
The pride of old Ikshváku's seed.
A faithful friend, a blameless king,
Protector of each living thing.
A glorious monarch, strong to save,
Blest with the bliss he freely gave.
His son, the best of all who know
The science of the bended bow,
Was moon-bright Ráma, brave and strong,
Who loved the right and loathed the wrong.
Who ne'er from kingly duty swerved,
Loved by the lands his might preserved.
His feet the path of law pursued;
His arm rebellious foes subdued.
His sire's command the prince obeyed
And, banished, sought the forest shade,
Where with his wife and brother he
Wandered a saintly devotee.
There as he roamed the wilds he slew
The bravest of the Rákshas crew.
The giant king the prince beguiled,
And stole his consort, Janak's child.
Then Ráma roamed the country round,

And a firm friend, Sugríva, found,
Lord of the Vánar race, expelled
From his own realm which Báli held.
He conquered Báli and restored
The kingdom to the rightful lord.
Then by Sugríva's high decree
The Vánar legions searched for thee.
Sampáti's counsel bade me leap
A hundred leagues across the deep.
And now my happy eyes have seen
At last the long-sought Maithil queen.
Such was the form, the eye, the grace
Of her whom Ráma bade me trace.'

He ceased: her flowing locks she drew
To shield her from a stranger's view;
Then, trembling in her wild surprise,
Raised to the tree her anxious eyes.

CANTO XXXII.

SÍTÁ'S DOUBT.

Her eyes the Maithil lady raised
And on the monkey speaker gazed.
She looked, and trembling at the sight
Wept bitter tears in wild affright.
She sank a while with fear distraught,
Then, nerved again, the lady thought:
'Is this a dream mine eyes have seen,
This creature, by our laws unclean?
O, may the Gods keep Ráma, still,
And Lakshman, and my sire, from ill!
It is no dream: I have not slept,
But, trouble-worn, have watched and wept.
Afar from that dear lord of mine
For whom in ceaseless woe I pine,
No art may soothe my wild distress
Or lull me to forgetfulness.
I see but him: my lips can frame
No syllable but Ráma's name.
Each sight I see, each sound I hear,
Brings Ráma to mine eye or ear.
The wish was in my heart, and hence
The sweet illusion mocked my sense.
'Twas but a phantom of the mind,
And yet the voice was soft and kind.
Be glory to the Eternal Sire,[1]
Be glory to the Lord of Fire,

[1] Svayambhu, the Self-existent, Brahmá.

The mighty Teacher in the skies,[1]
And Indra with his thousand eyes,
And may they grant the truth to be
E'en as the words that startled me.'

[1] Vrihaspati or Váchaspati, the Lord of Speech and preceptor of the Gods.

CANTO XXXIII.

THE COLLOQUY.

Down from the tree Hanúmán came
And humbly stood before the dame.
Then joining reverent palm to palm
Addressed her thus with words of balm:
'Why should the tears of sorrow rise,
Sweet lady, to those lovely eyes,
As when the wind-swept river floods
Two half expanded lotus buds?
Who art thou, O most fair of face?
Of Asur,[1] or celestial race?
Did Nága mother give thee birth?
For sure thou art no child of earth.
Do Rudras[2] claim that heavenly form?
Or the swift Gods[3] who ride the storm?
Or art thou Rohiṇí[4] the blest,
That star more lovely than the rest,—
Reft from the Moon thou lovest well
And doomed a while on earth to dwell?
Or canst thou, fairest wonder, be
The starry queen Arundhatí,[5]
Fled in thy wrath or jealous pride

[1] The Asurs were the fierce enemies of the Gods.

[2] The Rudras are manifestations of Śiva.

[3] The Maruts or Storm-Gods.

[4] Rohiṇí is an asterism personified as the daughter of Daksha and the favourite wife of the Moon. The chief star in the constellation is Aldebaran.

[5] Arundhatí was the wife of the great sage Vasishṭha, and regarded as the pattern of conjugal excellence. She was raised to the heavens as one of the Pleiades.

From her dear lord Vasishṭha's side?
Who is the husband, father, son,
Or brother, O thou loveliest one,
Gone from this world in heaven to dwell,
For whom those eyes with weeping swell?
Yet, by the tears those sweet eyes shed,
Yet, by the earth that bears thy tread,[1]
By calling on a monarch's name,
No Goddess but a royal dame.
Art thou the queen, fair lady, say,
Whom Rávaṇ stole and bore away?
Yea, by that agony of woe,
That form unrivalled here below,
That votive garb, thou art, I ween,
King Janak's child and Ráma's queen.'
Hope at the name of Ráma woke,
And thus the gentle lady spoke:
'I am that Sítá wooed and won
By Daśaratha's royal son,
The noblest of Ikshváku's line;
And every earthly joy was mine.
But Ráma left his royal home
In Daṇḍak's tangled wilds to roam,
Where with Sumitrá's son and me
He lived a saintly devotee.
The giant Rávaṇ came with guile
And bore me thence to Lanká's isle.
Some respite yet the fiend allows,
Two months of life, to Ráma's spouse.
Two moons of hopeless woe remain,
And then the captive will be slain.'

[1] The Gods do not shed tears; nor do they touch the ground when they walk or stand. Similarly Milton's angels marched above the ground and "the passive air upbore their nimble tread."
Virgil's 'vera incessu patuit dea' may refer to the same belief.

CANTO XXXIV.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

Thus spoke the dame in mournful mood,
And Hanumán his speech renewed:
'O lady, by thy lord's decree
I come a messenger to thee.
Thy lord is safe with steadfast friends,
And greeting to his queen he sends.
And Lakshmaṇ, ever faithful bows
His reverent head to Ráma's spouse.'
Through all her frame the rapture ran,
As thus again the dame began:
'Now verily the truth I know
Of the wise saw of long ago:
'Once only in a hundred years
True joy to living man appears.'
He marked her rapture-beaming hue,
And nearer to the lady drew.
But at each onward step he took
Suspicious fear her spirit shook.
'Alas, Alas,' she cried in fear,
'False is the tale I joyed to hear.
'Tis Rávaṇ, 'tis the fiend, who tries
To mock me with a new disguise.
If thou, to wring my woman's heart,
Hast changed thy shape by magic art,
And wouldst a helpless dame beguile,
The wicked deed is doubly vile.
But no: that fiend thou canst not be:

Such joy I had from seeing thee.
But if my fancy does not err,
And thou art Ráma's messenger,
The glories of my lord repeat;
For to these ears such words are sweet.'
The Vánar knew the lady's thought,[1]
And gave the answer fondly sought:
'Bright as the sun that lights the sky,
Dear as the Moon to every eye,
He scatters blessings o'er the land
Like bounties from Vaiśravaṇ's[2] hand.
Like Vishṇu strong and unsubdued,
Unmatched in might and fortitude,
Wise, truthful as the Lord of Speech,
With gentle words he welcomes each.
Of noblest mould and form is he,
Like love's incarnate deity.
He quells the fury of the foe,
And strikes when justice prompts the blow.
Safe in the shadow of his arm
The world is kept from scathe and harm.
Now soon shall Rávaṇ rue his theft,
And fall, of realm and life bereft.
For Ráma's wrathful hand shall wing
His shafts against the giant king.
The day, O Maithil Queen, is near
When he and Lakshmaṇ will be here,
And by their side Sugríva lead
His countless hosts of Vánar breed.
Sugríva's servant, I, by name
Hanúmán, by his order came.

[1] That a friend of Ráma would praise him as he should be praised, and that if the stranger were Rávaṇ in disguise he would avoid the subject.

[2] Kuvera the God of Gold.

With desperate leap I crossed the sea
To Lanká's isle in search of thee.
No traitor, gentle dame, am I;
Upon my word and faith rely.'

CANTO XXXV.

HANUMÁN'S SPEECH.

With joyous heart she heard him tell
Of the great lord she loved so well,
And in sweet accents, soft and low,
Spoke, half forgetful of her woe:
'How didst thou stand by Ráma's side?
How came my lord and thou allied?
How met the people of the wood
With men on terms of brotherhood?
Declare each grace and regal sign
That decks the lords of Raghu's line.
Each circumstance and look relate;
Tell Ráma's form and speech, and gait.'
'Thy fear and doubt,' he cried, 'dispelled,
Hear, lady, what mine eyes beheld.
Hear the imperial signs that grace
The glory of Ikshváku's race.
With moon-bright face and lotus eyes,
Most beautiful and good and wise,
With sun-like glory round his head,
Long-suffering as the earth we tread,
He from all foes his realm defends,
Yea, o'er the world his care extends.
He follows right in all his ways,
And ne'er from royal duty strays.
He knows the lore that strengthens kings;
His heart to truth and honour clings.
Each grace and gift of form and mind

Adorns that prince of human kind;
And virtues like his own endue
His brother ever firm and true.
O'er all the land they roamed distraught,
And thee with vain endeavour sought,
Until at length their wandering feet
Trod wearily our wild retreat.
Our banished king Sugríva spied
The princes from the mountain side.
By his command I sought the pair
And led them to our monarch there.
Thus Ráma and Sugríva met,
And joined the bonds that knit them yet,
When each besought the other's aid,
And friendship and alliance made.
An arrow launched from Ráma's bow
Laid Báli dead, Sugríva's foe.
Then by commandment of our lord
The Vánar hosts each land explored.
We reached the coast: I crossed the sea,
And found my way at length to thee.' [1]

[1] Sítá of course knows nothing of what has happened to Ráma since the time when she was carried away by Rávan. The poet therefore thinks it necessary to repeat the whole story of the meeting between Ráma and Sugríva, the defeat of Báli, and subsequent events. I give the briefest possible outline of the story.

CANTO XXXVI.

RÁMA'S RING.

'Receive,' he cried, 'this precious ring,'[1]
Sure token from thy lord the king:
The golden ring he wont to wear:
See, Ráma's name engraven there.'
Then, as she took the ring he showed,
The tears that spring of rapture flowed.
She seemed to touch the hand that sent
The dearly valued ornament,
And with her heart again at ease,
Replied in gentle words like these:
'O thou, whose soul no fears deter,
Wise, brave, and faithful messenger!
And hast thou dared, o'er wave and foam,
To seek me in the giants' home?
In thee, true messenger, I find
The noblest of thy woodland kind,
Who couldst, unmoved by terror, brook
On Rávaṇ, king of fiends, to look.
Now may we commune here as friends,
For he whom royal Ráma sends
Must needs be one in danger tried,
A valiant, wise, and faithful guide.
Say, is it well with Ráma still?
Lives Lakshmaṇ yet untouched by ill?
Then why should Ráma's hand be slow

[1] De Gubernatis thinks that this ring which the Sun Ráma sends to the Dawn Sítá is a symbol of the sun's disc.

To free his consort from her woe?
Why spare to burn, in search of me,
The land encircled by the sea?
Can Bharat send no army out
With banners cars and battle shout?
Cannot thy king Sugríva lend
His legions to assist his friend?'
His hands upon his head he laid,
And thus again his answer made:
'Not yet has Ráma learnt where lies
His lady of the lotus eyes,
Or he like Indra from the sky
To Śachí's[1] aid, to thee would fly.
Soon will he hear the tale, and then,
Roused to revenge, the lord of men
Will to the giánts' island lead
Fierce myriads of the woodland breed,
Bridging his conquering way, and make
The town a ruin for thy sake.
Believe my words, sweet dame; I swear
By roots and fruit, my woodland fare,
By Meru's peak and Vindhya's chain,
And Mandar of the Milky Main,
Soon shalt thou see thy lord, though now
He waits upon Prasravaṇ's[2] brow,
Come glorious as the breaking morn,
Like Indra on Airávat[3] borne.
For thee he looks with longing eyes;
The wood his scanty food supplies.
For thee his brow is pale and worn,
For thee are meat and wine forsworn.

[1] Śachí is the loved and lovely wife of Indra, and she is taken as the type of a woman protected by a jealous and all-powerful husband.

[2] The mountain near Kishkindhá.

[3] Airávat is the mighty elephant on which Indra delights to ride.

Thine image in his heart he keeps,
For thee by night he wakes and weeps.
Or if perchance his eyes he close
And win brief respite from his woes,
E'en then the name of Sítá slips
In anguish from his murmuring lips.
If lovely flowers or fruit he sees,
Which women love, upon the trees,
To thee, to thee his fancy flies,
And 'Sítá! O my love!' he cries.'

CANTO XXXVII.

SÍTÁ'S SPEECH.

'Thou bringest me,' she cried again,
'A mingled draught of bliss and pain:
Bliss, that he wears me in his heart,
Pain, that he wakes and weeps apart.
O, see how Fate is king of all,
Now lifts us high, now bids us fall,
And leads a captive bound with cord
The meanest slave, the proudest lord.
Thus even now Fate's stern decree
Has struck with grief my lord and me.
Say, how shall Ráma reach the shore
Of sorrow's waves that rise and roar,
A shipwrecked sailor, wellnigh drowned
In the wild sea that foams around?
When will he smite the demon down,
Lay low in dust the giants' town,
And, glorious from his foes' defeat,
His wife, his long-lost Sítá, meet?
Go, bid him speed to smite his foes
Before the year shall reach its close.
Ten months are fled: but two remain,
Then Rávaṇ's captive must be slain.
Oft has Vibhíshaṇ,[1] just and wise,
Besought him to restore his prize.
But deaf is Rávaṇ's senseless ear:
His brother's rede he will not hear.

[1] Vibhíshaṇ is the wicked Rávaṇ's good brother.

Vibhíshaṇ's daughter[1] loves me well:
From her I learnt the tale I tell.
Avindhya[2] prudent, just, and old,
The giant's fall has oft foretold;
But Fate impels him to despise
His word on whom he most relies.
In Ráma's love I rest secure,
For my fond heart is true and pure,
And him, my noblest lord, I deem
In valour, power, and might supreme.'

As from her eyes the waters ran,
The Vánar chief again began:
'Yea, Ráma, when he hears my tale,
Will with our hosts these walls assail.
Or I myself, O Queen, this day
Will bear thee from the fiend away,
Will lift thee up, and take thee hence
To him thy refuge and defence;
Will take thee in my arms, and flee
To Ráma far beyond the sea;
Will place thee on Prasravaṇ hill
Where Raghu's son is waiting still.'

'How canst thou bear me hence?' she cried,
'The way is long, the sea is wide.
To bear my very weight would be
A task too hard for one like thee.'[3]

Swift rose before her startled eyes
The Vánar in his native size,
Like Mandar's hill or Meru's height,
Encircled with a blaze of light.
'O come,' he cried, 'thy fears dispel,

[1] Her name is Kalá, or in the Bengal recension Nandá.

[2] One of Rávaṇ's chief councillors.

[3] Hanumán when he entered the city had in order to escape observation condensed himself to the size of a cat.

Nor doubt that I will bear thee well.
Come, in my strength and care confide,
And sit in joy by Ráma's side.'
Again she spake: 'I know thee now,
Brave, resolute, and strong art thou;
In glory like the Lord of Fire
With storm-swift feet which naught may tire.
But yet with thee I may not fly:
For, borne so swiftly through the sky,
Mine eyes would soon grow faint and dim,
My dizzy brain would reel and swim,
My yielding arms relax their hold,
And I in terror uncontrolled
Should fall into the raging sea
Where hungry sharks would feed on me.
Nor can I touch, of free accord,
The limbs of any save my lord.
If, by the giant forced away,
In his enfolding arms I lay,
Not mine, O Vánar, was the blame;
What could I do, a helpless dame?
Go, to my lord my message bear,
And bid him end my long despair.'

CANTO XXXVIII.

SÍTÁ'S GEM.

Again the Vánar chief replied,
With her wise answer satisfied:
'Well hast thou said: thou canst not brave
The rushing wind, the roaring wave.
Thy woman's heart would sink with fear
Before the ocean shore were near.
And for thy dread lest limb of thine
Should for a while be touched by mine,
The modest fear is worthy one
Whose cherished lord is Raghu's son.
Yet when I sought to bear thee hence
I spoke the words of innocence,
Impelled to set the captive free
By friendship for thy lord and thee.
But if with me thou wilt not try
The passage of the windy sky,
Give me a gem that I may show,
Some token which thy lord may know.'
Again the Maithil lady spoke,
While tears and sobs her utterance broke:
'The surest of all signs is this,
To tell the tale of vanished bliss.
Thus in my name to Ráma speak:
'Remember Chitrakúṭa's peak,
And the green margin of the rill[1]

[1] The brook Mandákini, not far from Chitrakúṭa where Ráma sojourned for a time.

That flows beside that pleasant hill,
Where thou and I together strayed
Delighting in the tangled shade.
There on the grass I sat with thee
And laid my head upon thy knee.
There came a greedy crow and pecked
The meat I waited to protect,
And, heedless of the clods I threw,
About my head in circles flew,
Until by daring hunger pressed
He boldly pecked me on the breast.
I ran to thee in rage and grief
And prayed for vengeance on the thief.
Then Ráma [1] from his slumber rose
And smiled with pity at my woes.
Upon my bleeding breast he saw
The scratches made by beak and claw.
He laid an arrow on his bow,
And launched it at the shameless crow.
That shaft, with magic power endued,
The bird, where'er he flew, pursued,
Till back to Raghu's son he fled
And bent at Ráma's feet his head.[2]
Couldst thou for me with anger stirred
Launch that dire shaft upon a bird,
And yet canst pardon him who stole
The darling of thy heart and soul?
Rise up, O bravest of the brave,
And come in all thy might to save.
Come with the thunders of thy bow,
And smite to earth the Rákshas foe.'
She ceased; and from her glorious hair

[1] The poet here changes from the second person to the third.

[2] The whole long story is repeated with some slight variations and additions from Book II. Canto XCVI. I give here only the outline.

She took a gem that sparkled there:
A token which her husband's eyes
With eager love would recognize.
His head the Vánar envoy bent
In low obeisance reverent,
And on his finger bound the gem
She loosened from her diadem.

CANTO XLI.[1]

THE RUIN OF THE GROVE.

Dismissed with every honour due
The Vánar from the spot withdrew.
Then joyous thought the Wind-God's son:
'The mighty task is wellnigh done.
The three expedients I must leave;
The fourth alone can I achieve.[2]
These dwellers in the giants' isle
No arts of mine can reconcile.
I cannot bribe: I cannot sow
Dissension mid the Rákshas foe.
Arts, gifts, address, these fiends despise;
But force shall yet their king chastise.
Perchance he may relent when all
The bravest of his chieftains fall.
This lovely grove will I destroy,
The cruel Rávaṇ's pride and joy,
The garden where he takes his ease
Mid climbing plants and flowery trees
That lift their proud tops to the skies,
Dear to the tyrant as his eyes.

[1] I omit two Cantos of dialogue. Sítá tells Hanumán again to convey her message to Ráma and bid him hasten to rescue her. Hanumán replies as before that there is no one on earth equal to Ráma, who will soon come and destroy Rávaṇ. There is not a new idea in the two Cantos: all is reiteration.

[2] The expedients to vanquish an enemy or to make him come to terms are said to be four: conciliation, gifts, disunion, and force or punishment. Hanumán considers it useless to employ the first three and resolves to punish Rávaṇ by destroying his pleasure-grounds.

Then will he rouse in wrath, and lead
His legions with the car and steed
And elephants in long array,
And seek me thirsty for the fray.
The Rákshas legions will I meet,
And all his bravest host defeat;
Then, glorious from the bloody plain,
Turn to my lord the king again'.
  Then every lovely tree that bore
Fair blossoms, from the soil he tore,
Till each green bough that lent its shade
To singing birds on earth was laid.
The wilderness he left a waste,
The fountains shattered and defaced:
O'erthrew and levelled with the ground
Each shady seat and pleasure-mound.
Each arbour clad with climbing bloom,
Each grotto, cell, and picture room,
Each lawn by beast and bird enjoyed,
Each walk and terrace was destroyed.
And all the place that was so fair
Was left a ruin wild and bare,
As if the fury of the blast
Or raging fire had o'er it passed.

CANTO XLII.

THE GIANTS ROUSED.

The cries of startled birds, the sound
Of tall trees crashing to the ground,
Struck with amaze each giant's ear,
And filled the isle with sudden fear.
Then, wakened by the crash and cries,
The fierce she-fiends unclosed their eyes,
And saw the Vánar where he stood
Amid the devastated wood.
The more to scare them with the view
To size immense the Vánar grew;
And straight the Rákshas warders cried
To Janak's daughter terrified:
'Whose envoy, whence, and who is he,
Why has he come to talk with thee?
Speak, lady of the lovely eyes,
And let not fear thy joy disguise'.
Then thus replied the Maithil dame
Of noble soul and perfect frame:
'Can I discern, with scanty skill,
These fiends who change their forms at will?
'Tis yours to say: your kin you meet;
A serpent knows a serpent's feet.
I weet not who he is: the sight
Has filled my spirit with affright'.
Some pressed round Sítá in a ring;
Some bore the story to their king:
'A mighty creature of our race,

In monkey form, has reached the place.
He came within the grove,' they cried,
'He stood and talked by Sítá's side,
He comes from Indra's court to her,
Or is Kuvera's messenger;
Or Ráma sent the spy to seek
His consort, and her wrongs to wreak.
His crushing arm, his trampling feet
Have marred and spoiled that dear retreat,
And all the pleasant place which thou
So lovest is a ruin now.
The tree where Sítá sat alone
Is spared where all are overthrown.
Perchance he saved the dame from harm:
Perchance the toil had numbed his arm'.
Then flashed the giant's eye with fire
Like that which lights the funeral pyre.
He bade his bravest Kinkars[1] speed
And to his feet the spoiler lead.
Forth from the palace, at his hest,
Twice forty thousand warriors pressed,
Burning for battle, strong and fierce,
With clubs to crush and swords to pierce.
They saw Hanúmán near a porch,
And, thick as moths around a torch,
Rushed on the foe with wild attacks
Of mace and club and battle-axe.
As round him pressed the Rákshas crowd,
The wondrous monkey roared aloud,
That birds fell headlong from the sky;
Then spake he with a mighty cry:
'Long life to Daśaratha's heir,

[1] Kinkar means the special servant of a sovereign, who receives his orders immediately from his master. The Bengal recension gives these Rákshases an epithet which the Commentator explains 'as generated in the mind of Brahmá'.

And Lakshmaṇ, ever-glorious pair!
Long life to him who rules our race,
Preserved by noblest Ráma's grace!
I am the slave of Kosal's king,[1]
Whose wondrous deeds the minstrels sing.
Hanúmán I, the Wind-God's seed:
Beneath this arm the foemen bleed.
I fear not, unapproached in might,
A thousand Rávaṇs ranged for fight,
Although in furious hands they rear
The hill and tree for sword and spear.
I will, before the giants' eyes,
Their city and their king chastise;
And, having communed with the dame,
Depart in triumph as I came.'
At that terrific roar and yell
The heart of every giant fell.
But still their king's command they feared,
And pressed around with arms upreared.
Beside the porch a club was laid:
The Vánar caught it up, and swayed
The weapon round his head, and slew
The foremost of the Rákshas crew.
Thus Indra vanquished, thousand-eyed,
The Daityas who the Gods defied.
Then on the porch Hanúmán sprang,
And loud his shout of triumph rang.
The giants looked upon the dead,
And turning to their monarch fled.
And Rávaṇ with his spirit wrought
To frenzy by the tale they brought,
Urged to the fight Prahasta's son,
Of all his chiefs the mightiest one.

[1] Ráma *de jure* King of Kosal of which Ayodhyá was the capital.

CANTO XLIII.

THE RUIN OF THE TEMPLE.

The Wind-God's son a temple[1] scaled
Which, by his fury unassailed,
High as the hill of Meru, stood
Amid the ruins of the wood;
And in his fury thundered out
Again his haughty battle-shout:
'I am the slave of Kosal's king
Whose wondrous deeds the minstrels sing.'
Forth hurried, by that shout alarmed,
The warders of the temple armed
With every weapon haste supplied,
And closed him in on every side,
With bands that strove to pierce and strike
With shaft and axe and club and pike.
Then from its base the Vánar tore
A pillar with the weight it bore.
Against the wall the mass he dashed,
And forth the flames in answer flashed,
That wildly ran o'er roofs and wall
In hungry rage consuming all.
He whirled the pillar round his head
And struck a hundred giants dead.
Then high upheld on air he rose
And called in thunder to his foes:
'A thousand Vánar chiefs like me

[1] *Chaityaprásáda* is explained by the commentator as the place where the Gods of the Rákshaşes were kept. Gorresio translates it by 'un grande edificio.'

Roam at their will o'er land and sea.
Terrific might we all possess:
Our stormy speed is limitless.
And all, unconquered in the fray,
Our king Sugríva's word obey.
Backed by his bravest myriads, he
Our warrior lord will cross the sea.
Then Lanká's lofty towers, and all
Your hosts and Rávaṇ's self shall fall.
None shall be left unslaughtered; none
Who braves the wrath of Raghu's son.'

CANTO XLIV.

JAMBUMÁLÍ'S DEATH.

Then Jambumálí, pride and boast
For valour of the Rákshas host,
Prahasta's son supremely brave,
Obeyed the hest that Rávaṇ gave :
Fierce warrior with terrific teeth,
With sanguine robes and brilliant wreath.
A bow like Indra's own,[1] and store
Of glittering shafts the chieftain bore.
And ever as the string he tried
The weapon with a roar replied,
Loud as the crashing thunder sent
By him who rules the firmament.
Soon as the foeman came in view
Borne on a car which asses drew,
The Vánar chieftain mighty-voiced
Shouted in triumph and rejoiced.
Prahasta's son his bow-string drew,
And swift the winged arrows flew.
One in the face the Vánar smote,
Another quivered in his throat.
Ten from the deadly weapon sent
His brawny arms and shoulders rent.
Then as he felt each galling shot
The Vánar's rage waxed fiercely hot.
He looked, and saw a mass of stone
That lay before his feet o'erthrown.

[1] The bow of Indra is the rainbow.

The mighty block he raised and threw,
And crashing through the air it flew.
But Jambumálí shunned the blow,
And rained fresh arrows from his bow.
The Vánar's limbs were red with gore:
A Sál tree from the earth he tore,
And, ere he hurled it undismayed,
Above his head the missile swayed.
But shafts from Jambumálí's bow
Cut through it ere his hand could throw,
And thigh and arm and chest and side
With streams of rushing blood were dyed.
Still unsubdued though wounded oft
The shattered trunk he raised aloft,
And down with well-directed aim
On Jambumálí's chest it came.
There crushed upon the trampled grass
He lay an undistinguished mass;
The foeman's eye no more could see
His head or chest or arm or knee;
And bow and car and steeds[1] and store
Of glittering shafts were seen no more.
When Jambumálí's death he heard,
King Rávaṇ's heart with rage was stirred.
And forth his general's sons he sent,
For power and might preëminent.

[1] We were told a few lines before that the chariot of Jambumálí was drawn by asses. Here horses are spoken of The commentator notices the discrepancy and says that by horses asses are meant.

CANTO XLV.

THE SEVEN DEFEATED.

Forth went the seven in brave attire,
In glory brilliant as the fire,
Impetuous chiefs with massive bows,
The quellers of a host of foes:
Trained from their youth in martial lore,
And masters of the arms they bore:
Each emulous and fiercely bold.
And banners wrought with glittering gold
Waved o'er their chariots, drawn at speed
By coursers of the noblest breed.
On through the ruins of the grove
At Hanumán they fiercely drove,
And from the ponderous bows they strained
A shower of deadly arrows rained.
Then scarce was seen the Vánar's form
Enveloped in the arrowy storm.
So stands half veiled the Mountains' King
When rainy clouds about him cling.
By nimble turn, by rapid bound
He shunned the shafts that rained around,
Eluding, as in air he rose,
The rushing chariots of his foes.
The mighty Vánar undismayed
Amid his archer foemen played,
As plays the frolic wind on high
Mid bow-armed [1] clouds that fill the sky.

[1] Armed with the bow of Indra, the rainbow.

He raised a mighty roar and yell
That fear on all the army fell,
And then, his warrior soul aglow
With fury, rushed upon the foe.
Some with his open hand he beat
To death, and trampled with his feet;
Some with fierce nails he rent and slew,
And others with his fists o'erthrew;
Some with his legs, as on he rushed,
Some with his bulky chest he crushed;
While some struck senseless by his roar
Dropped on the ground and breathed no more.
The remnant, seized with sudden dread,
Turned from the grove and wildly fled.
The trampled earth was thickly strown
With steed and car and flag o'erthrown,
And the red blood in rivers flowed
From slaughtered fiends o'er path and road.

CANTO XLVI.

THE CAPTAINS.

Mad with the rage of injured pride
King Rávaṇ summoned to his side
The valiant five who led his host,
Supreme in war and honoured most.
'Go forth,' he cried, 'with car and steed,
And to my feet this monkey lead.
But watch each chance of time and place
To seize this thing of silvan race.
For from his wondrous exploits he
No monkey of the woods can be,
But some new kind of creature meant
To work us woe, by Indra sent.
Gandharvas, Nágas, and the best
Of Yakshas have our might confessed.
Have we not challenged and subdued
The whole celestial multitude?
Yet will you not, if you are wise,
A chief of monkey race despise.
For I myself have Báli known,
And King Sugríva's power I own.
But none of all their woodland throng
Was half so terrible and strong.'
Obedient to the words he spake
They hastened forth the foe to take.
Swift were the cars whereon they rode,
And bright their weapons flashed and glowed.
They saw: they charged in wild career

With sword and mace and axe and spear.
From Durdhar's bow five arrows sped
And quivered in the Vánar's head.
He rose and roared: the fearful sound
Made all the region echo round.
Then from above his weight he threw
On Durdhar's car that near him drew.
The weight that came with lightning speed
Crushed pole and axle, car and steed.
It shattered Durdhar's head and neck,
And left him lifeless mid the wreck.
Yúpáksha saw the warrior die,
And Virúpáksha heard his cry,
And, mad for vengeance for the slain,
They charged their Vánar foe again.
He rose in air: they onward pressed
And fiercely smote him on the breast.
In vain they struck his iron frame:
With eagle swoop to earth he came,
Tore from the ground a tree that grew
Beside him, and the demons slew.
Then Bhásakarṇa raised his spear,
And Praghas with a laugh drew near,
And, maddened at the sight, the two
Against the undaunted Vánar flew.
As from his wounds the torrents flowed,
Like a red sun the Vánar showed.
He turned, a mountain peak to seize
With all its beasts and snakes and trees.
He hurled it on the pair: and they
Crushed, overwhelmed, beneath it lay.

CANTO XLVII.

THE DEATH OF AKSHA.

But Rávaṇ, as his fury burned,
His eyes on youthful Aksha [1] turned,
Who rose impetuous at his glance
And shouted for his bow and lance.
He rode upon a glorious car
That shot the light of gems afar.
His pennon waved mid glittering gold
And bright the wheels with jewels rolled.
By long and fierce devotion won
That car was splendid as the sun,
With rows of various weapons stored;
And thought-swift horses whirled their lord
Racing along the earth, or rose
High through the clouds whene'er he chose.
Then fierce and fearful war between
The Vánar and the fiend was seen.
The Gods and Asurs stood amazed,
And on the wondrous combat gazed.
A cry from earth rose long and shrill,
The wind was hushed, the sun grew chill.
The thunder bellowed from the sky,
And troubled ocean roared reply.
Thrice Aksha strained his dreadful bow,
Thrice smote his arrow on the foe,
And with full streams of crimson bled
Three gashes in the Vánar's head.

[1] Rávaṇ's son.

Then rose Hanúmán in the air
To shun the shafts no life could bear.
But Aksha in his car pursued,
And from on high the fight renewed
With storm of arrows, thick as hail
When angry clouds some hill assail.
Impatient of that arrowy shower
The Vánar chief put forth his power,
Again above his chariot rose
And smote him with repeated blows.
Terrific came each deadly stroke:
Breast neck and arm and back he broke;
And Aksha fell to earth, and lay
With all his life-blood drained away.

CANTO XLVIII.

HANUMÁN CAPTURED.

To Indrajit[1] the bold and brave
The giant king his mandate gave:
'O trained in warlike science, best
In arms of all our mightiest,
Whose valour in the conflict shown
To Asurs and to Gods is known,
The Kinkars whom I sent are slain,
And Jambumálí and his train;
The lords who led our giant bands
Have fallen by the monkey's hands;
With shattered cars the ground is spread,
And Aksha lies amid the dead.
Thou art my best and bravest: go,
Unmatched in power, and slay the foe.'
He heard the hest: he bent his head;
Athirst for battle forth he sped.
Four tigers fierce, of tawny hue,
With fearful teeth, his chariot drew.
Hanúmán heard his strong bow clang,
And swiftly from the earth he sprang,
While weak and ineffective fell
The archer's shafts though pointed well.
The Rákshas saw that naught might kill
The wondrous foe who mocked his skill,
And launched a magic shaft to throw
A binding spell about his foe.

[1] 'Conqueror of Indra,' another of Rávaṇ's sons.

Forth flew the shaft: the mystic charm
Stayed his swift feet and numbed his arm.
Through all his frame he felt the spell,
And motionless to earth he fell.
Nor would the reverent Vánar loose
The bonds that bound him as a noose.
He knew that Brahmá's self had charmed
The weapon that his might disarmed.
They saw him helpless on the ground,
And all the giants pressed around,
And bonds of hemp and bark were cast
About his limbs to hold him fast.
They drew the ropes round feet and wrists;
They beat him with their hands and fists,
And dragged him as they strained the cord
With shouts of trumph to their lord. [1]

[1] The *śloka* which follows is probably an interpolation, as it is inconsistent with the questioning in Canto L.:

He looked on Rávan in his pride,
And boldly to the monarch cried:
'I came an envoy to this place
From him who rules the Vánar race.

SATARA HIGH SCHOOL

CANTO XLIX.

RÁVAṆ

On the fierce king Hanúmán turned
His angry eyes that glowed and burned.
He saw him decked with wealth untold
Of diamond and pearl and gold,
And priceless was each wondrous gem
That sparkled in his diadem.
About his neck rich chains were twined,
The best that fancy e'er designed,
And a fair robe with pearls bestrung
Down from his mighty shoulders hung.
Ten heads he reared,[1] as Mandar's hill
Lifts woody peaks which tigers fill.
Bright were his eyes, and bright, beneath,
The flashes of his awful teeth.
His brawny arms of wondrous size
Were decked with rings and scented dyes,
His hands like snakes with five long heads
Descending from their mountain beds.
He sat upon a crystal throne
Inlaid with wealth of precious stone,
Whereon, of noblest work, was set
A gold-embroidered coverlet.

[1] The ten heads of Rávaṇ have provoked much ridicule from European critics. It should be remembered that Spenser tells us of "two brethren giants"

"The one of which had two heads, the other three"; and Milton speaks of the "four-fold visaged Four," the four Cherubic shapes each of whom had four faces.

Behind the monarch stood the best
Of beauteous women gaily dressed,
And each her giant master fanned,
Or waved a chourie in her hand.
Four noble courtiers[2] wise and good
In counsel, near the monarch stood,
As the four oceans ever stand
About the sea-encompassed land.
Still, though his heart with rage was fired,
The Vánar marvelled and admired:
'O, what a rare and wondrous sight!
What beauty, majesty, and might!
All regal pomp combines to grace
This ruler of the Rákshas race.
He, if he scorned not right and law,
Might guide the world with tempered awe:
Yea, Indra and the Gods on high
Might on his saving power rely.'

[2] Durdhar, or as the Bengal recension reads Mahodara, Prahasta, Mahápárśva, and Nikumbha.

TIC SOCIETY O

CANTO L.

PRAHASTA'S QUESTIONS.

Then fierce the giant's fury blazed
As on Hanúmán's form he gazed;
And shaken by each wild surmise
He spake aloud with flashing eyes:
'Can this be Nandi[1] standing here,
The mighty one whom all revere?
Who once on high Kailása's hill
Pronounced the curse that haunts me still?
Or is the woodland creature one
Of Asur race, or Bali's[2] son?
The wretch with searching question try;
Learn who he is, and whence; and why
He marred the glory of the grove,
And with my captains fiercely strove.'
Prahasta heard his lord's behest,
And thus the Vánar chief addressed:
'O monkey stranger be consoled:
Fear not, and let thy heart be bold.
If thou by Indra's mandate sent
Thy steps to Lanká's isle hast bent,
With fearless words the cause explain,
And freedom thou shalt soon regain.
Or if thou comest as a spy

[1] The chief attendant of Śiva.

[2] Bali, not to be confounded with Báli the Vánar, was a celebrated Daitya or demon who had usurped the empire of the three worlds, and who was deprived of two thirds of his dominions by Vishṇu in the Dwarf-incarnation.

Despatched by Vishṇu in the sky,
Or sent by Yama, or the Lord
Of Riches, hast our town explored;
Proved by the prowess thou hast shown
No monkey save in form alone;
Speak boldly all the truth, and be
Released from bonds, unharmed and free.
But falsehood spoken to our king
Swift punishment of death will bring.'
He ceased: the Vánar made reply:
'Not Indra's messenger am I,
Nor came I hither to fulfil
Kuvera's hest or Vishṇu's will.
I stand before the giants here
A Vánar e'en as I appear.
I longed to see the king: 'twas hard
To win my way through gate and guard.
And so to gain my wish I laid
In ruin that delightful shade.
No fiend, no God of heavenly kind
With bond or chain these limbs may bind.
The Eternal Sire himself of old
Vouchsafed the boon that makes me bold.
From Brahmá's magic shaft released[1]
I knew the captor's power had ceased.
The fancied bonds I freely brooked,
And thus upon the king have looked.
My way to Lanká have I won,
A messenger from Raghu's son.'

[1] When Hanumán was bound with cords, Indrajit released his captive from the spell laid upon him by the magic weapon.

CANTO LI.

HANUMÁN'S REPLY.

'My king Sugríva greets thee fair,
And bids me thus his rede declare.
Son of the God of Wind, by name
Hanúmán, to this isle I came.
To set the Maithil lady free
I crossed the barrier of the sea.
I roamed in search of her and found
Her weeping in that lovely ground.
Thou in the lore of duty trained,
Who hast by stern devotion gained
This wondrous wealth and power and fame
Shouldst fear to wrong another's dame.
Hear thou my counsel, and be wise:
No fiend, no dweller in the skies
Can bear the shafts by Lakshman shot,
Or Ráma when his wrath is hot.
O Giant King, repent the crime
And soothe him while there yet is time.
Now be the Maithil queen restored
Uninjured to her sorrowing lord.
Soon wilt thou rue thy dire mistake:
She is no woman but a snake,
Whose very deadly bite will be
The ruin of thy house and thee.
Thy pride has led thy thoughts astray,
That fancy not a hand may slay
The monarch of the giants, screened

From mortal blow of God and fiend,
Sugríva still thy death may be:
No Yaksha, fiend, or God is he.
And Ráma from a woman springs,
The mortal seed of mortal kings.
O think how Báli fell subdued;
Think on thy slaughtered multitude,
Respect those brave and strong allies;
Consult thy safety, and be wise.
I, even I, no helper need
To overthrow, with car and steed,
Thy city Lanká half divine;
The power but not the will is mine,
For Raghu's son, before his friend
The Vánar monarch, swore to end
With his own conquering arm the life
Of him who stole his darling wife.
Turn, and be wise, O Rávan, turn;
Or thou wilt see thy Lanká burn,
And with thy wives, friends, kith and kin,
Be ruined for thy senseless sin.'

CANTO LII.

VIBHÍSHAṆ'S SPEECH,

Then Rávaṇ spake with flashing eye:
'Hence with the Vánar: let him die.'
Vibhíshaṇ heard the stern behest,
And pondered in his troubled breast;
Then, trained in arts that soothe and please,
Addressed the king in words like these:
'Revoke, my lord, thy fierce decree,
And hear the words I speak to thee.
Kings wise and noble ne'er condemn
To death the envoys sent to them.
Such deed the world's contempt would draw
On him who breaks the ancient law.[1]
Observe the mean where justice lies,
And spare his life but still chastise.'
Then forth the tyrant's fury broke,
And thus in angry words he spoke:
'O hero, when the wicked bleed
No sin or shame attends the deed.
The Vánar's blood must needs be spilt,
The penalty of heinous guilt.'
Again Vibhíshaṇ made reply:
'Nay, hear me, for he must not die.
Hear the great law the wise declare:
'Thy foeman's envoy thou shalt spare.'
'Tis true he comes an open foe;

[1] "One who murders an ambassador (*rája bhata*) goes to Taptakumbha (the hell of heated caldrons)." WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 217.

'Tis true his hands have wrought us woe,
But law allows thee, if thou wilt,
A punishment to suit the guilt.
The mark of shame, the scourge, the brand,
The shaven head, the wounded hand.
Yea, were the Vánar envoy slain,
Where, King of giants, were the gain?
On them alone, on them who sent
The message, be the punishment.
For spake he well or spake he ill,
He spake obedient to their will.
And, if he perish, who can bear
Thy challenge to the royal pair?
Who, cross the ocean and incite
Thy death-doomed enemies to fight?'

"It will be remembered that the envoys of King David had the half of their beards shaved off by Hanun, King of Ammon. (2 Sam. X.)" WHEELER, *Hist. of India*, Vol. II. 342.

CANTO LIII.

THE PUNISHMENT.

King Rávaṇ, by his pleading moved,
The counsel of the chief approved:
'Thy words are wise and true: to kill
An envoy would beesem us ill.
Yet must we for his crime invent
Some fitting mode of punishment.
The tail, I fancy, is the part
Most cherished by a monkey's heart:[1]
Make ready: set his tail aflame,
And let him leave us, as he came,
And thus disfigured and disgraced
Back to his king and people haste.'
The giants heard their monarch's speech;
And, filled with burning fury, each
Brought strips of cotton cloth, and round
The monkey's tail the bandage wound.
As round his tail the bands they drew
His mighty form dilating grew
Vast as the flame that bursts on high
Where trees are old and grass is dry.
Each band and strip they soaked in oil,
And set on fire the twisted coil.
Delighted as they viewed the blaze,
The cruel demons stood at gaze;
And mid loud drums and shells rang out
The triumph of their joyful shout.

[1] I have not attempted to tone down anything in this Canto. I give a faithful translation.

They pressed about him thick and fast
As through the crowded streets he passed,
Observing with attentive care
Each rich and wondrous structure there,
Still heedless of the eager cry
That rent the air, The spy! the spy!
Some to the captive lady ran,
And thus in joyous words began:
'That copper-visaged monkey, he
Who in the garden talked with thee,
Through Lankâ's town is led a show,
And round his tail the red flames glow.'
The mournful news the lady heard
That with fresh grief her bosom stirred.
Swift to the kindled fire she went
And prayed before it reverent:
'If I my husband have obeyed,
And kept the ascetic vows I made,
Free, ever free, from stain and blot,
O spare the Vánar; harm him not.'
Then leapt on high the flickering flame
And shone in answer to the dame.
The pitying fire its rage forbore:
The Vánar felt the heat no more.
Then, to minutest size reduced,[1]
The bonds that bound his limbs he loosed,
And, freed from every band and chain,
Rôse to his native size again.
He seized a club of ponderous weight
That lay before him by the gate,
Rushed at the fiends that hemmed him round,

[1] "Behold a wonder! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room
Throng numberless" *Paradise Lost. I.* 776.

And laid them lifeless on the ground.
Through Lanká's town again he strode,
And viewed each street and square and road,—
Still wreathed about with harmless blaze,
A sun engarlanded with rays.

CANTO LIV.

THE BURNING OF LANKÁ.

'What further deed remains to do
To vex the Rákshas king anew?
The beauty of his grove is marred,
Killed are the bravest of his guard.
The captains of his host are slain;
But forts and palaces remain.
Swift is the work and light the toil
Each fortress of the foe to spoil.'
Reflecting thus, his tale ablaze
As through the cloud red lightning plays,
He scaled the palaces and spread
The conflagration where he sped.
From house to house he hurried on,
And the wild flames behind him shone.
Each mansion of the foe he scaled,
And furious fire its roof assailed
Till all the common ruin shared:
Vibhíshaṇ's house alone was spared.
From blazing pile to pile he sprang,
And loud his shout of triumph rang,
As roars the doomsday cloud when all
The worlds in dissolution fall.
The friendly wind conspired to fan
The hungry flames that leapt and ran,
And spreading in their fury caught
The gilded walls with pearls inwrought,
Till each proud palace reeled and fell

As falls a heavenly citadel.

Loud was the roar the demons raised
Mid walls that split and beams that blazed,
As each with vain endeavour strove
To stay the flames in house or grove.
The women, with dishevelled hair,
Flocked to the roofs in wild despair,
Shrieked out for succour, wept aloud,
And fell, like lightning from a cloud.
He saw the flames ascend and curl
Round turkis, diamond, and pearl,
While silver floods and molten gold
From ruined wall and lattice rolled.
As fire grows fiercer as he feeds
On wood and grass and crackling reeds,
So Hanumán the ruin eyed
With fury still unsatisfied.

CANTO LV.

FEAR FOR SÍTÁ.

But other thoughts resumed their sway
When Lanká's town in ruin lay;
And, as his bosom felt their weight,
He stood a while to meditate:
'What have I done?', he thought with shame;
'Destroyed the town with hostile flame.
O happy they whose firm control
Checks the wild passion of the soul;
Who on the fires of anger throw
The cooling drops that check their glow.
But woe is me, whom wrath could lead
To do this senseless shameless deed.
The town to fire and death I gave,
Nor thought of her I came to save,—
Doomed by my own rash folly, doomed
To perish in the flames consumed.
If I, when anger drove me wild,
Have caused the death of Janak's child,
The kindled flame shall end my woe,
Or the deep fires that burn below,[1]
Or my forsaken corse shall be
Food for the monsters of the sea.
How can I meet Sugríva? how
Before the royal brothers bow,—
I whose rash deed has madly foiled
The noble work in which we toiled?

[1] The fire which is supposed to burn beneath the sea.

Or has her own bright virtue shed
Its guardian influence round her head?
She lives untouched,—the peerless dame;
Flame has no fury for the flame.[1]
The very fire would ne'er consent
To harm a queen so excellent,—
The high-souled Ráma's faithful wife,
Protected by her holy life.
She lives, she lives. Why should I fear
For one whom Raghu's sons hold dear?
Has not the pitying fire that spared
The Vánar for the lady cared?'

Such were his thoughts: he pondered long,
And fear grew faint and hope grew strong.
Then round him heavenly voices rang,
And, sweetly tuned, his praises sang:
'O glorious is the exploit done
By Hanumán the Wind-God's son.
The flames o'er Lanká's city rise:
The giants' home in ruin lies.
O'er roof and wall the fires have spread,
Nor harmed a hair of Sítá's head.'

[1] Sítá is likened to the fire which is an emblem of purity.

CANTO LVI.

MOUNT ARISHṬA.

He looked upon the burning waste,
Then sought the queen in joyous haste,
With words of hope consoled her heart,
And made him ready to depart.
He scaled Arishṭa's glorious steep
Whose summits beetled o'er the deep.
The woods in varied beauty dressed
Hung like a garland round his crest,
And clouds of ever changing hue
A robe about his shoulders threw.
On him the rays of morning fell
To wake the hill they loved so well,
And bid unclose those splendid eyes
That glittered in his mineral dyes.
He woke to hear the music made
By thunders of the white cascade,
While every laughing rill that sprang
From crag to crag its carol sang.
For arms, he lifted to the stars
His towering stems of Deodárs,
And morning heard his pealing call
In tumbling brook and waterfall.
He trembled when his woods were pale
And bowed beneath the autumn gale,
And when his vocal reeds were stirred
His melancholy moan was heard.
Far down against the mountain's feet

The Vánar heard the wild waves beat;
Then turned his glances to the north,
Sprang from the peak and bounded forth.
The mountain felt the fearful shock
And trembled through his mass of rock.
The tallest trees were crushed and rent
And headlong to the valley sent,
And as the rocking shook each cave
Loud was the roar the lions gave.
Forth from the shaken cavern came
Fierce serpents with their tongues aflame;
And every Yaksha, wild with dread,
And Kinnar and Gandharva, fled.

CANTO LVII.

HANUMÁN'S RETURN.

Still, like a winged mountain, he
Sprang forward through the airy sea,[1]
And rushing through the ether drew
The clouds to follow as he flew,
Through the great host around him spread,
Grey, golden, dark, and white, and red.
Now in a sable cloud immersed,
Now from its gloomy pall he burst,
Like the bright Lord of Stars concealed
A moment, and again revealed.
Sunábha[2] passed, he neared the coast
Where waited still the Vánar host.
They heard a rushing in the skies,
And lifted up their wondering eyes.
His wild triumphant shout they knew

[1] 'I omit two stanzas which continue the metaphor of the sea or lake of air. The moon is its lotus, the sun its wild-duck, the clouds are its water-weeds, Mars is its shark and so on. Gorresio remarks: 'This comparison of a great lake to the sky and of celestial to aquatic objects is one of those ideas which the view and qualities of natural scenery awake in lively fancies. Imagine one of those grand and splendid lakes of India covered with lotus blossoms, furrowed by wild-ducks of the most vivid colours, mantled over here and there with flowers and water weeds &c., and it will be understood how the fancy of the poet could readily compare to the sky radiant with celestial azure the blue expanse of the water, to the soft light of the moon the tender hue of the lotus, to the splendour of the sun the brilliant colours of the wild-fowl, to the stars the flowers, to the clouds the weeds that float upon the water &c.'

[2] Sunábha is the mountain that rose from the sea when Hanumán passed over to Lanká.

That louder still and louder grew,
And Jámbaván with eager voice
Called on the Vánars to rejoice:
'Look he returns, the Wind-God's son,
And full success his toils have won;
Triumphant is the shout that comes
Like music of a thousand drums.'
Up sprang the Vánars from the ground
And listened to the wondrous sound
Of hurtling arm and thigh as through
The region of the air he flew,
Loud as the wind, when tempests rave,
Roars in the prison of the cave.
From crag to crag, from height to height,
They bounded in their mad delight,
And when he touched the mountain's crest,
With reverent welcome round him pressed.
They brought him of their woodland fruits,
They brought him of the choicest roots,
And laughed and shouted in their glee
The noblest of their chiefs to see.
Nor Hanumán delayed to greet
Sage Jámbaván with reverence meet;
To Angad and the chiefs he bent
For age and rank prëeminent,
And briefly spoke: 'These eyes have seen,
These lips addressed, the Maithil queen.'
They sat beneath the waving trees,
And Angad spoke in words like these:
'O noblest of the Vánar kind
For valour power and might combined,
To thee triumphant o'er the foe
Our hopes, our lives and all we owe.
O faithful heart in perils tried,

Which toil nor fear could turn aside,
Thy deed the lady will restore,
And Ráma's heart will ache no more.'[1]

[1] Three Cantos of repetition are omitted.

CANTO LXI.

THE FEAST OF HONEY.

They rose in air: the region grew
Dark with their shadow as they flew.
Swift to a lovely grove[1] they came
That rivalled heavenly Nandan's[2] fame;
Where countless bees their honey stored,—
The pleasance of the Vánars' lord,
To every creature fenced and barred,
Which Dadhimukh was set to guard,
A noble Vánar, brave and bold,
Sugríva's uncle lofty-souled.
To Angad came with one accord
The Vánars, and besought their lord
That they those honeyed stores might eat
That made the grove so passing sweet.
He gave consent: they sought the trees
Thronged with innumerable bees.
They rifled all the treasured store,
And ate the fruit the branches bore,
And still as they prolonged the feast
Their merriment and joy increased.
Drunk with the sweets, they danced and bowed,
They wildly sang, they laughed aloud.
Some climbed and sprang from tree to tree,
Some sat and chattered in their glee,
Some scaled the trees which creepers crowned,

[1] *Madhuvan* the 'honey-wood.'
[2] Indra's pleasure-ground or elysium.

And rained the branches to the ground.
There with loud laugh a Vánar sprang
Close to his friend who madly sang.
In doleful mood another crept
To mix his tears with one who wept.
Then Dadhimukh with fury viewed
The intoxicated multitude.
He looked upon the rifled shade,
And all the ruin they had made;
Then called with angry voice, and strove
To save the remnant of the grove.
But warning cries and words were spurned,
And angry taunt and threat returned.
Then fierce and wild contention rose:
With furious words he mingled blows.
They by no shame or fear withheld,
By drunken mood and ire impelled,
Used claws, and teeth, and hands, and beat
The keeper under trampling feet.

CANTO LXV.[1]

THE TIDINGS.

On to Prasravaṇ's hill they sped
Where blooming trees their branches spread.
To Raghu's sons their heads they bent
And did obeisance reverent.
Then to their king, by Angad led,
Each Vánar chieftain bowed his head;
And Hanumán the brave and bold
His tidings to the monarch told;
But first in Ráma's hand he placed
The gem that Sítá's brow had graced:
'I crossed the sea: I searched a while
For Sítá in the giants' isle.
I found her vext with taunt and threat
By demon guards about her set.
Her tresses twined in single braid,
On the bare earth her limbs were laid.
Sad were her eyes: her cheeks were pale
As shuddering flowers in winter's gale.
I stood beside the weeping dame,
And gently whispered Ráma's name;
With cheering words her grief consoled,
And then the whole adventure told.

[1] Three Cantos consisting of little but repetitions are omitted. Dadhimukh escapes from the infuriated monkeys and hastens to Sugríva to report their misconduct. Sugríva infers that Hanumán and his band have been successful in their search, and that the exuberance of spirits and the mischief complained of are but the natural expression of their joy. Dadhimukh obtains little sympathy from Sugríva and is told to return and send the monkeys on with all possible speed.

She weeps afar beyond the sea,
And her true heart is still with thee.
She gave a sign that thou wouldst know,
She bids thee think upon the crow,
And bright mark pressed upon her brow
When none was nigh but she and thou.
She bids thee take this precious stone,
The sea-born gem thou long hast known.
'And I', she said, 'will dull the sting
Of woe by gazing on the ring.
One little month shall I sustain
This life oppressed with woe and pain;
And when the month is ended, I
The giants' prey must surely die'.

CANTO LXVI.

RÁMA'S SPEECH.

There ceased the Vánar: Ráma pressed
The treasured jewel to his breast,
And from his eyes the waters broke
As to the Vánar king he spoke:
'As o'er her babe the mother weeps,
This flood of tears the jewel steeps.
This gem that shone on Sítá's head
Was Janak's gift when we were wed,
And the pure brow that wore it lent
New splendour to the ornament.
This gem, bright offspring of the wave,
The King of Heaven to Janak gave,
Whose noble sacrificial rite
Had filled the God with new delight.
Now, as I gaze upon the prize,
Methinks I see my father's eyes.
Methinks I see before me stand
The ruler of Videha's land.[1]
Methinks mine arms are folded now
Round her who wore it on her brow.
Speak, Hanumán, O say, dear friend,
What message did my darling send?
O speak, and let thy words impart
Their gentle dew to cool my heart.
Ah, 'tis the crown of woe to see
This gem and ask 'Where, where is she?'

[1] Janak was king of Videha or Mithilá in Behar.

If for one month her heart be strong,
Her days of life will yet be long.
But I, with naught to lend relief,
This very day must die of grief.
Come, Hanumán, and quickly guide
The mourner to his darling's side.
O lead me—thou hast learnt the way—
I cannot and I will not stay.
How can my gentle love endure,
So timid, delicate, and pure,
The dreadful demons fierce and vile
Who watch her in the guarded isle?
No more the light of beauty shines
From Sítá as she weeps and pines.
But pain and sorrow, cloud on cloud,
Her moonlight glory dim and shroud.
O speak, dear Hanumán, and tell
Each word that from her sweet lips fell.
Her words, her words alone can give
The healing balm to make me live'.[1]

[1] The original contains two more Cantos which end the Book. Canto LXVII begins thus: 'Hanumán thus addressed by the great-souled son of Raghu related to the son of Raghu all that Sítá had said'. And the two Cantos contain nothing but Hanumán's account of his interview with Sítá, and the report of his own speeches as well as of hers.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BOOK IV.

PAGE 17.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE VÁNAR RACE.

"Vánar is one of the most frequently occurring names by which the poem calls the monkeys of Ráma's army. Among the two or three derivations of which the word Vánar is susceptible, one is that which deduces it from वन which signifies a wood, and thus Vánar would mean a forester, an inhabitant of the wood. I have said elsewhere that the monkeys, the Vánars, whom Ráma led to the conquest of Ceylon were fierce woodland tribes who occupied the mountainous regions of the south of India, where their descendants may still be seen. I shall henceforth promiscuously employ the word *Vánar* to denote those monkeys, those fierce combatants of Ráma's army." GORRESIO.

PAGE 25.

No change of hue, no pose of limb
Gave sign that aught was false in him.
Concise, unfaltering, sweet and clear,
Without a word to pain the ear,
From chest to throat, nor high nor low,
His accents came in measured flow.

Somewhat similarly in *The Squire's Tale:*

'He with a manly voice said his message,
After the form used in his language,

Withouten vice of syllable or of letter.
And for his talë shouldë seem the better
Accordant to his wordës was his chere,
As teacheth art of speech them that it lere.'

PAGE 32.

RÁMA'S ALLIANCE WITH SUGRÍVA.

"The literal interpretation of this portion of the Rámáyana is indeed deeply rooted in the mind of the Hindu. He implicitly believes that Ráma is Vishnu, who became incarnate for the purpose of destroying the demon Rávana; that he permitted his wife to be captured by Rávana for the sake of delivering the gods and Bráhmans from the oppressions of the Rákshasa; and that he ultimately assembled an army of monkeys, who were the progeny of the gods, and led them against the strong-hold of Rávana at Lanká, and delivered the world from the tyrant Rákshasa, whilst obtaining ample revenge for his own personal wrongs.

One other point seems to demand consideration, namely the possibility of such an alliance as that which Ráma is said to have concluded with the monkeys. This possibility will of course be denied by modern critics, but still it is interesting to trace out the circumstances which seem to have led to the acceptance, of such a wild belief by the dreamy and marvel-loving Hindi. The south of India swarms with monkeys of curious intelligence and rare physical powers. Their wonderful instinct for organization, their attachment to particular localities, their occasional journeys in large numbers over mountains and across rivers, their obstinate assertion of supposed rights, and the ridiculous caricature which they exhibit of all that is animal and emotional in man, would naturally create a deep impression..... Indeed the habits of monkeys well

deserve to be patiently studied; not as they appear in confinement, when much that is revolting in their nature is developed, but as they appear living in freedom amongst the trees of the forest, or in the streets of crowded cities, or precincts of temples. Such a study would not fail to awaken strange ideas; and although the European would not be prepared to regard monkeys as sacred animals, he might be led to speculate as to their origin by the light of data, which are at present unknown to the naturalist whose observations have been derived from the menagerie alone.

Whatever, however, may have been the train of ideas which led the Hindú to regard the monkey as a being half human and half divine, there can be little doubt that in the Rámáyana the monkeys of southern India have been confounded with what may be called the aboriginal people of the country. The origin of this confusion may be easily conjectured. Perchance the aborigines of the country may have been regarded as a superior kind of monkeys; and to this day the features of the Marawars, who are supposed to be the aborigines of the southern part of the Carnatic, are not only different from those of their neighbours, but are of a character calculated to confirm the conjecture. Again, it is probable that the army of aborigines may have been accompanied by outlying bands of monkeys impelled by that magpie-like curiosity and love of plunder which are the peculiar characteristics of the monkey race; and this incident may have given rise to the story that the army was composed of Monkeys."

WHEELER'S *History of India, Vol. II. pp.* 316 *ff.*

PAGE 86.

THE FALL OF BÁLI.

"As regards the narrative, it certainly seems to refer to some real event amongst the aboriginal tribes; namely, the quarrel between an elder and younger brother for the possession of a Ráj; and the subsequent alliance of Ráma with the younger brother. It is somewhat remarkable that Ráma appears to have formed an alliance with the wrong party, for the right of Báli was evidently superior to that of Sugríva; and it is especially worthy of note that Ráma compassed the death of Báli by an act contrary to all the laws of fair fighting. Again, Ráma seems to have tacitly sanctioned the transfer of Tárá from Báli to Sugríva, which was directly opposed to modern rule, although in conformity with the rude customs of a barbarous age; and it is remarkable that to this day the marriage of both widows and divorced women is practised by the Marawars, or aborigines of the southern Carnatic, contrary to the deeply-rooted prejudice which exists against such unions amongsts the Hindús at large."

WHEELER'S *History of India, Vol. II.* 324.

PAGE 190.

THE VÁNAR HOST.

"The splendid Marutas form the army of Indras, the red-haired monkeys and bears that of Râmas; and the mythical and solar nature of the monkeys and bears of the Râmâyaṇam manifests itself several times. The king of the monkeys is a sun-god. The ancient king was named Bâlin, and was the son of Indras. His younger brother Sugrívas, he who changes his shape at pleasure (Kâmarúpas), who, helped by Râmas, usurped

his throne, is said to be own child of the sun. Here it is evident that the Vedic antagonism between Indras and Vishṇus is reproduced in a zoological and entirely apish form. The old Zeus must give way to the new, the moon to the sun, the evening to the morning sun, the sun of winter to that of spring; the young sun betrays and overthrows the old one.....Râmas, who treacherously kills the old king of the monkeys, Bâlin, is the equivalent of Vishṇus, who hurls his predecessor Indras from his throne; and Sugrîvas, the new king of the monkeys résembles Indras when he promises to find the ravished Sîtâ, in the same way as Vishṇus in one of his incarnations finds again the lost vedâs. And there are other indications in the Râmâyaṇam of opposition between Indras and the monkeys who assist Râmas. The great monkey Hanumant, of the reddish colour of gold, has his jaw broken, Indras having struck him with his thunderbolt and caused him to fall upon a mountain, because, while yet a child, he threw himself off a mountain into the air in order to arrest the course of the sun, whose rays had no effect upon him. (The cloud rises from the montain and hides the sun, which is unable of itself to disperse it; the tempest comes, and brings flashes of lightning and thunder-bolts, which tear the cloud in pieces.)

The whole legend of the monkey Hanumant represents the sun entering into the cloud or darkness, and coming out of it. His father is said to be now the wind, now the elephant of the monkeys (Kapikunjaras), now Keśarin, the long-haired sun, the sun with a mane, the lion sun (whence his name of *Keśariṇah putrah*). From this point of view, Hanumant would seem to be the brother of Sugrîvas, who is also the offspring of the sun.....

All the epic monkeys of the *Râmâyaṇam* are described in the twentieth canto of the first book by expressions which very closely resemble those applied in the Vedic hymns to the Marutas, as swift as the tempestuous wind, changing their shape at pleasure, making a noise like clouds, sounding like thunder, battling, hurling mountain-peaks, shaking great uprooted trees, stirring up the deep waters, crushing the earth with their arms, making the clouds fall. Thus Bâlin comes out of the cavern as the sun out of the cloud. . . .

But the legend of the monkey Hanumant presents another curious resemblance to that of Samson. Hanumant is bound with cords by Indrâjit, son of Râvaṇas; he could easily free himself, but does not wish to do so. Râvaṇas to put him to shame, orders his tail to be burned, because the tail is the part most prized by monkeys. . . . . .

The tail of Hanumant, which sets fire to the city of the monsters, is probably a personification of the rays of the morning or spring sun, which sets fire to the eastern heavens, and destroys the abode of the nocturnal or winter monsters." DE GUBERNATIS, *Zoological Mythology*, Vol. II. pp. 100 ff.

"The Jaitwas of Rajputana, a tribe politically reckoned as Rajputs, nevertheless trace their descent from the monkey-god Hanuman, and confirm it by alleging that their princes still bear its evidence in a tail-like prolongation of the spine; a tradition which has probably a real ethnological meaning, pointing out the Jaitwas as of non-Aryan race."* TYLOR'S *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I. p. 341.

* Campbell in 'Journ. As. Soc. Bengal,' 1866, part ii. p. 132; Latham, 'Descr. Eth.' Vol. ii. p. 456; Tod, 'Annals of Rajasthan,' Vol. i. p. 114.

PAGE 195.

The names of peoples occurring in the following *ślokas* are omitted in the metrical translation:.

'Go to the Brahmamálas,[1] the Videhas,[2] the Málavas,[3] the Káśikośalas,[4] the Mágadhas,[5] the Puṇḍras,[6] and the Angas,[7] and the land of the weavers of silk, and the land of the mines of silver, and the hills that stretch into the sea, and the towns and the hamlets that are about the top of Mandar, and the Karṇáprávaraṇas,[8] and the Oshṭhakarṇakas,[9] and the Ghora-

[1] Said by the commentator to be an eastern people between the Himálayan and Vindhyan chains.

[2] Videha was a district in the province of Behar, the ancient Mithilá or the modern Tirhoot.

[3] The people of Malwa.

[4] "The Káśikośalas are a central nation in the *Váyu Puráṇa*. The Rámáyaṇa places them in the east. The combination indicates the country between Benares and Oude..... Kośala is a name variously applied: Its earliest and most celebrated application is to the country on the banks of the Sarayú, the kingdom of Ráma, of which Ayódhyá was the capital.... In the Mahábhárata we have one Kośala in the east and another in the south, besides the Prák-Kośalas and Uttara-Kośalas in the east and north. The Puráṇas place the Kośalas amongst the people on the back of Vindhya; and it would appear from the Váyu that Kuśa the son of Ráma transferred his kingdom to a more central position; he ruled over Kośala at his capital of Kúśasthalí or Kuśavatí, built upon the Vindhyan precipices."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa* Vol. II. pp. 157, 172.

[5] The people of South Behar.

[6] The Puṇḍras are said to be the inhabitants of the western provinces of Bengal. "In the *Aitareyabráhmaṇa*, VII. 18, it is said that the elder sons of Viśvámitra were cursed to become progenitors of most abject races, such as Andhras, Puṇḍras, Śabaras, Pulindas, and Mútibas."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. 170.

[7] Anga is the country about Bhagulpore, of which Champá was the capital.

[8] A fabulous people, 'men who use their ears as a covering' So Sir John Maundevile says: "And in another Yle ben folk that han gret Eres and long, that hangen down to here knees.' and Pliny, lib. iv. c. 13: "In quibus nuda alioquin corpora prægrandes ipsorum aures tota contegunt." Strabo calls them ἐνωτόκοιτοι. Isidore calls them Panotii.

[9] 'Those whose ears hang down to their lips.'

lohamukhas,[1] and the swift Ekapádakas,[2] and the strong imperishable Eaters of Men, and the Kirátas [3] with stiff hair-tufts, men like gold and fair to look upon: And the Eaters of Raw Fish, and the Kirátas who dwell in islands, and the fierce Tiger-men [4] who live amid the waters.'

PAGE 203.

'Go to the Vidarbhas[5] and the Rishṭikas[6] and the Mahishikas,' and the Matsyas[8] and Kalingas[9] and the

[1] 'The Iron-faces.'

[2] 'The 'One-footed.'

"In that Contree" says Sir John Maundevile, "ben folk, that han but o foot: and thei gon so fast that it is marvaylle: and the foot is so large that it schadeweth alle the Body azen the Sonne, when thei wole lye and rest hem." So Pliny, Natural History, lib. vii. c. 2: speaks of Hominum gens..... singulis cruribus, miræ pernicitatis ad saltum; eosdemque Sciopodas vocari, quod in majori æstu, humi jacentes resupini, umbrâ se pedum protegant."

These epithets are, as Professor Wilson remarks, "exaggerations of national ugliness, or allusions to peculiar customs, which were not literally intended, although they may have furnished the Mandevilles of ancient and modern times" *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 162.

[3] The Kirrhadæ of Arrian: a general name for savage tribes living in woods and mountains.

[4] Said by the commentator to be half tigers half men.

[5] The kingdom seems to have corresponded with the greater part of Berar and Khandesh.

[6] The Bengal recension has Kishikas, and places them both in the south and the north.

[7] The people of Mysore.

[8] "There are two Matsyas, one of which, according to the Yantra Samráj, is identifiable with Jeypoor. In the Digvijaya of Nakula he subdues the Matsyas further to the west, or Gujerat." WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. 158. Dr. Hall observes." In the *Mahábhárata Sabhá-parwan*, 1105 and 1108, notice is taken of the king of Matsya and of the Aparamatsyas; and, at 1082, the Matsyas figure as an eastern people. They are placed among the nations of the south in the *Rámáyaṇa Kishkindhá-káṇḍa*, XLI., II, while the Bengal recension, *Kishkindhá-káṇḍa*, XLIV., 12, locates them in the north."

[9] "The Kalingas were the people of the upper part of the Coromandel Coast, well known, in the traditions of the Eastern Archipelago, as Kling. Ptolemy has a city in that part, called Caliga; and Pliny Calingæ proximi mari."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. 156. Note.

Kauśikas[1] ..... and the Andhras[2] and the Puṇḍras and the Cholas[4] and the Páṇḍyas[5] and the Keralas.' 'Go to the Mlechchhas[7] and the Pulindas[8] and the Śúrasenas,[9] and the Prasthalas and the Bharatas and Madrakas[10] and the Kámbojas[11] and the Yavanas[12] and the Śakas[13] and the Varadas,'[14]

---

[1] The Kauśikas do not appear to be identifiable.

[2] The Andhras probably occupied the modern Telingana.

[3] The Puṇḍras have already been mentioned in Canto XL.

[4] The inhabitants of the lower part of the Coromandel coast; sb called, after them, Cholamaṇḍala.

[5] A people in the Deccan.

[6] The Keralas were the people of Malabar proper.

[7] A generic term for persons speaking any language but Sanskrit and not conforming to the usual Hindu institutions.

[8] "Pulinda is applied to any wild or barbarous tribe. Those here named are some of the people of the deserts along the Indus; but Pulindas are met with in many other positions, especially in the mountains and forests across Central India, the haunts of the Bheels and Gonds. So Ptolemy places the Pulindai along the banks of the Narmadá, to the frontiers of Larice, the Láṭá or Lár of the Hindus,—Khandesh and part of Gujerat."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*. Vol. II. 159, Note.

Dr. Hall observes that "in the Bengal recension of the *Rámáyaṇa* the Pulindas appear both in the south and in the north. The real *Rámáyaṇa* K.-k., XLIII, speaks of the northern Pulindas."

[9] The Śúrasenas were the inhabitants of Mathurá, the Suraseni of Arrian.

[10] These the Mardi of the Greeks and the two preceding tribes appear to have dwelt in the North-west of Hindustan.

[11] The Kámbojas are said to be the people of Arachosia. They are always mentioned with the north-western tribes.

[12] "The term Yavanas, although, in later times, applied to the Mohammedans, designated formerly the Greeks... The Greeks were known throughout Western Asia by the term יון Yavan, or Ion, Ἰάονες; the यवन of the Hindus..... That the Macedonian or Bactrian Greeks were most usually intended is not only probable from their position and relations with India, but from their being usually named in concurrence with the north-western tribes. Kámbojas, Daradas, Páradas, Báhlikas, Śakas &c., in the Rámáyaṇa, Mahábhárata, Puránas, Manu, and in various poems and plays."

WILSON'S *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 181. Note.

[13] These people, the Sakai and Sacæ of classical writers, the Indo-Scythians of Ptolemy, extended, about the commencement of our era, along the west of India, from the Hindu Koh to the mouths of the Indus.

[14] The corresponding passage in the Bengal recension has instead of Varadas Daradas the Dards or inhabitants of the modern Dardistan along the course of the Indus, above the Himálayas, just before it descends to India.

PAGE 215.

NORTHERN KURUS.

"Professor Lassen remarks (in the Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes, ii. 62): "At the furthest accessible extremity of the earth appears Harivarsha with the northern Kurus. The region of Hari or Vishṇu belongs to the system of mythical geography; but the case is different with the Uttara Kurus. Here there is a real basis of geographical fact; of which fable has only taken advantage, without creating it. The Uttara Kurus were formerly quite independent of the mythical system of *dvípas*, though they were included in it at an early date." Again the same writer says at p. 65: "That the conception of the Uttara Kurus is based upon an actual country and not on mere invention, is proved (1.) by the way in which they are mentioned in the Vedas; (2.) by the existence of Uttara Kuru in historical times as a real country; and (3.) by the way in which the legend makes mention of that region as the home of primitive customs. To begin with the last point the Mahábhárata speaks as follows of the freer mode of life which women led in the early world, Book I. verses 4719—22: 'Women were formerly unconfined and roved about at their pleasure, independent. Though in their youthful innocence they abandoned their husbands, they were guilty of no offence; for such was the rule in early times. This ancient custom is even now the law for creatures born as brutes, which are free from lust and anger. This custom is supported by authority and is observed by great rishis, and it is *still practised among the northern Kurus.*'

"The idea which is here conveyed is that of the continuance in one part of the world of that original

blessedness which prevailed in the golden age. To afford a conception of the happy condition of the southern Kurus it is said in another place (M.-Bh. i. 4346.) "The southern Kurus vied in happiness with the northern Kurus and with the divine rishis and bards."

Professor Lassen goes on to say: "Ptolemy (vi. 16.) is also acquainted with *Uttara Kuru*. He speaks of a mountain, a people, and a city called *Ottorakorra*. Most of the other ancient authors who elsewhere mention this name, have it from him. It is a part of the country which he calls Serica; according to him the city lies twelve degrees west from the metropolis of Sera, and the mountain extends from thence far to the eastward. As Ptolemy has misplaced the whole of eastern Asia beyond the Ganges, the *relative* position which he assigns will guide us better that the absolute one, which removes *Ottorakorra* so far to the east that a correction is inevitable. According to my opinion the *Ottorakorra* of Ptolemy must be sought for to the east of Kashgar." Lassen also thinks that Megasthenes had the Uttara Kurus in view when he referred to the Hyperboreans who were fabled by Indian writers to live a thousand years. In his Indian antiquities, (Ind. Alterthumskunde, i. 511, 512, and note,) the same writer concludes that though the passages above cited relative to the Uttara Kurus indicate a belief in the existence of a really existing country of that name in the far north, yet that the descriptions there given are to be taken as pictures of an ideal paradise, and not as founded on any recollections of the northern origin of the Kurus. It is probable, he thinks, that some such reminiscences originally existed, and still survived in the Vedic era, though there is no trace of their existence in latter times."

MUIR'S *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. II. pp. 336, 337.

INDEX OF PRINCIPAL NAMES.

A.

Abravanti, 203.
Agastya, 203, 204, 205.
Airávat, 60, 297, 308, 363.
Aksha, 384, 385.
Andhras, 423.
Angad, 83, 104, 105, 106, 107, 109, 112, 114, 117, 120, 130, 132, 134, 160, 202, 225, ff., 242 ff., 267 ff.
Angas, 421.
Anjan, 183.
Anuhláda, 190.
Arishṭa, 403.
Arishṭanemi, 271.
Arundhatí, 355.
Asta, 211, 212, 222.
Aśvatarí, 96.
Aśvins, 72, 192, 315.
Aśviní, 89.
Ádityas, 315.
Aurva, 198 note.
Avantí, 203.
Avindhya, 366.
Ayodhyá, 13, 146.
Ayomukh, 203.

B.

Bálakhilyas, 200.
Bali, 390.
Báli, 18, 19, 30, 36, 50, 52, ff., 65 ff., 79 ff., 175, 221, 239, 251, 382.
Bhagírath, 195.
Bharat, 2, 15, 98, 99, 104.
Bharatas, 423.
Bhásakarṇa, 383.
Bhogavatí, 205.
Brahmá, 91, 133, 216, 233, 273, 284, 293, 337, 387.
Brahmamálas, 421.

C.

Ceylon, 204 note.
Chakraván, 209.
Chitrakúṭa, 368.
Cholas 423.

D.

Dadhimukh, 408.
Dadhivakra, 167.
Daksha, 285.
Daṇḍak, 154, 203, 235.
Darímukha, 192, 203.
Daśaratha, 28, 32, 95.
Daśárṇa, 202.
Devasakhá, 213.
Dhúmra, 182, 192.
Diti, 16, 29.
Dundubhi, 50, 59.
Durdhar, 383.
Durmukha, 193.
Dwivid, 167, 192.

E.

Ekapádakas, 422.

G.

Gaja, 167, 192.
Gandhamádan, 193, 228.
Gangá, 139, 320.
Garuḍ, 197, 285.
Gaváksha, 167, 192.
Gavaya, 167, 192.
Ghoralohamukhas, 422.
Ghritáchí, 176.
Godávárí, 202.
Golabh, 118.

H.

Hanumán, 19, 20, 24, 25, 27, 31, 33, 37, 45, 73, 113, 148, 163, ff., 202, 217, 224, 241, 271, 273, ff., 355, 374, 384 ff.
Hayagríva, 96, 210.
Hemá, 233.
Hiranyakaśipu, 331.
Himaván, 222.
Himálaya, 61, 138.

I.

Iḳshváku, 263.
Indra, 45, 61, 77, 125, 158, 191, 233, 241, 263, 274, 285, 324.
Indrajánu, 193.
Indrajit, 386.

J.

Jambudwíp, 200.
Jambumálí, 378, 379.
Janasthán, 262, 320, 343.
Jámbaván, 192, 202, 256, 269, 406.
Jámbuvatu, 167.
Játarúpa, 199.
Jaṭáyus, 247 ff., 259, 262.

K.

Kailása, 139, 183, 214, 261.
Kalá, 366.
Kálamahí, 196.
Kalingas, 422.
Kaṇḍu, 226.
Kála, 213.
Káverí, 203.
Kámbojas, 423.
Karṇaprávaraṇas, 421.
Kaušikas, 423.
Kásikosalas, 421.
Kauśikí, 195.
Kausalyá, 15.
Keralas, 423.
Keśarí, 192.
Kirátas, 422.
Kishkindhá, 1 note, 50, 52, 55, 62, 71, 74, 75, 78, 118, 137, 140, 184, 245.
Kosal, 421.
Krauncha, 214.
Krishṇaveṇí, 202.
Kṛita, 282.
Kumbhakarṇa, 297, 346.
Kumuda, 169, 193, 205.
Kunjar, 205, 272.
Kurus, North, 215.
Kuvera, 214, 374.

L.

Lakshman, passim.
Lakshmí, 26, 31, 32, 71, 254, 270, 288, 300.
Lamba, 287.
Lanká, 177, 204 note, 254, 270, 288, 289, 292, 346, 399.

M.

Madhuvan, 167.
Madrakas, 423.
Mahárun, 182.
Mahásaila, 181.
Maheśvar, 184.
Maináka, 280.
Mahí, 196.
Mahápárśva, 389.
Mainda, 167, 192.
Malaya, 19, 32, 203.
Mahishikas, 422.
Mahendra, 63, 189, 204, 257.
Mahendákiní, 12, 368.
Mandar, 158, 196.
Mandehas, 197.
Mandodarí, 368.
Manu, 104.
Mars, 72, 318.
Maya, 233, 251.
Maruts, 211 note, 315.
Matanga, 64, 65, 222.
Matsyas, 422.
Málavas, 421.
Mágadhas, 421.
Mályavat, 144.
Mándhátá, 101.
Máyávi, 50, 51, 55, 221.
Mátariśvá, 259.
Mekhal, 202.
Mercury, 72.
Meru, 24, 182, 189, 209, 210. 222, 261, 275.
Mlechchhas, 423.

N.

Nala, 75, 122, 151, 167.
Namuchi, 61.
Nandá, 366.
Nandi, 390.
Narmadá, 292.
Nágas. 283.
Náráyan, 275.
Nikumbha, 389.
Níla, 75, 122, 151, 167, 192, 202.
Niśákar, 258, 259, 265.

O.

Oshṭhakarṇakas, 241.

P.

Pampá, 1 ff., 27.
Panas, 192.
Panchajan, 209.
Páṇḍyas, 204.
Párujátra, 209.
Paulomí, 191.
Praghas, 383.
Prahasta, 297, 373.
Prabháva, 161.
Prahláda, 269.
Prasthalas, 423.
Pulastya, 337.
Puṇḍras, 423.
Puloma, 190.
Purandara, 240 note.
Prasravan, 223, 363.
Pulindas, 423.
Punjikastsalá, 205.
Pushpak, 300.

R.

Rambhá, 193.
Ráhu, 117, 286.
Rávaṇ, 82, 38, 43, 147, 154, 253, 263, 284, 288, 303, 318, 334, 337, 343, 346, 379, 382, 388.
Rikshárajas, 250.
Rishabh, 198, 206.
Rishṭikas, 422.
Rohiṇí, 177, 318, 355.
Rohitas, 206.
Rudra, 216.
Ruman, 193.
Rumá, 111, 148, 160, 176, 177, 245.
Rishyamúka, 17, 22, 25, 32, 46, 66, 72, 222.

S.

Sachí, 190, 335.
Sagar, 281 note.
Śakra, 64, 90.
Śakas, 423.
Sarandib, 204 note.
Sarasvatí, 196.
Sarjú, 146, 195.
Śarabha, 167.
Śatabali, 191, 219, 223.
Sávarṇi, 211.
Śesha, 199 note.
Śiśir, 196.
Śindhu, 196, 208.
Sítá, 28, 35, 37, 146, 254, 318, 322, 334, 337, 339, 341, 348.
Sinhiká, 285.
Soma, 213.
Somagiri, 208, 216.
Śona, 196.
Skanda, 46.
Śukra, 241.
Subáhu, 167.
Sudarśan, 198, 213.
Sudarśandwíp, 200.
Sunábha, 405.
Sunetra, 167.
Supárśva, 256.
Sugríva, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 33, 44, 66 ff., 161 ff., 179 ff., 223, 242, 352, 358.
Suparṇa, 88, 255.
Surasá, 383.
Supátala, 167.
Suráshṭra, 208.
Súrasenas, 423.
Súryáksha, 167.
Súryaván, 205.
Svayambhu, 279.
Svayamprabhá, 233.
Sushen, 116, 208, 219, 223.

T.

Támraparṇí, 203.
Tára, 75, 92, 95, 129, 131, 225, 241.
Tárá, 63, 82, 86, 104, 106, 107, 112, 116, 119, 122, 123, 130, 131, 132, 148, 159, 160, 168, 176, 179, 245.
Trijaṭá, 345.

U.

Uśanas, 233.
Utkal, 202.

V.

Vajra, 209.
Vahni, 193.

Vaikhánases, 200.
Vaidyut, 205.
Varadas, 423.
Varuṇ, 71, 211, 238, 255, 269.
Vasus, 210, 315.
Vasishṭha, 256.
Váhlíka, 208.
Vásuki, 206.
Videhas, 421.
Vidarbhas, 422.
Vidyunmáli, 167.
Vikaṭá, 338.
Vinatá, 219, 223, 254.
Vindhya, 24, 189, 202, 222, 225, 237, 252, 258.
Virádha, 320.
Viśvas, 210.
Viśvakarmá, 209, 254, 301.
Virúpáksha, 383.
Viśvarúpa, 125.
Viśvámitra, 176.
Vírabáhu, 167.
Vainateya, 254.
Vaiśravaṇ, 214, 358.
Vibhíshaṇ, 365, 366, 394.
Vishṇu, 91, 183, 200, 210, 253. 358.
Viśravas, 337.
Vivasvat, 247.
Vritra, 252.

Y.

Yama, 40, 89, 96, 115, 122, 175, 206, 213, 247.
Yamuná, 195.
Yámun, 195.
Yavdwíp, 196.
Yavanas, 423.
Yayáti, 91.
Yúpáksha, 383.

00013808

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016